THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 196, Number 21

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Beginning

THE LANTERN ON THE PLOW—By George Agnew Chamberlain

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—WORN OVER YOUR SHOES OR DANCING PUMPS

Something new! this cozy, snug-fitting little ZIPPER Boot, worn right over your street shoes or your dainty slippers.

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The hookless fastener gives Zipper its name. It is a feature that you will positively find on no other boot or shoe.

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ESTABLISHED 1870

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A rather short semi-ulster in the popular straight line effect. In rich foreign and domestic woolens.

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There's an air about a Society Brand overcoat—a smart difference that you can't mistake. And in addition, a gratifying ease and comfort. That's because of the cut. It's correct. That means an overcoat that will give you genuine pleasure and satisfaction every time you put it on.

Society Brand Clothes

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"There's not much of a secret about it, Emily," laughs Mrs. Jollyco. "When I first started housekeeping, I ruined some of my best things with strong soaps—remember those silk bed-spreads my sister gave me? They simply faded away. I finally decided to stick to Ivory Soap for everything, even the woodwork and rugs and curtains. I use two or three of the laundry-size cakes every week. And what you see is the result."

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"To keep it clean, the face needs at least one good washing daily with soap and water, and a wash-cloth or soft flesh-brush," says Dr. Pusey.*

In other words, if you would make sure of that perfect cleanliness which is the foundation of all skin beauty, *you must use soap.* Nothing else will so effectively remove the film of oil and dust or powder which accumulates during the day.

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You should choose your soap carefully. Choose it for *cleansing* and for *safety.* Do not expect more than safe-cleansing from *any* soap. All our years of experience in making many kinds of soap have proved to us that a soap which promises more than this for your complexion *cannot keep its promise.*

A soap that keeps its promise

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Because Ivory is pure *soap*—it contains no coloring matter, no medicine, no mysterious or magical ingredients. We could put such materials into Ivory if we liked, but Ivory doesn't need them.

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PROCTER & GAMBLE

*Dr. William Allen Pusey, Author of "The Care of the Skin and Hair," Professor of Dermatology, University of Illinois.

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"Me next, me next!"

"All right, Polly dear. Come on," says the nurse at the Children's Home.

"Bathe each child with Ivory Soap every day," said Dr. Verity's first order when he was appointed head physician of this institution. "This is the best way to keep them healthy, for Ivory Soap lather is one of the best antiseptics you can use."

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Pure, mild and gentle for the most sensitive skin.

Creamy white, as Ivory always is.

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THE LANTERN ON THE PLOW

The Judge Knew She Had Heard Him. What Had There Been in What He Said, Anyway, to Make Her Stop?

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"WARNER SHERBORNE," called the clerk of the court. A rawboned farmer of a type which was on the verge of extinction even at the close of the nineteenth century arose and stood hesitant in the back of the room. He wore a straggling sandy beard. His sleeves and trousers were too short by inches. From his hands, gnarled and startlingly freckled, dangled a tattered hat, which he rotated nervously in the proverbial gesture of awkwardness. His deep-set eyes were fixed unflinchingly on the judge, but there was no strength in their gaze. It was both baffled and baffling.

The clerk motioned toward a bench, and though Sherborne was not looking at him he evidently perceived the gesture, for he moved forward with the peculiar gait of one inured to walking in plowed ground and sat down. Behind him followed his two children; Drake, a boy of thirteen, and his sister Io, a child of seven. The boy appeared to have been stunted in his growth; the girl was so slight that it seemed a breath might blow her away. The clothes they wore were much mended, much stained, but freshly washed.

Superficially the children presented no striking resemblance to their father; but Judge William Alder, bending shrewd eyes upon the group of three, was troubled by an evasive likeness. There was some continuing factor so hauntingly elusive or so deeply buried that it could not be casually caught and pinned to the wall for leisurely observation. Two things at least were apparent. The features of children and father were similarly overrefined, and the quality of the gaze of the boy and girl, enveloping the judge in a wide-eyed stare, was the ageless replica of the baffling gaze of their parent.

Judge Alder was a veteran of the bench, though his years and appearance suggested nothing venerable. He was forty-six, bright-eyed, clean-shaven, and his hair was at that eminently becoming shade of premature iron-gray which reminds one of rolled steel. His cheeks were faintly pink, smooth as satin under the expert manipulation of an old-fashioned razor. The countryside would have been inclined to think him something of a fop had it not known him to be every inch a man.

He ruffled the papers before him, looked at the strange trio and then back at the docket. What names! Warner—that would pass; but Drake and Io! From whence had come such fantastic appellations to settle on the sordid denizens of a buried South Jersey farm? He stared again at the farmer and his two children, only to be met by the

baffled and baffling gaze which seemed a visual demonstration of an actual trinity. It was as though one person were looking at him through three sets of eyes. The judge was not accustomed to being baffled. With a gesture of impatience, he concentrated his attention on the father and spoke.

"I consider this an aggravated case," he began. "Your farm is located within reasonable walking distance of the schoolhouse. According to your own statement and the records, you are the possessor of two hundred and sixty acres of unencumbered land. You have been thrice warned as to the consequences of persisting in absenting your children from school and forcing them to give their time to manual tasks far beyond their strength and years. If they were sturdy youngsters there might be some excuse. They are not sturdy. You are robbing them of more than opportunity; you are sapping their vitality. The law of this state mercifully no longer permits that sort of thing to parents. Have you anything to say for yourself before I pass sentence?"

For an instant the farmer's eyes flickered with light. The hat dangling in his hands stopped twirling. The strange pallor of his thin-featured face turned to a brick red. His lips opened as if to speak, strained for a moment, as though striving to form an initial word, weakly gave up the effort and closed. His gaze returned to meet the judge's eyes, but it was no longer wholly unreadable. It possessed a suggestion of the smoldering fire of rebellion which gleams in the eyes of all inarticulate animals when hard pressed.

"The Land's Yourn. You Ain't Got No Call to Sell It"

During the pause the clerk of the court arose, hastily gathered up some papers as an excuse for approaching the bench, and addressed the judge in a whispered unofficial aside:

"Say, Bill, he's the feller that plows by lantern light."

Only a long intimacy could justify such interference with the course of cut-and-dried justice, and, as a matter of fact, clerk and judge had puddled together barefooted in the dusty lanes of a bygone day, stripped for the honor of the first icy plunge into deceptive spring waters, stolen the seductive Astrachan of June and meddled with the flue of a four-corners schoolhouse in a companionship and rivalry so remote as to savor of another existence. The clerk knew the boy and man upon the bench well enough to say enough and not a word too much.

Judge Alder drew slowly erect in his seat and regarded the farmer with an interest suddenly intensified.

"Are you the man of the lantern on the plow?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the farmer, with suppressed vehemence and none of the hesitancy displayed in the previous futile effort he had made toward self-expression.

"Sentence suspended for investigation," declared the judge. "Court adjourned." He turned to the clerk and added informally, "Before you let him go, Harry, get me a clear bill of way to his farm."

II

IN SPITE of the sudden reversal of the intent to pass a severe sentence, the judge was not a man of impulses. Two weeks elapsed before the day arrived which he had deliberately chosen for his inspection in person. It was the thirtieth of May of 1901. He attended the ceremonies of Memorial Day, but immediately thereafter drove his smart hickory buggy, drawn by a sturdy little Morgan mare, out along the highway to the south. Gypsy, a handful at any time of the year, was more than feeling her oats; she was full of the sap and urge of the new grass. She slapped hoof to the springy ground with a vigor that demoralized into a frenzy of impatience when the judge was forced to draw her up at the tollgate.

Once that bar was passed, he gave her her head for two miles of straight going, by which time she was content to abandon foolishness and settle down, still eager and reaching, to a businesslike trot. He turned at a point marked by a famous lone oak and presently came to an unusual division in the form of a three-pronged fork. He knew well the gravel roads which swept at an increasing angle to the left and to the right. The one traversed a billowing region already renowned for its peach orchards; the other descended to the lush bottoms which fringe the flats of the Cohansey River. But the road in the center he could not remember ever before having noticed.

It was such a road as the driver of any vehicle might easily discard subconsciously. It opened with a narrow, rickety bridge which contrasted unfavorably with the strong culverts of the more traveled ways that flanked it. Its ruts were half overgrown with weeds and rose toward a sudden ramp in a series of humps which suggested effort and discomfort. Even the judge, intent as he was on his mission, felt a definite annoyance at having to slow down the willing mare; but once he passed the rise which had served as a blind to what was beyond, his spirits were immediately soothed.

From that point the narrow way descended smoothly toward the damp shadows of a thick growth of trees which bordered the little creek of Rattling Run. So refreshing was the sudden coolness of the shade that he would have been tempted to linger had not Gypsy caught sight of another sharp rise beyond. She flung herself at it with characteristic energy, and he was still soothing her with cries of "So, now! Easy, girl! Easy does it," when his attention was diverted to a house standing at a short distance from the road.

Instinctively he drew aside and brought the mare to a full stop. Few knew better than he the wealth of ancient structures that give interest to the myriad byways of South Jersey, of the three counties of Cumberland, Salem and Gloucester. The brick-floored church at Bridgeton, with the eye of God staring in its century gaze from the white plaster above the perilously high pulpit; the hamlet of Greenwich, wrapped in dead dreams of a rivalry of the port of Philadelphia; the stately red-brick homes of Salem, to which decades are as a day, were not curiosities to him. They were the background of his boyhood and the pride of his mature appreciation.

But even this remembered setting of very old landmarks seemed a quick growth in comparison with the unmistakable air of age, stark and unadorned, which marked the house he was now gazing upon. The building itself was made of roughly hewed blocks of red Jersey stone, surmounted by a sagging gabled roof of heavy shingles. The steps which led to the high, narrow doors, and a lean-to of wood, built against the rear, had warped away from the main edifice, leaving an unbroken moatlike chasm around the sheer walls. This effect gave the square stone tower of two stories an appearance of isolation which was negatived only by the many evidences of occupancy.

Dimity curtains, frayed from too frequent washing, gleamed in the small square windows, and the door to the large kitchen was half open, permitting a glimpse of pots and pans. On the top step of the approach to the main doorway a drowsing dog lay in momentary danger of falling into the gaping interval between the stair and the threshold. A bucket stood beside the high well box and clothes were hung to dry on the long sweep. Most significant of all, the ground around the house was worn bare of grass.

One feature in the general aspect of the old place tantalized the judge, and he sat quite still until he had puzzled it out. It was that everything in sight—the bushes, the cedars, the timbers of the well box and outhouses, the dog, the chicken coops and the fowls themselves—all had an appearance of being twisted and gnarled as though growth and even mere permanence in those surroundings entailed a hard struggle.

He hitched the mare, blanketed her and approached the open kitchen door. The dog thumped lazily with his tail but did not get up. The house was empty. No sound came from it in answer to the judge's knock save the simmering of a kettle on the stove. He walked around toward the barn, found a path, and followed it through an ancient orchard to a fallen stone wall and a screen of trees, beyond which stretched a broken series of cultivated fields.

A glance at those fields told a tale. A small acreage of potatoes, just budding into leaf; a larger patch of Indian corn, and, beyond it, a billowing rise blanketed with the tender green of grain in first growth formed an index from which one might deduce a volume. Somewhere there would be a pigsty, an annual sacrificial calf and the butter and eggs which are the change, the ready cash, of the self-contained farm.

Judge Alder knew what that meant. He stood still for some time, studying the meager soil and his surroundings. With all the world to choose from, why should anyone have settled on this particular patch of ground? It formed one of the rare escarpments which thrust their low heads above the billowing flats of the South Jersey country. The place was irregular in contour as well as in shape; it was commanding and yet hidden; it was hard, awkward to handle. He was conscious of an increased feeling of exasperation against the farmer who found it necessary to plow by lantern light; but gradually his mood passed through a subtle change. Apparently against reason, he felt the mixed thrill of envy and admiration which seizes upon any one of us when we divine in a fellow creature something unconquerable.

The judge was still far from solving the problem of Warner Sherborne, but he had his feelers out and they were in contact. Already he sensed a battlefield where some obscure element of the soul fought tenaciously against the material elements of Nature. He was glad of a chance to watch the man of the lantern on the plow at work. In the wake of a lanky team, Sherborne was cultivating the cornfield. Far in arrears labored his wife with a hoe, and the two children, stooped over, weeding with their hands. The judge waited patiently while the farmer approached him along the full length of the field; then he hailed him.

"Rest your horses. I've come out for a talk with you."

The man glanced up without surprise, continued methodically to the end of the row, dropped the reins reluctantly and cast a look, almost eager in its keen calculation, at the sun and then toward the portion of the field still to be cultivated. He turned with a sudden droop of his shoulders and crossed over to where the judge awaited him.

Conversation does not open easily with the occasional recluse of South Jersey, and in this case it could be expected to present special difficulties; but Judge Alder had been in his day too shrewd a cross-examiner to miss the significance of the unhesitating reply given to the single question subject to a direct answer which he had propounded in the court room. This strange man might be inarticulate when it came to giving expression to the ideas which rumbled within the cavernous emptiness of his mental existence; but he was neither shy nor a fool in the face of an issue set squarely between the boundaries of yes and no.

"Sit down for a minute," said the judge, indicating the other end of the log upon which he had rested himself. "Do you smoke?"

"Naw," answered Sherborne. He paused, and then, with a jerky gesture which seemed to arraign the whole farm and its atmosphere of struggle before a higher court than any over which the judge had previously presided, he added, "I don't smoke ner chew ner drink ner shave."

The judge nodded understandingly.

"It's hard work," he said, "making a living out of a farm like this."

He waited, but in vain. Evidently the farmer had no conversation; at least, he was not yet launched.

"Have you never had a chance to sell out?" asked the judge presently.

"Ye-ah," answered the man, his deeply set eyes narrowing. "Twice."

"How much?"

It was a direct question, deliberately put.

"The party had no call to make an offer," replied the farmer. "I warned him off at the outset."

"Why?" persisted the judge.

Instantly he perceived that he had overstepped the bounds of yes and no. Warner Sherborne was nonplused. It was not that he was offended. One could see and almost share the distress of his struggle to answer. He gave up the attempt; but his wavering eyes, guided as though by an ingrained magnetic pull, wandered to fix themselves blankly on the gleam of red, seamed with mortar, which marked the location of the ancient and unlovely house.

"Been here long?" asked the judge quickly.

"Going on one hundred and seventy-four year," answered Sherborne promptly from the depths of his abstraction.

"That's a long time," said the judge after another understanding pause. "Seven generations is a long time in any country." His eyes swept the broken acres and fallen fences, only to return to fix themselves on the face of the living enigma before him. "It's a hard place to work and a hard place to love; but perhaps you do love it."

In answer to the half question the gaunt man gave him a swift look, as eloquent as it was astonishing in its portent.

"Ha!" exclaimed Judge Alder, half rising to his feet, and then settling back again.

This speechless relic of seven generations wasn't submerged, dead; not by a long shot. He was as sensitive, alive and ominous as a rattlesnake on a hot day. If he could not chatter, at least he could hate. The man was human, and the judge began to like him.

III

"NO," SAID Judge Alder, nodding his head, and with a whimsical twist to his expressive clean-shaven lips, "you don't love it. You hate it like Billy-be-damned. Why?" He frowned in the effort of concentration and then answered his own question. "Because you haven't fed on it; because the shoe is on the other foot; because this farm has fed on you and your wife and children and on your people for over a century and a half. That's why you hate it."

The words produced a slow awakening in the face of the farmer, as though his intelligence moved forward to grasp a central motive his unaccustomed tongue could never have articulated, but which his heart had long harbored. The judge was not slow to press home his advantage. His eyes grew more shrewdly penetrating, as if he sought to enter and dwell within the mind of this man who could not speak for himself.

"But you could not go," he murmured. "None of your people could go; least of all you. I'll tell you why—since you can't tell me. One can't break away lightly from the soil of a hundred and seventy-odd years. Habit; custom; most of all, roots. To you, all the world apart from this hard spot is a place of terror. You wouldn't dare move. You simply wouldn't know how or where. Listen! A grown oak can't be moved and live."

For the first time the farmer disclosed himself utterly. His body suddenly relaxed, came to rest. He gave the judge a look of trust and surrender, a look which seemed to say, "Here is one who understands the unintelligible, who collects the battle of a lifetime in a cupped handful of words, who lends form and a voice to the hidden soul!"

"I know how you feel, Warner," continued Judge Alder in the same low tone. "Your fight isn't against the world or even poverty; it's against this place. You have to choke food out of it, and fire, and a certain amount of clothing. Your wife belongs in the fight on your side; your children inherited their share just because they were born here where you and six generations before you were born. You aren't feeding on your children. You don't drink, chew or smoke; you even plow by lantern light. No; it's the place that's feeding on them."

The farmer gulped and nodded his head violently. The judge frowned.

"It isn't right," he concluded. "They ought to have a chance—a different chance—these kids of yours. There must be some way to give them their schooling. We'll have to think it out—that's all. I'll have to think it out. Call them over here."

Sherborne stood erect, uttered a hoarse cry, raised his arm and let it fall. The woman dropped her hoe and started toward him slowly; the children came more swiftly. The boy was in the lead, but as they approached, the girl made a determined spurt and caught him by the arm. The judge could hear her gasp, "No, Drake; no!" The boy seemed to understand what she wished. He slowed down and took her hand. Together they came to a stop before their father.

The judge studied them with a kindlier curiosity than he had employed in the court room. Something was behind these youngsters—something that made them different. He did not like dirty children, but these were stained with soil alone. Somehow that made it all right with him. Behind their broken and blackened finger nails, their roughened hands, tattered clothing and clumsy footwear shone a sort of intrinsic cleanliness. It was absurd to think of it that way, but he couldn't help it. There wasn't anything else to call it.

"Drake is your name, sonny, isn't it?" he asked. "And yours," he added, looking at the girl, "is Io?"

As he spoke, perhaps letting a little of the irony of his thoughts in the court room over those names creep into his voice, the woman drew near. She heard him. She stopped, still three paces away, so abruptly that he cast a quick glance at her. She was thin, built on delicate small bones; but nevertheless, at this fleeting glimpse, she did not give an impression of womanhood so much as of something inanimate, like a bit of tough harness. She was dressed in earth-colored gingham, belted at the waist, and wore a deep sunbonnet of the same material.

The judge knew she had heard him; or else, why had she stopped so suddenly? What had there been in what he said, anyway, to make her stop? He looked for an answer into her eyes. They had widened; now they shrank into themselves with a sudden veiling, a withdrawal, a fugitive look of seeking to hide, of running for cover. Her lips trembled and set in a straight line. She glanced inquiringly at her husband, turned and walked away, more swiftly than she had come. What! Was this woman also human? Was there something almost but not quite dead within her? Or was it that it was he who was seeing fanciful things under the influence of the burgeoning summer air? He turned back to the children.

"Come now," he said, "where did you get those names? Do you know?"

The children were not shy. They heard him, they stared at him steadily, comprehendingly, but did not answer. He could not find in the calm expression of their faces even the glimmering of an intention to answer. Still holding hands, they turned, as had their mother a moment before, and trotted off. The judge's eyes followed them, but he was not seeing their backs. Strangely enough, what he was still looking at intently was their faces—the firm set of the boy's chin, for all the fineness of his features; the straight line of his nose, the unusual shade of his eyes. It was difficult to say whether they were blue or a dark gray, like slate.

The girl was more easily defined. Her hair and eyes were brown, with a glint of red fire in them. Where had he seen that glint before? Only once, for it was very rare. He could remember its rarity, but not the time or the place or the object which had disclosed the unusual gleam. Anyway, she was distinctly a brunette, olive skin and all.

(Continued on Page 142)

"Are You the Man of the Lantern on the Plow?" He Asked

THE ACCOUNTINGS OF A REAL-ESTATE MAN—By Felix Isman

The Theater and the Moving-Picture House

ABOUT ten years ago I was hunting New York basements for a client. Few people want basements; their uses are limited. But to this man they were just as good as the ground floor, at materially lower rents. Naturally, I looked first in the best part of the town. Around Broadway and Forty-second Street seemed the most desirable neighborhood.

There was a theater right in the heart of it at Forty-second Street and Seventh Avenue. A well-known theatrical manager had a long lease on the house.

"Go over and look at it first, then put your own price on it," he said dryly, when I spoke about renting his basement space.

I came, I saw—he conquered. The theater had no basement! At the time it was built the owner could not borrow enough money to dig a hole for one. I believe to this day that theater has no basement.

Think of it! There was a man putting up a building that, in a few years' time, was to earn over $200,000 a year profit—and he could not borrow or beg money for a basement. I could tell you other stories that show how the banker and business man, to say nothing of the public, simply cannot understand that the actor of today is very different from the gypsy of yesterday, that the theater is no longer a traveling van, but solid real estate, and the theatrical manager a man of large responsibilities.

Why should a business man dealing in anything as substantial as real estate also have interests in a field as unsubstantial as the theater is supposed to be?

That question is often put to me, delicately or bluntly, because I have had theatrical interests almost from the day I went into the real-estate business. Indeed, I was actually established in the theatrical business almost before I got into real estate myself.

As a matter of fact, the theatrical business and real estate are very closely bound together, and have become more so since amusements were revolutionized by the motion picture.

I went into my first theatrical venture to advertise my real-estate business. The returns from that venture showed me that the theater is one of the chief branches of real estate, and also that I had gone into the wrong end of it.

Inimitable Dan Daly

IN 1901 I was compelled to go into business for myself. There was a store vacant in the same building on the ground floor of the Public Ledger Building, Philadelphia. It had been occupied by a phonograph company which had gone out of business. In those days they used storage batteries to run the phonographs, and the place was in a frightfully dilapidated condition. I had only enough money to pay the first month's rent in advance and about fifty dollars over. I obtained two secondhand desks and had one of my brothers come down and act as my office clerk. The room was about thirty by one hundred and fifty, and the two desks and two chairs were its entire furnishings.

About two days after I had opened up, Sam Bernard, who was then playing in vaudeville, and whom I had known for some time, came in; and, seeing the meager furniture and the condition of the establishment, said to me, "What are you going to do with all this room?" With the utmost conviction I stated to him that I would need it all in a very short time. Sam looked at me with an expression on his countenance plainly indicating his sincere conviction that something was lacking in my mentality, and spreading his arms wide like an umpire does in declaring a base runner safe, uttered a word which has become world famous—"Sufficiency!"

Years ago the late Dan Daly addressed a postal card to me, and alongside of the address were the words, "Dealer in Bricks and Conversation." I have never encountered a more concise description of a dealer in realty.

Dan Daly was my first theatrical experiment. He had been a great favorite with all the old Casino companies. His style was inimitable and he was the first performer I have ever known who left the appetite of his audiences unappeased after a full evening's performance.

There is an inside and an outside to a real-estate man's business. The inside is made up of renting, leasing, selling and buying for clients in his own community; while the outside consists of similar transactions for people in other cities who may be investors putting their money into that community, or successful merchants or corporations opening branches there, and so forth. A well-rounded real-estate business could not be built without these outside clients. If I was to amount to anything as a real-estate man I must have a following of these clients who could give me more than a purely local prestige.

To accomplish that I needed advertising that would be unusual in character, quick in results and as inexpensive as possible. A theatrical enterprise was the ideal medium, for there is nothing that gets your name around so quickly. When the show is in your own city you invite friends and acquaintances to see it, take them to the mysterious regions behind and thereby make the acquaintance of the best people. When it is on the road the show is reviewed and discussed in connection with your name, even though the latter does not appear on the bills—mine didn't, and never has. And if it is a successful show it pays its own way and makes a profit.

Some little time elapsed. I was then in business and doing business. The prediction I made to Bernard had more than come true in a very short period of time. I soon needed every inch of space.

But there was something lacking. My old firm had been the representative big operators of the city. It was known all over the United States. If Mr. Statler wanted ground today for a hotel in Philadelphia, he would naturally go to the city's best-known realty firm.

If Klaw & Erlanger, of New York, wanted a theater built in the Quaker City, or if Mr. Smith, of Kalamazoo, whose uncle had died in Philadelphia and had left some Philadelphia real estate, wanted to dispose of his holdings, they would also seek the same place.

The Sure End

THE chain stores were then becoming important factors. I was getting none of that business and knew that unless I did something I could not expect it for at least many years.

Advertising along conventional lines would have been futile. Not only would the cost be prohibitive, because it must necessarily be persistent, but at the same time one's saying who he is is not always by any means taken as a fact by those who read advertisements. I had to press-agent and I did it. Criticized I was, adversely and otherwise—I mean more and more—but like Barnum, criticism was what I aimed for, was what I achieved, and it did the trick. The entire project was successful; the show was a success.

I awoke to the importance of the theater as real estate when the weekly statements began coming in from this my first theatrical enterprise. They showed that so far as making money out of the theatrical business was concerned the only sure end was that of the theater. It did no speculating, took practically no risk and pitched its terms so that its average made it make a great deal of money automatically.

A $10,000 week was a tremendous thing in those days. The theater got from 35 to 40 per cent of it, or $4000 where the show only got $6000. There was very little profit for the show after actors, railroad fares, royalties, scene painters, costumers, printing, advertising, and so on, had been paid, whereas the theater's expenses could hardly exceed $2000 a week by any expenditure. For a New York theater then—and now—as high as 60 per cent to the show and 40 per cent to the house was uncommon, and there are many extras—even the electric signs in front of the house. In fact, it is hard for a traveling production to turn around anywhere in a theater without paying for it.

No wonder we Hebrews monopolize the theater; it has compound interest beaten to death.

That first road show led me to acquire theatrical property of my own and taught me a branch of the realty business in which I have been very much interested ever since. To my mind, using good judgment, theatrical property is one of the best-paying realty investments possible to make.

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"The Roaring Forties"—New York's Theatrical District, Looking North From 44th Street

IRREGULAR AND PECULIAR

By Kenneth L. Roberts

SOME gentlemen are mentioned for the Presidency because the banquet has been unusually mellowing and the toastmaster hasn't got much sense. Other gentlemen are mentioned for that high office because under certain political conditions one man's guess is as good as another's, and because it is human nature for amateur politicians to pretend to know more than they do know. Still others are mentioned because they are the sort of persons that the great, unthinking, seldom-voting populace would like to have as President. These gentlemen, it might be added, never become President. Others are mentioned because they have been well advertised, and because the mentioners can't think of anyone else to mention. And still others are mentioned because they have developed an odd knack of doing as they please and getting away with it with such neatness, dispatch and finesse that nobody can ever be sure whether they will one day ram their heads against a stone wall with such vigor as to telescope themselves and render themselves permanently *hors de combat* in a political sense, or whether they will burst through the stone wall with a loud crash and land in a sitting posture in the presidential chair.

To the last class belongs the Hon. Gifford Pinchot, governor of the sovereign state of Pennsylvania, friend and disciple of Theodore Roosevelt, and the man who made Ballinger famous. Nobody knows what is going to happen to the Hon. Gifford Pinchot, least of all the Hon. Gifford Pinchot himself.

The Best Guessers Baffled

NEXT to the Hon. Gifford Pinchot in point of ignorance as to the Pinchovian future—and if that which has to do with Bernard Shaw can properly be called Shavian, then that which has to do with Pinchot may with equal propriety be known as Pinchovian—are the astute politicians of the sovereign state of Pennsylvania and the supposedly even more astute politicians of the nation at large. It may as well be added at this juncture that these same astute politicians, whose words are received with such eager veneration by seekers after political knowledge, know exactly as much concerning the identity of the next President of these United States as does the little coterie of serious chewers who gather around the hot stove of Littlefield's Grocery Store in the flourishing community of Kivvy Corners, New Hampshire, for the purpose of settling international affairs and indulging in a couple of checker games on a frosty winter evening.

Be all that as it may, however, the Hon. Gifford Pinchot is one of those who receive frequent mention; and the mention which he is receiving is of sufficient potency to cause the astute politicians of the sovereign state of Pennsylvania and elsewhere to gumshoe hither and yon in a stealthy and agonized manner, hoarsely passing along the good word that the Hon. Gifford Pinchot holds the strange and alien belief that to the victor do not always belong the spoils; and that if the Hon. Gifford were to be elected to a higher office than he now holds there would in all likelihood be a noticeable dearth of soft jobs for those deserving souls who had helped to elect him.

One of the great troubles with Pinchot is the fact that he has never been properly broken to running in double harness. He is as independent as a hog on ice is popularly supposed to be, though why ice should add to a hog's independence is one of Nature's many mysteries. All the politicians in Pinchot's locality might make up their minds that such and such a course of action was the proper one to follow; and then when they went to tell Pinchot the correct thing to do they would in all probability find that he had made up his mind that the proper course to follow was the exact opposite of the course selected by the politicians. And having made up his mind to this unpolitical and un-American course, he would go ahead and follow it with the utmost delight and enthusiasm, regardless of the screams of poignant anguish emitted by the regular politicians.

Pinchot is no slouch at the great American game of politics; but he is about as regular as the sky line of the Sierra Madre Mountains, whose irregularity, as is well known, is only exceeded by the irregularity with which wealthy Bostonians pay their provision bills.

Very few politicians are ever able to forecast what Pinchot is going to do next, because politicians figure that he will do the thing that he thinks is politically right, whereas Pinchot has the strange failing of doing what he thinks is right—and between something that is right and something that is politically right there is usually as great a difference as there is between a lady and a ladybug.

This is not to say that the Hon. Gifford Pinchot is always right by any means. If he were always right he would have no business holding down the job of governor of the sovereign state of Pennsylvania, but would be more in place occupying the sunny side of a fleecy cloud in the upper regions, fanning himself with his wings and strumming idly on the tenor strings of a lute. Indeed, there are persons of standing and reliability and acumen who wander southward from the great empire of Alaska ever and anon and claim in hoarse and trembling voices that all Alaska's backwardness and desolation and trouble in recent years have been due to the fanatical conservation policies inaugurated in that distant bureaucracy by the Hon. Gifford Pinchot.

With this idea Pinchot would not for a moment agree. He decided many years ago that conservation was the proper policy in Alaska; and he would blandly and pleasantly refute, reject and recoil from any intimation that said conservation policy had been anything but the right and proper thing for Alaska. No matter how accurate the acumen or how piercing the perspicacity of those who might decry that policy of conservation, the Hon. Gifford Pinchot, having made up his mind that it was and is right, will always continue to think and to believe and to know and to say that it is right.

In this particular matter, it might be added, the Hon. Gifford Pinchot appears to have been supported by the late President Harding just after the visit to Alaska which preceded his death; for in his Seattle speech President Harding expressed himself as being against the over-rapid exploitation of Alaska by private capital, which is the sum and substance of the Pinchot conservation policy.

Frightfully Upsetting

BUT whether he is right or whether he is wrong, Pinchot has always been and probably will always be as much of a mystery to the majority of politicians as is the nebular hypothesis to the average Greek waiter, and for one of the same reasons that caused the Spaniards to become so highly incensed at American troops during the Spanish-American War. The Spaniards had what seemed to be a fixed rule of warfare. They advanced, fired and then fell back. The Americans, however, didn't play the game according to the Spanish rules. They advanced, fired and then went forward. The Spaniards couldn't get it at all. Whenever the Americans fired, the enemy would say, "Now they will fall back." But the Americans didn't. The whole proceeding gave the Spaniards a prolonged pain.

Pinchot pains the Pennsylvania politicians in much the same way. He gives the old regulars a brisk kick in the nether garments, whereupon the regulars dust each other off and say soothingly, "Now he will stop and talk about what he has done, and there will be nothing to bother us for a little while." But Pinchot merely shifts over to the other foot and plants another violent kick on the same section of the old regulars' anatomy. It is all frightfully upsetting.

For another thing, Pinchot always knows what he wants to do. In this he is unlike most politicians, who are too prone only to know what they don't want to do. Pinchot usually has a plan for settling, furthering or improving anything and everything that comes to his attention, or can cook up such a plan at a moment's notice, whereas the average politician devotes most of his involved cerebration, if any, to developing plans to stop something.

There are a great many things in these United States that are susceptible of improvement; and it is a safe bet that if the Hon. Gifford Pinchot were to be

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Gifford Pinchot and His Son in the Sort of Back-to-Nature Setting That the Governor Likes.

CHINA

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

FROM where Francis Jammes sat he could see, over the descent of the long road below him, a constant swift streaming of automobiles. The road was concrete, with a drop that extended, perhaps, for a third of a mile, and the cars swept down it with the swift lightness of a weighted feather. They passed in a glittering blue of varnish and rubbed metal and glass, with the gayety of women's hats; but they went up the hill, Jammes realized, with an almost equal speed. They fled to the top, behind a higher thick foliage of maple trees, with a resonant and sustained rush. The sound of their motors was never stilled; there was hardly a break in the double procession; and there was a continuous harsh clamor of warning where a side road joined the main way.

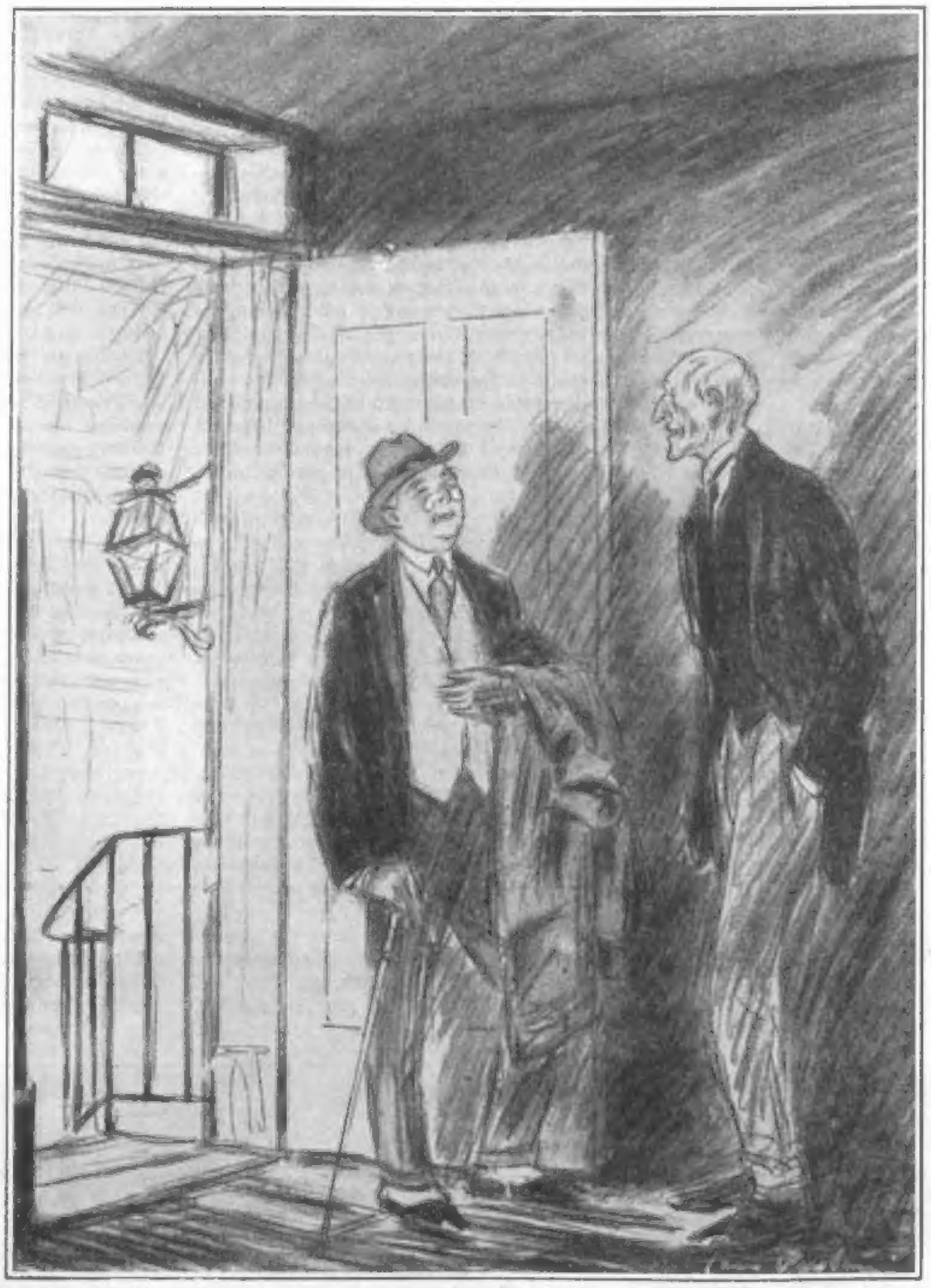
It was late August, past five in the afternoon, and the countryside itself was held in a deep suspended hush. There had been a momentary shower at noon, the leaves were green, but they hung heavily in the heat; obviously their life was drooping; the year was slanting to autumn. About Francis Jammes there were smooth hills and valleys like folded green silk with a pattern of slim silver streams, groves of trees were everywhere; and across the loud paved road the close-cut grass of a golf course lay like a verdant carpet.

He sat on a stone terrace, with, at his back, the façade, long, low and gray, of an old field-stone house. That was what it seemed; looking at it he was forced to remind himself that it was not all equally aged; it had been accumulated through time and necessity over a period of more than two hundred years. Old, for America, he told himself. The odor of boxwood, lingering from the rain, came to him from the garden, the sweet-spiced scent of clove pinks; there were flagged walls, white painted lattices, hollyhocks, tall against the field-stone walls, already done blooming, the dark leaves of moss roses; altogether, Jammes was enveloped in exactly the atmosphere he preferred.

Henry Diehl—with, of course, the best of materials—had succeeded in creating an illusion of time out of what seemed to be the actualities of the past. But Diehl would have done that—or nothing. He had an amazing knowledge and command of most that had to do with Penn's Province in America. His specialty, the early slip-decorated pottery of the Pennsylvania Germans, had eventually led his inexhaustible mind to the consideration of practically all the phases of life in the lost local years—stove plates, glass, hinges and locks, potting, door towels and linens; and all this, and his small but wholly perfect collections, he had gathered into his house.

This immediately surrounded Francis Jammes—the scents and surfaces of old quiet things; but beyond an emerald reach of lawn, over a low hedge, was the headlong clamor of the present. Merely to see the breathless flashing course of the automobiles confused and a little appalled him. He turned to Mrs. Diehl to put something of his feeling into a brief disparaging comment, but his intention stopped silently; though she would understand him completely she wouldn't agree with his conclusions; indeed, she would differ as utterly as possible.

Henry Diehl, who was sixty at least, had married a woman thirty years younger than himself; the most insistently modern individual, Jammes was certain, alive. She wrote essays that were held to be entirely distinguished, critical, if not to say disagreeable in tone, and nothing confounded her. There was nothing, at least in conversation, she wouldn't, in her cool detached voice, speculate on. Her appearance, however, failed to indicate the possibilities of her mind; she was small, with regular features and hair that no one would notice. Her face was a little sharp, though not so sharp as her voice; and usually when Francis Jammes came to her house she had some remarkable visitor staying with her. At present it was a



"You are Mr. Jammes? Good. I Thought You Were. Instantly I Saw You"

Russian, a woman still young, who, he was given to understand, had emerged from some frightful experience in her own country. She was tall, thin, not bad to look at, and excessively nervous; fidgety, Jammes called it. Beyond this she wore no stockings, and elaborate sandals showed her toenails to be burnished like pink quartz.

"Henry ought to be back," Mrs. Diehl told him; "he went up to Doylestown to argue about some old clay roofing tiles he found in Salford."

"It's pleasant enough like this," Jammes replied. The Russian, with what sounded to him like an explosion of the French language, lighted a cigarette. But she brought her speech abruptly to an end.

"Excuse me, please," she begged; "you told me you didn't understand French."

"It doesn't matter," he assured her; "I wouldn't know what you were talking about, anyhow."

"Ah"—she waved a vivacious finger—"you are not very polite."

"A good thing too," Mrs. Diehl commented. "Politeness and lying, don't you think—not very different."

"Men ought to be gallant," was the other woman's conviction.

Francis Jammes wished silently that Diehl would return. He liked the house, his position on a very unusual brace-back Windsor chair sufficiently; but the women vaguely irritated him. One was so damned polite, and Mrs. Diehl so —— He gave up trying to decide what she was. The Russian asked what the tiles were that Mr. Diehl had gone to discuss, and the collector's wife gave a short, clear and surprisingly comprehensive account of her husband's principal activity. She had a brain! It was wonderful, extraordinary, fascinating. . . . Francis Jammes had been able to get no conception of her name. "He is noble to devote his life and his fortune to such a purpose. It isn't what one hears about America."

"Exactly what does one hear about us?" Mrs. Diehl demanded.

"Why, money, money, money."

"What nonsense! That's cheaper than anything else. And American—that is ambiguous too. Henry Diehl is Pennsylvania Dutch, with a strong early strain of English, and he's totally different from the American of, well—Texas. You must get away from generalities and types while you are here." She turned to Jammes. "Generalities," she said, "a woman's carryall."

He was late, Henry Diehl explained, because he had gone on to Ephrata. "Jammes," he continued triumphantly, "I got two psalm books in Fraktur."

What, the Russian asked, throwing all her spirit into the inquiry, was that?

"Now," said Mrs. Diehl, "you'll learn."

"Fraktur?" Diehl was obviously surprised by the ignorance her question implied. "Why, Fraktur, a sort of illuminative decoration of pages. German, of course; Pennsylvania German here. Medieval, certainly. Pen and brush. Goose quills and cat hair. The color was dissolved in whisky and they got a gum varnish from cherry trees. It was mainly religious, like the psalm books. Doves and trumpeting angels and tulips."

He spoke like that, in short positive statements; there was never an opportunity, Jammes reflected, of holding a conversation, much less an argument, with Henry Diehl. The truth was, he didn't want to hear any voice, any opinions, any wisdom but his own. In the subjects with which he was familiar—Fraktur, for example—he was, perhaps, the last authority; others, in his presence, were practically never touched. He was a short thick man, his hair more white than gray, with a bright red face and thin compressed lips. Most of his ancestry was German; but Francis Jammes realized that the English blood Mrs. Diehl had mentioned was perceptible in the special floridness of his color and the squareness of his body.

"Some had all the colors possible," he proceeded, after the manner of a lecture; "some only three; and I have them in black. The choral books I got from a Mennonite church are decorated everywhere—titles and single pages, the bars of music and the ends; tulips and checkering and diaper."

"The trouble with your descriptions," his wife told him, "is that there is too much detail. You kill an effect."

To this he paid no attention. "Bartner was right about the titles," he said, addressing only Jammes. "It's remarkable, at the time he worked, how much he guessed."

"Bartner?" the Russian cried.

"Dead," Jammes told her. "He was an authority and didn't have to guess."

This, too, Diehl ignored. "The tiles were made by Hüster, in Upper Salford, as well as by the Moravians; but Hüster was five years earlier, about 1735."

"Have you got enough for a roof?" his wife asked.

"Roof! Don't be idiotic. Ten, maybe. Eight are whole. Fourteen inches by about seven, a shade over half an inch thick. Round at the ends, with a button underneath to take the crosspieces." He employed himself, in a way wholly British, with a vivid roast beef.

"Oh, yes," he laughed, "I forgot, a good joke—I was asked to buy some china. China. Me!"

"Ah," the Russian eagerly proclaimed her discovery, "you do not want china."

"I do not," he echoed her. "China—Japanese truck, French nonsense, Chinese rot, English folly. Eggshells, bastard designs, lying trade-marks. When I get anything," he specified, "I want it to be genuine. It must be honest. Above all, it must have a racial meaning—be early."

He swept an intolerant challenging gaze about the table. "Simple," he added. "What the devil would I do with pink and shining Sunderland? That was what I was asked to buy, a tea set. Hell!"

"Henry," Mrs. Diehl explained, "likes the things peasants make. As you may see, there is a lot of the peasant in him. The way he shouts, for instance. But I like it. That's why I married him. He is like the pie plates he collects—very *sgraffito*."

"That is Italian!"

"A design scratched in the slip," said Diehl. "What I wanted specially to ask you"—it was later and the men were alone—"was about the Kastner collection of slip pottery. I hear it might be bought privately. They won't let me in the house, of course, after the disagreement I had with old Kastner—even so long after his death—and I can't remember exactly what they have."

"Representative," Jammes replied. This, for him, was an important and uncommon admission. The dry shadow of what might have been a smile appeared on his lips. "I saw Mrs. Kastner; the collection is for sale as a whole, but there is one condition ——"

"I'm not to have it," Diehl interrupted him.

"Exactly."

"But they're flat; that damned grandson lost near all the money the old women had."

"The poorhouse was mentioned."

"Rather than ——" Henry Diehl fell into a silence. "What is it," he finally demanded, "that makes collectors so cursed unreasonable?"

"What?" Jammes merely repeated.

Diehl glanced at him suspiciously. "Then you won't buy the Kastner pottery for me under cover?" Francis Jammes stared at him coldly. "China," Diehl muttered absently. "Porcelain. Sunderland."

"A woman I sometimes find things for wants a David Rittenhouse clock." It was Jammes who spoke.

"So do I," Diehl answered unpleasantly.

"She'll give a thousand for one."

"Well, I'll give twelve hundred for the same clock, and that's all of that."

"As a fact," Jammes went calmly on, "she'd give two thousand—if I'd let her, but I won't. I'll get one for less than a thousand."

"And lose four or five hundred dollars?"

"Oh, yes. It's for her. Remember, I'm not a dealer, not actually."

"You never let anyone forget it," Henry Diehl replied. "Then, as far as I'm concerned, the Kastner business is up the flue. That's too bad; I don't really need it; you know what my slip ware is; but—but there might be a piece or two, some of the chocolate-colored pottery. I could do with more of that."

They had risen and, as they spoke, moved out upon the terrace. It was dark and the cars on the highway were hidden but for sudden gleams of metal or varnish, the long bars of radiance they plunged into the obscurity, and the glimmering red tail lights. The house was lost, merged with the night, except for the façade directly at their backs; the odor of boxwood was lost, the perfume of late roses, tea roses, was perceptible. Still, with the house hidden, there was an air of time about Jammes, the scent, almost, of stone long set and of aged sod, earth mingled with death. There were, apparently, stars among the fine slender foliage of an old willow tree.

It was late when Francis Jammes was once more in his rooms. His brain was too active for sleep, and he lay on a bed, with both the mattress uncomfortable and the covering mussed, thinking about Henry Diehl. It was strange how collectors were affected by their single-minded pursuits. He, Jammes, though he was hardly a collector—still, he was not a dealer—might himself be called a little peculiar. A bitter lot! His thoughts turned to the homely arts of the Pennsylvania Dutch; the ornamental writing—hadn't the later Spencerian flourishes come, in a way, from that? the bright conventional painting of dower chests; the slip pottery Diehl spent his life assembling. A peasant art! He remembered Mrs. Diehl—a curious woman. The toes of the Russian seemed to glitter at him through the dark.

The next day, however, the sensitiveness of his throat, and not slip ware, recalled to him the fact that he had sat late on the Diehls' stone terrace. The actual damp of the past had closed around him. When, late even for him, he rose, his sight was swimming, his legs uncertain, and appetite had no existence. There was nothing interesting before him, either, nothing to look for; he realized that he was practically kept alive by the excitement of finding in the wreck of lost years the objects of beauty that tied one generation to another; that was what was uniquely valuable in his occupation and search—the making of a continuous whole from the familiar history of men. That, for what it might be worth, was civilization; each successive age inherited the integrity, what beauty was made permanent, of the times before.

His bell jangled in the lower hall, and he was so absorbed that subconsciously he descended the stairs, opened the door. He thought it was Henry Diehl who stood before him and then immediately saw that he was wrong. But the resemblance, until the other spoke, was remarkable.

"You are Mr. Jammes? Good. I thought you were, instantly I saw you. I'm Cope Gowan." His voice was at once decided, even impatient, and pleasantly cultivated, and English. It was the most utterly English voice Jammes had ever heard. Gowan was past fifty, certainly; a squarely built florid man, with absurdly small eyeglasses set crooked on his nose, a gray soft hat worn at decidedly a sporting angle, and with very nice clothes indeed. On an arm, in spite of the August heat, he bore two overcoats. "If I may," he proceeded, "I'll come in." Francis Jammes moved hurriedly back. He invariably forgot the most obvious passages of common decency. Upstairs the overcoats were laid aside.

"I always have two," Gowan explained, "sometimes three. You can't tell about the weather; and then, riding or in the shade. Impossible to know how you're going to feel. Well"—he sat comfortably down—"I must explain my coming in on you like this. Mrs. Leaming sent me." He paused while Jammes tried to recall the woman. "I see you've forgotten her. Very smart woman, good whisky and a really surprising cigar." Yes, he knew her now—a friend of Mrs. North's; he had gone south for her; something about a chair. "I collect china," Gowan went on, "a very special sort; I had tea at her house and she suggested you. Little enough chance of your having what I want, but I'm investigating it all."

"What is it you're after?" Jammes demanded, instinctively annoyed by any hinted deficiency of his powers.

"If you don't mind you must follow me carefully, for I dare say, in America, you won't know much about it."

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"Ah," the Russian Eagerly Proclaimed Her Discovery, "You Do Not Want China"

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR

By George Pattullo

THIS ain't a fish story at all, said the Old-Timer. No, sir; it's the story, you might say, of a strong man who seen his duty and done it. If there was only more like McCarty, this world would be a better place to live in. I always did sort of despise a feller who goes around bragging about the fish he caught, or what he up and did out of the rough on the seventh hole. Besides, it isn't safe to believe 'em, because they generally always exaggerate or make things up out of their heads. And a lot of men are just naturally sure-enough liars.

You can learn a lot from fish, though, gentlemen. They're awful human. And some mighty queer things happen too. Up in Georgian Bay this summer, for instance, there was a guy who works for Doctor Starr, and he hooked onto as nice a black bass as you'd wish to see. It jumped clear out of water two or three times, and he figured it weighed around three pounds. But just as he was playing him alongside the boat, that fish grew terrible heavy all of a sudden.

"Ho!" he says. "This baby has put on pants."

Well, sir, blamed if that bass hadn't changed to a ten-pound pike. Fact—they found the bass halfway down its throat.

Speaking of true fish stories, did you ever meet up with Frank Fenton up there? Well, Frank says a friend of his hooked onto a big lake trout, but it broke the copper wire and got clear away, taking a six-inch spinner along. Of course there ain't anything unusual about that—it happens to me lots of times when I don't catch anything. But two weeks later another friend caught that same i-dentical fish in a net, and it had the hook and spinner still in its mouth. Frank says the trout acted very peevish, like he had had enough of that funny business, and that he busted loose when they were hauling him into the boat and got away again.

Frank's daddy does considerable fishin' too, especially along in the fall. He has been at it regular for seventy-seven years—started when only a boy, you might say—so he's beginning to learn something about fish. Now it stands to reason that an old gentleman at his time of life would stick to the truth, don't it?

Well, it seems like Mr. Fenton knows a man who set out some lines and marked them with a branch of red cedar. Along came a lake trout and walked off with hook and line and cedar and everything. There wasn't anything there at all when he went back. But soon afterwards several parties reported they'd seen a young tree moving at a forty-mile clip around the bay, and one feller from Midland came back with a story about a forest that had passed him at great speed. Most everybody sized these happenings up as another argument against prohibition; but a month later they changed their minds, gentlemen, for a fisherman caught that trout in a net with some others, and there was the cedar branch trailing from his mouth. He'd been towing it around all the time. Mr. Fenton says he looked kind of peaked and tired of publicity, but otherwise bright and enjoying fair health.

Fishin' ain't what it used to be. No, sir, this business of civilization can be carried too far. Right now you can't find a water on the American continent, gentlemen, which isn't fished to a foam every season. And it's all Henery Ford's fault too. When I think what that man has done! Yet you hear people talking about him for President.

I can remember when all a feller had to do to get good fishin' was to borrow the money somewhere and hop on a train and go there. And he didn't have to travel clear across continent neither. A few hours out of New York or Boston he could find virgin streams—spots where it seemed like the foot of man had never trod. Yes, sir, he could go to deep, cool places where there was perfect peace, and a man could be alone and take a drink and lie back in the shade and rest his nerves. In those days there were spots where a guy could get almost as far from human companionship as Oklahoma kinfolks in Park Avenue.

But now—well, there aren't any remote places, and that's a fact. The whole wide world has been linked up close. That's what makes all the bad feeling nowadays. As my grandmother used to say, how can you have peace so long as you have neighbors?

Today you can never get away from the toot of the flivver and from women in khaki pants. A couple of years back I made a trip out through Yellowstone Park, where I met up with Hugh Halsell. Hugh allowed there was fine fishin' at the bottom of the cañon, below the falls at Seven-Mile Hole. So we up and hired us a coupla cow ponies and went there. Now wouldn't you think there'd be practically unsullied waters away down there in the bowels of the earth? Not by a damn sight! The first thing I seen in the middle of the swirling torrent was a big fat girl of forty-odd in khaki knickers. She was standing on the very rock I'd picked out for myself, and she was taking snapshots of some lady friends on the bank.

"Get in the picture, honey," she says to Hugh. "Now look at the little birdie! Tweet, tweet!" Well, we just naturally quit fishin'.

That's the way it goes. Another time I was up in Canada with an Indian guide, canoeing among the far-northern islands of the Thirty Thousand and camping out wherever we darn pleased. Except for gulls and mink and mosquitoes, we never saw a living thing just hundreds and hundreds of islands that looked all alike to me, and the mainland thick with trees. Well, I said to myself, at last I've located a spot where tourists don't reach and a man can be alone with his Maker. And right then there busted out a sweet chorus of glad young voices, and here came a flotilla of canoes around a bend, all in formation and with flags flying. Schoolboys from Texas—yes, sir—up there on their annual outing, and the glee club was doing its daily dozen. One kid could imitate a mocking bird pretty good.

It was in 1920, I remember, that the idea came to catch me a steelhead before I died. You know how a thing like that hits you—it stays on your mind until you just can't shirk your duty any longer. Well, we were somewhere in Europe at the time; but, after I got to thinking about them steelheads, somehow I didn't seem able to settle down and enjoy cathedrals like I'd ought. In fact I got all run down so that picture galleries and everything disagreed with me. Anyhow, we grabbed a boat and, when we got to New York, went clear across continent to the Rogue River, in Oregon.

It's a mighty likely looking stream and my health began to mend. But what happened? Well, there I was one day, up to my knees in swift cold water, and not a soul within forty miles to trouble me, it looked like, and just as I got a strike a sardine tin bounced off my head and the air was streaked with tomato cans. A party of sagebrushers from God's country had just finished dinner in a clump of trees back of me and were cleaning up. They aimed to spend the night in that spot, so I left it to them. Yes, and after two days of wading around, I left the whole river to parties from God's country.

Yes, gentlemen, when Henery put the whole world on wheels he up and destroyed peace and solitude at one fell swoop. Maybe it's all right; but what I want to know is why all these folks don't stay home and stick at their jobs. It ain't right.

The way I happened to meet up with this McCarty I'm telling you about was like this: Along about the end of June, or maybe the first part of July, I got kind of run down. Workin' too hard, or something; anyhow, my drive took to aliring around in a half circle so that I had to stand with my back to the fairway to get it in the middle.

Things couldn't go on like that, and at last I got insomnia. All spring, you might say, I had been sort of restless. Didn't feel up to work at all—you know how it is.

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Gun Running and the Traffic in Arms—By Major Hugh B. C. Pollard

THE interests of the majority of mankind are totally opposed to warfare. Modern warfare, though often disastrous to the countries concerned, may, however, benefit business interests in neutral states whose industries are highly developed and whose factories are equipped for the supply of arms, ammunition and all the necessities of war. Business is business, and the managing director of an arms-manufacturing concern cannot be expected either to rejoice over the prospect of a world of men at peace or to welcome the growing demand of the remainder of the business community that he and his kindred throughout the world should be put under restrictions and regulations which would embarrass their particular trade.

Latterly the big armament concerns have been on their best behavior; first, because there was very little money about for new orders, and the market was glutted with surplus and secondhand stock; second, because their wide international range of activity was looked on with considerable suspicion, not only by radical fanatics but also by the soundest of Tories and men of all shades of opinion. The public, not overglamoured by romance, might have applauded Sir Basil Zaharoff had he used his old connections with the armament firms to supply, let us say, sewing machines or agricultural machinery to the peoples of Central Europe. His rumored association with experiments in the reëstablishment of the ex-Emperor of Austria and the notorious Constantine of Greece led to gossip and an uneasy suspicion that there were more ways than one of provoking a revival in the arms trade.

Two Methods of Armament Control

IMMEDIATELY after the war, disarmament discussions were merely a gesture or a flourish of trumpets on the part of the victors. So far as arms were concerned, the actual combatants were only too glad to see the last of them. There may actually have been an ungrasped opportunity when world disarmament would have been possible; but that first rosy rapture faded swiftly, and today the citizen reflects on disarmament and the general state of Europe and world trade whenever he receives his income-tax paper or similar unpleasant reminders of a practical nature.

Disarmament is no longer only the concern of the League of Nations enthusiasts; it has become a matter of interest to the strictly nonsentimental man of business.

The problem of disarmament can be approached from two ends. In the first place, the material and personnel of national forces and navies may be cut down; in the second place, the actual traffic and trade in arms by private factories or business concerns and individuals can be controlled. So far the proceedings of the League of Nations have been directed toward inducing governments to limit expenditure on excessive armament, and no practical steps have yet been taken toward the abolition of that private trade in war material and arms which is a permanent danger to world peace. It is not until this traffic is considered from the international point of view that its true nature is understood.

Modern warfare admittedly requires the mobilization of the whole manufacturing or productive capacity of the nations engaged. Once war is declared, all arms, all resources are mobilized, and the production of munitions and war material of all kinds is the business of thousands of factories whose peacetime output is entirely nonmilitary. A nation lacking manufacturing resources is therefore handicapped from the start and far less likely to be aggressive than a nation better equipped with the means of production. The danger lies not so much in nations storing up reserves of armament far in excess of the needs of their existing forces, although in the case of partly civilized small nations this is a factor of danger which cannot be ignored, but in the private arms traffic enabling small reserves of arms to be built up which may be used by an aggressive political party or revolutionary interests, or may be supplied to a state unfit to be intrusted with them.

Private uncontrolled stocks of small arms may easily start a war. A few thousand rifles and a handful of machine guns can equip a raiding or filibustering party. The bomb and the pistol are the arms of the revolutionary throughout the world, and yet in these days of tension, uncertainty and weak governments no concerted steps are taken to check this dangerous traffic.

It is probable that the present distribution of firearms throughout the world is far greater than at any previous time in history. The bulk is necessarily in the hands of governments, either as reserves or in use by the fighting services; but there exists a wide and dangerous margin of arms in private hands and in the possession of commercial syndicates or firms. The bulk of these arms is war surplus, but it must be realized that a steady manufacture and sale of military and quasi-military arms is also proceeding.

Undisclosed Stocks of Arms

IN ADDITION to these stocks of arms which are available in some cases for open, in others for illicit sale, there are countries where arms were not surrendered after the Armistice, or where arms were discarded and fell into the hands of the natives when retreating forces moved through.

It is therefore almost impossible to estimate the stocks of arms now in existence, or what reserves of deteriorated but still quite useful ammunition are available for them. The existence of these undisclosed arms stocks has produced some curious and discreditable commercial phenomena.

Under the Treaty of Versailles the Central Powers had to hand over all but a small proportion of their armament to the Allies. Such arms were to be destroyed by the latter. As events turned out, arms were an important political factor and a vast amount of small arms remained concealed in Germany and Austria, in the possession of political parties. In addition to these stocks, which were mainly those of the returning troops, arsenals, factories and proof houses were emptied during the disturbed period of the German revolution; small arms and ammunition in bulk passed mysteriously into private ownership, sometimes abroad.

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A Collection of French and English Guns That Saw Service During the War

The Sword Guard of the Emperors

She Came Down the Room, Stopped Behind Him, and Said in a Low Voice, "Will You Sell Me That Ujigawa Crossing?"

By EDGAR JEPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

AN EASTERN emperor sent it to a western emperor, but how it came into Farringdon's auction rooms there is no saying. It was catalogued: "The Ujigawa Crossing, signed Shoshi Norichika." The metal was shibuichi, a silver alloy. It was chased over all its front with the waves of a river in swirling flood; and engraved in high relief, and inlaid with gold and silver and copper and shakudo, were two mounted warriors swimming their horses through the swollen stream. The second warrior was carrying his bow in his mouth to keep it dry.

George Raithby wanted that sword guard badly. He wanted it for itself and he wanted it for its historical, or perhaps one should say its political, associations. He knew, or rather he had guessed, its history, for the man who had put it into the Oriental sale at Farringdon's had let slip a few words about how it had come into his hands in Prague, and Raithby had put two and two together. The passion of the collector was on him strong.

He was ready to go to twenty guineas for that sword guard, though it would be an extravagance. And if any rival collectors—they were much wealthier men than he—knew its history, he would not get it for twenty guineas. But there was very little chance of their having learned its history. The man who had put it into the sale did not know it or them. They would merely be wanting it as a rare and uncommonly striking sword guard, a piece of metal work of exquisite virtuosity. He had seldom seen a finer sword guard of its kind. Emperors gave emperors only the best.

A little thrill ran through Raithby when the commissionaire set it on the little tray, to hand it round for the bidders to inspect, and Farringdon read out the number of the lot. He looked down the line of his rivals, dealers and collectors sitting at the table, or standing behind those sitting, with a very hostile eye, and drew in a long, slow breath like a man before a conflict.

Observing that it was a fine piece, Farringdon started the bidding at four pounds. It ran quickly up to eight pounds; and at that the dealers dropped out. Raithby found himself contending against Morton and Snainton, rival collectors and much wealthier men. At nine pounds there was a pause. Farringdon gave them a little time. Snainton bid nine guineas. Raithby bid ten pounds confidently. He perceived with joy that he was going to get the sword guard. There was another pause; then Morton bid ten guineas.

"Eleven pounds," said Raithby promptly and in the tone of a man who means to go on.

Farringdon looked at Morton; Morton shook his head. He looked at Snainton; Snainton was talking to the man next him. He knocked it down to Raithby for eleven pounds.

Raithby sighed sharply. He took the sword guard from the tray with a thrill of exultation. He had not only got a piece on which he had set his heart but he had got it for less than its value; and that never lessens a collector's joy. He looked at it with loving eyes. Now that it was his he liked it better than ever.

He was still looking at it when Mrs. Honingham came quickly into the room and stopped on the edge of the ring of bidders. Another sword guard was on the tray, one of those inlaid landscapes by one of the Hosono tsuba smiths.

Raithby was not interested in it, for he already had two good examples of the type in his collection. It was knocked down to Snainton for eight pounds. Farringdon read out the number of the next lot. Raithby was looking at Mrs. Honingham and he saw her start, look at her catalogue, and frown. Then she went quickly to Farringdon's desk and spoke to the clerk who was sitting beside him.

Raithby did not like her. She seemed to have the same taste as he in objects of Oriental art; and they were always clashing. Twenty or thirty times she had robbed him of a sword guard or netsuke on which he had set his heart. When she wanted a piece there seemed to be no limit to her determination to have it, or to her purse. He told himself that she was a greedy little creature and very like a frog.

It is true that she had large brown eyes, set rather far apart, a wide mouth and a rather short nose. But though they made her face look rather odd and out of the common, they did not make it at all unattractive. Her skin was of a clear warm pallor; her forehead was broad; the line of her jaw was exquisite, and ended as so exquisite a line should, in an admirably molded, rather square chin. Raithby was prejudiced by his collector's greed.

Though he had this poor opinion of her, he watched her. He saw her look from the clerk to him.

He was wrapping the sword guard in tissue paper and set it on the table beside him.

She came down the room, stopped behind him, and said in a low voice, "Will you sell me that Ujigawa Crossing?"

Raithby shook his head and said, "I'm afraid I can't. I want it."

"But I want it too, badly," she said.

Raithby, surprised by the earnestness of her tone, looked up at her. Her eyes were as urgent as her voice, uncommonly appealing. He realized that, frog's eyes or not, they were uncommonly fine and, now that he looked right into them, of an extraordinary depth.

"No. I don't care to part with it," he said firmly.

"I'll give you fifteen pounds for it. I really want it badly," she persisted.

"No," said Raithby in a tone of finality.

She looked at him with hurt, reproachful eyes. Then her face filled with a contemptuous dislike that fairly startled him.

"Pig!" she said in a tone of profound conviction, and drew herself upright.

Raithby was astounded, outraged. Coldly he tried to give all his attention to the bidding. But he heard her tapping her foot. It annoyed him.

Then the man next him rose and went. She took the empty chair and set her vanity bag, a rather large vanity bag, on the table. He found himself very much aware of her nearness, also of a faint, pleasing, rather intriguing perfume. He could not help glancing at her. For the first time he observed the clean fine line of her jaw, and that the corner of her lips drooped a little as if she had not been having a very good time. Then she began to fidget. It annoyed him. Then she bought a lot—a lot of three second-rate pieces. He told himself that he had been right not t[o] let her have the sword guard of the emperors. How coul[d] a woman really appreciate a fine piece like that?

Then she took some sheets of tissue paper from h[er] vanity bag and wrapped the three sword guards in th[em] separately.

She was still wrapping them in it when another sw[ord] guard he wanted was put up, a very nice guard of the On[i] Nori

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THE BLOOMING ALOES

By Edgar Wallace

ILLUSTRATION BY DONALD TEAGUE

IT'S a sen—what's that word you said yesterday? [It was the steward talking.] Sententious! That's right. I must remember that one. It is surprising the number of classy words you can collect in one voyage if you keep your ears open. I got "urge" last trip from a Pittsburgh lady—it means "wanting to do it." You get an "urge" to clean paint and things like that. At least, some people do. Personally speaking, the only "urge" I've ever got was to sleep after eating pork pie. Sententious I'll jot that down. As I was about to remark, it's a sententious remark to pass, but if there wasn't any thieves there would be no thieving

There never was a confidence man, a card sharp or a tale teller that didn't get his living by appealing to what I might describe as the criminal instincts of the respectable classes. Studying human beings is a hobby of mine, and a man who does fourteen trips a year across the Western Ocean has all the opportunity he wants for improving his mind in that respect.

And what I discovered very early in my career was that, except one in a hundred, every man is a dreamer. Women are dreamers, too, but they dream practical. It doesn't matter what kind of a man he is, whether he's a fat salesman from New York or one of those skinny cotton men from Manchester who complain because there's only one church service on Sunday and the hymns are too frivolous, they've got dreams. You can see the dreamers lying in their chairs staring across the sea, or leaning over the rail staring down at the gulf weed, or strolling along the promenade deck looking at nothing—all dreaming.

Sometimes they dream about picking up a wallet of a million dollars belonging to a hard-hearted swindler, sometimes about taking ten millions from a secret Russian delegate who is going to use the money for corrupting the world; generally speaking, there is something noble about their robbery and the money runs into millions.

And, mind you, the money they steal in their dreams is always put to a good use. I know one chap he's the president of a hardware corporation—who commits his larceny the minute he comes on board, and spends the voyage founding orphan asylums. Lew Baker, one of the cleverest get-a-bits that ever traveled the North Atlantic, told me that no con ever robbed an honest man. And that is true. It's the prospect of getting something for nothing that appeals to people who work ten hours a day to pay the grocer, and the only way to get something for nothing is by thieving—and then you only get it temporary.

People who read about ocean-going crooks think that the beginning and end of 'em is card play. We put up notices in the smoke room warning passengers that there are card sharps aboard, but there wouldn't be room on the smoke-room walls to give particulars of all the queer swindles that are worked between port and port.

The card men, to my mind, are straightaway grafters who work hard for their living and are entitled to a certain amount of respect. They are workmen, pure and simple, and if they catch you—why, there's nothing to it but the loss of your foolish money. You can avoid them and they'll give you no trouble if you say no. The people that are really dangerous are what our old skipper used to call the blooming aloes. From all accounts it is a plant or vegetable that only breaks into flower once in a hundred years.

There are two or three crowds that work the world, and you see them on the Western Ocean once in a blue moon. As a rule they prefer the long trips—Southampton to Durban, Durban to Bombay, Bombay to Sydney, Sydney to San Francisco, Vancouver to Japan. They have time to get acquainted with passengers, and when they make a kill there's money to it. They're patient and sensible. I've heard of one crowd that went twice round the world and never touched a cent; they could have made hundreds, but that kind isn't after hundreds. If the aloes bloom once in two years, they bloom bright and big.

The only gang I ever saw was the one run by Connie Barthurst. They traveled with me once—"John P. Mortimer, Miss Mortimer and servant"—and I shouldn't have known anything about them if it hadn't been for the fact that my opposite number was a fellow who used to be a steward on the Orient route and spotted them.

Connie was one of those tall, refined women who always dress quietly and speak to nobody. She used to sit on the deck for hours reading. Her "father" was a big, gray-haired fellow, who spent his time walking round the deck. I never saw him in the smoke room once. Anyway, he never smoked. He told me it was a filthy habit—I was his room steward—and drinking was worse. I never saw them again in years. It was on Mr. Denman's tenth trip with me that they turned up at Southampton—"Mr. and Miss Mortimer and servant."

Mr. Denman was what I might call an ideal passenger he always tidied his cabin before he went out, folded and brushed his own clothes, even hung up his own towels. I don't suppose I've answered the bell to him twice, and he's crossed with me a dozen times. He was never ill, always had his meals in the saloon, even in weather that made the old Crenic roll like a baby's head, and, beyond making his bed, there was nothing for me to do. A perfect gentleman in every shape and form.

When we got to New York there was his ten-dollar bill; when we pulled into Southampton, two pound notes with a "Thank you, steward; I hope I haven't been too much trouble to you."

He generally had the same stateroom—105 on C Deck, and usually sat at the purser's table. Mr. Denman was by all accounts a rich man, in the insurance business. He looked easy, but he wasn't. Every crowd that traveled the North Atlantic roped him into a little game at some time or other. If he had stood out against them and been clever, they'd have caught him, but he wasn't that kind. He went like a lamb to the slaughter, as the saying goes, and when they found that he never bet more than a dollar on threes, and his limit for a full house was ten dollars, they dropped him.

"I never bet more than I can afford to lose," he told big Lew Baker

"You're wise," said Lew. "What points do you play at bridge?"

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If it Wasn't the Same Bag That Had Been Put in the Safe, it Was its Own Brother. He Broke the Seal and Pushed a Key Into the Lock

AMERICA IN TURKEY

By Isaac F. Marcosson

WHEN the news of the Chester concession, with its unfortunate conflict of interests and personalities, first burst upon the American public, there were many who believed that it signalized the entry of the United States as a factor in the economic affairs of Turkey. To be sure, it represented our most pretentious attempt so far to buck the hazardous concession game; but it was not our commercial début by any means.

For decades we have done business with the Turks. Last year, for example, and for the first time in history, we passed Great Britain in exports to Constantinople. It made us for the moment the largest shipper of goods, especially flour and petroleum, to the ancient city on the Bosporus. We consume more than half the entire output of Turkish tobacco in the manufacture of our cigarettes.

The Chester concession served, however, to focus interest on the possibilities of Turkey as a field for American enterprise. It was an evidence of Turkish good will towards us. Shall we capitalize the opportunity, or will the costly history of American failure to realize on its chances in China, South America and elsewhere repeat itself in Turkey, and through Turkey in that immense area with its unplumbed buying power that is washed by the eastern Mediterranean and the Black Sea? With the answer to this question the present article is concerned.

When the Treaty of Lausanne was signed a new era of economic regeneration began for Turkey and the whole Near East, because it meant that peace with the rest of the world was finally accomplished, after years of actual warfare and a period of post-bellum uncertainty as destructive to commerce as the ravages of actual conflict. Though accord is established with the great powers, including the United States, there is no guaranty of harmony in the Balkans, as the eruption of Mussolini at Corfu showed. The big fact is that for the first time since 1911 the envoys of trade can proceed with their job without the immediate likelihood of a cancellation of contracts because of untoward events.

A Turkish Mosaic Worker With One of His Completed Wooden Screens

The average individual in the West has an idea that business in Turkey is largely in Turkish towels and Turkish baths, with an occasional massacre. As a matter of fact, few countries offer so wide a field for commercial exploitation, because, first, practically all business heretofore has been in alien hands; second, because the country has no industries except silk and carpets. Its principal occupation for years has been war and conquest.

America Pays the Freight

I SHOULD add that the succor of refugees is an important item. It reaches the point of being almost a dominant industry. Here again American help has been conspicuous. Indeed, our first-aid machine has worked to such an extent in and about Turkey that many American business men out there, paraphrasing the words of a famous ultimatum, say, "Millions for relief, but not one cent for constructive economic development."

One trouble with American philanthropy abroad is that though we pay the freight, so to speak, for much of the physical regeneration that follows in the wake of war or Nature's failures or upheavals, we never realize on it to our economic advantage. England, Germany, France or some other country usually comes along and literally takes the cash while we seem to be satisfied with the credit. There is no intention to put relief on a purely commercial basis, but we might easily have made investment follow the soup bowl and the bread line, and in legitimate fashion.

Our apparent inability to match a princely benevolence abroad with a corresponding business expansion is not due to the countries where we have labored so nobly and so heroically. The fault rests entirely with ourselves. Take China. We not only were the first to dedicate the Boxer indemnity to the education of the Chinese youth but we fed the famine-ridden hordes. The economic domain of China was ours almost for the asking, but we have not begun to scrape the surface, while England's business word is law.

In the case of Turkey the favoritism shown us in the shape of the Chester concession and the further acquiescence to our request for the open-door policy was not due so much to love of us as to suspicion of the motives of England, France, Germany and Italy. In this instance, American altruism did not help, because the Moslems have looked with strong disfavor upon our aid to the Greek and Armenian refugees. So far as the Turks were concerned, these hapless individuals were just so much excess human baggage. In other words, we got our opportunity to penetrate Turkey economically despite our generosity to the stricken rather than because of it.

Fully to comprehend the commercial opportunity in Turkey it is first necessary to get the economic background. Like the Turk himself, this is a somewhat puzzling institution. To begin with, there was no actual Turkish economic structure as such, because the Turks, until they achieved self-determination, spurned contact with vulgar trade. Their attitude in this respect was almost precisely like that of the prewar British aristocracy before income tax, depreciated securities and the necessity to establish a meal ticket wiped out a good deal of caste. Necessity has been a leveler of rank and job.

The reason why the Turks had no economic status was that the army and public life enlisted those who might have created a commercial life. Until the World War, Turkey was almost solely occupied with the business of empire. The principal task therefore was to rule. Now that the ruling is over, save at home, they have had to turn reluctantly to the humdrum of commerce, and most of them do not like it.

Jewish Prestige

THIS business of empire necessitated the employment of a huge army. Whether the Turk was an officer or fought in the ranks, it followed that he was only able to provide for his family. In other words, he did not become part and parcel of the national productive machine. His was the inclination to enjoy or to destroy. Here you have the difference between the Turk and the Greek. A Greek in Turkey bought off military service at home and had become a well-established economic unit by the time the Turk came back from the wars. When the Turk faced this situation he went off to war again.

In consequence of the long and costly adventures in unbenevolent assimilation of other peoples the Turks were compelled to depend upon the alien—principally Greeks, Armenians and Jews—to carry on trade. These peoples, especially the Greek and Armenian, not only tilled the ground but ran most of the banks, hotels and shops.

Nor were their activities confined to commerce. The imperial Turkish Government employed Armenians as advisers, while Djavid Bey, a Jew, was probably the ablest fiscal wizard of modern Turkey. The Jews still retain a great deal of their old prestige, and at the time of my visit the grand rabbi was being prominently mentioned in connection with the Turkish ambassadorship at Washington. The Turks probably got this idea from the fact that many of the American envoys to Constantinople during the past quarter of a century have been of the Hebraic faith.

The wholesale deportation of the Greeks and Armenians now compels the Turk to try to take up the work the aliens formerly performed. The success of the new nationalism will largely depend upon how well they can adapt themselves to the altered conditions. Can they earn and learn at the same time?

As the most casual visitor can attest, Turkey has long been the stamping ground of sharp practice. One of the favorite sayings for years runs like this:

"It takes two Christians to skin a Jew, two Jews to skin a Greek, and two Greeks to skin an Armenian."

When the Turk repeats this maxim he adds, "And anyone can skin a Turk." The truth of the matter is that friend Turk protests too much. He is usually able to render a good account of himself in any transaction which involves money.

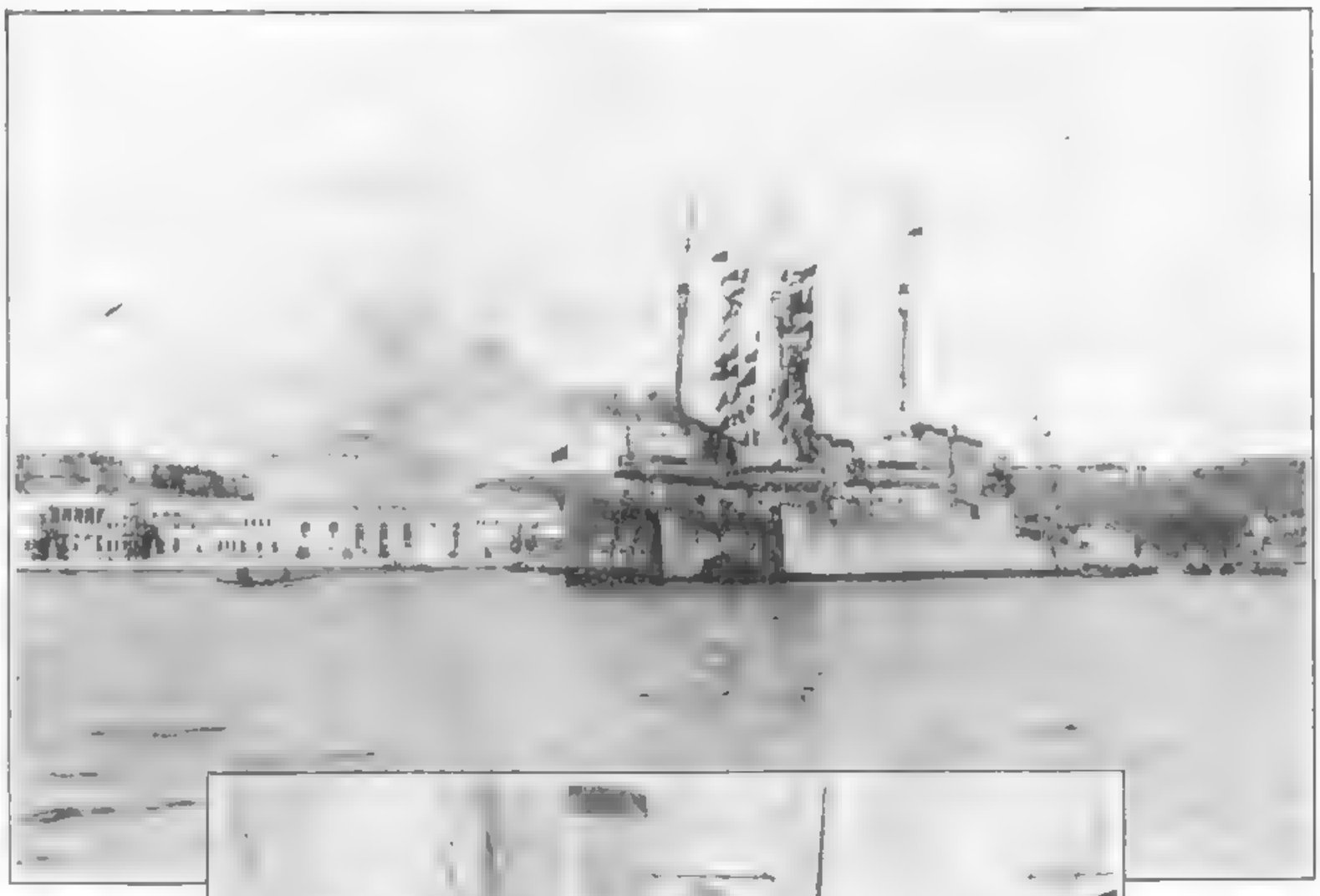
Therefore the character of the Turk must be considered in this analysis of Turkey for economic purposes. Being fundamentally Oriental, he is

The U. S. S. Scorpion Passing Up the Bosporus Into the Black Sea. In Background—the Fortress of Rumeli Hissar, Where Mohammed the Conqueror Established His First Foothold in Europe in 1452

mentally and physically lazy, and, like the Japanese, is inclined to evasion. If the Turks are henceforth to do business on their own, they must depart from the bluff and procrastination which have marked their diplomacy and what little commerce they have indulged in, and get down to brass tacks.

That Turkey is ripe for education is evident from the comparatively recent introduction of conveniences which were second nature to the Western world many years ago. During the reign of Abdul-Hamid, which continued dictatorially until 1909, electricity was scarcely employed in the country, because the sultan thought that the dynamo and dynamite were identical. He lived in constant fear of assassination, and no foreigner could enter his presence wearing a topcoat because of the suspicion that it might conceal a deadly weapon. The ruler's obsession even went to the extent of forbidding the entry of machinery catalogues because they contained the word "revolution" in connection with engines

This primitive state of mind has been matched by the backwardness in agriculture, and Turkey is primarily a pastoral land. The methods of cultivation still employed are the same type as obtained in Biblical days. A crooked stick tipped with flint and drawn by water buffalo or oxen is the accepted plow. Deep plowing is practically unknown, as is the use of fertilizers. Modern machinery for sowing and reaping is practically not in use. Usually both are done by hand. There are threshing floors in all the villages. The grain is brought in by the peasants and threshed by having heavy logs of wood studded with flint dragged over it. The process of winnowing is usually performed by tossing the grain into the air. In the absence of mills, it is a common sight throughout Anatolia to see grain being crushed between stones.



Refugees on an American Destroyer at Smyrna. Above—American Destroyers in the Bosporus, the Sultan's Palace in the Background

The Land of Three Sabbaths

SHORTLY before the World War modern agricultural implements made their appearance in Turkey, particularly in the vilayets—provinces—of Adana and Smyrna. Steam plows, reapers and a very light metal plow were used with success. A beginning was made in agricultural education. Practically all this came to an end when the world saw red, and the country has been so impoverished since the Armistice that it is only within the last year that the attempt to modernize agriculture has been resumed. On the way to Angora I saw an exhibition of plowing with American tractors before a group of deeply interested Turkish peasants.

I cite these facts about agriculture first to show how the Turkish farmer has lagged behind in the procession of progress and also to point out one of the largest American selling opportunities. A by-product of the Chester concession was a contract to provide the Turks with $5,000,000 worth of agricultural implements, but because of the many vicissitudes to which the enterprise fell heir, this feature has been held in abeyance.

Doing business in China is invested with many details of intense human—as well as humorous—interest: but it is not a patch, in some respects, on Turkey. Here you have another side light to illuminate the approach to American penetration. The outstanding feature is that in Turkey there are three Sundays, and each one is more or less elaborately observed by its followers. First in importance comes the Moslem Sabbath, which is Friday In the old days of the capitulations, when the foreigners had many rights and privileges, they could keep their shops and offices open on this day. With the advent of nationalism, which means that the Turks are lords in their own land, the order went forth that all alien establishments save those essential to the public comfort must be locked up on Friday

Second in the list is the Jewish Sabbath, which is Saturday. The Hebrews are very strong numerically and commercially in Turkey, and are inclined to be devout. Thus the stillness of the Moslem Friday is followed by an almost kindred cessation of commerce on Saturday.

National Handicaps

NATURALLY every commercial establishment owned by a Christian is shut down on Sunday. The foreigner therefore finds to his horror that for three days during the week business is almost at a standstill. I doubt if any other country can present such an exhibit. This state of affairs has had something to do with the failure of Turkey in general to function economically in a big way.

While we are on the subject of handicaps we might as well dispose of another which bears directly upon the American opportunity in Turkey. It lies in the lack of that supreme aid to national expansion, which is transportation. Though Constantinople and Smyrna afford magnificent harbors—the former is unsurpassed anywhere—there is no river that would provide an adequate waterway, while railroad mileage is woefully insufficient. Except for the Anatolian railroad, which runs from Haidar Pasha to Konieh, with a branch from Eski-Shehr to Angora, the Bagdad railroad from Konieh to Alexandretta and the Smyrna-Aidin line, transport is carried on by camel caravans, donkeys, buffaloes, oxcarts and horses. Even China

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Robert College From the Asiatic Side of the Bosporus—an Institution That Overlooks Two Continents

OUR MISS KEANE

By Grace Sartwell Mason

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

MISS KEANE'S office was small, but like her life, it was in the most exquisite order. The office next to it, belonging to Jim Cousins, was larger, as befitted a member of the firm, but many times a day Jim Cousins could be heard crying plaintively for something he could not find. At these moments Miss Keane was likely to lift her eyebrows or twitch her nose; or if she happened to feel less impatient with Jim Cousins than usual, she would merely smile tolerantly and send in her Anna to help out his Miss Duke.

She had listened to the sounds from his office ever since she had acquired the glory of her own, along with her elevation to the triumphant heights of sales manager for Hartley, Cousins & Moran, and her interpretation of these sounds and of the man who mad them had had a large influence in shaping the mold of her life. For, years ago, while she was still merely Tom Moran's stenographer, she had cast the eye of her mind about and decided to imitate, more or less, Jim Cousins.

To be sure, in those eager, ambitious, early days, she had also studied the mind, manner, business technic, aims and method of each successful man her work brought her in touch with. But Jim Cousins was the bachelor member of the firm, and since she meant to be a bachelor herself, it was perhaps natural that she should study most of all the way in which Cousins conducted his business and personal life. Then, too, she and Cousins were contemporaries, Mr. Hartley and Tom Moran being a dozen years older than herself.

"Yes, But Can't You Wait Downstairs? Can't You See I'm Having a Frightful Time With This—Devilish Baby?"

But beyond these reasons, of which she was conscious, was the real one, which she avoided thinking about: Miss Keane, undoubtedly, for about two years, could have been very much in love with Jim Cousins had she had any encouragement whatsoever.

This was when she was between twenty-eight and thirty, that secondary dangerous age, even in a business woman's life. The primary period of peril she had emerged from essentially unscathed. Probably, if her father had not died close upon the heels of his business failure, if she had not been called home from college and plunged into a keen and exciting fight to salvage a sinking hardware business, she would have married quite contentedly the young man she was then engaged to, and later would have made the best of his limitations.

But this early taste of business had whetted her appetite for more; it had awakened her intelligence and made her a better judge of men. In short, it got her past the age when marriage seems of supreme importance. And when, upon the death of her mother, she had sold the hardware business and come to the city upon Tom Moran's advice—Moran having been an old friend of her father's—she wore no man's ring on her left hand and her face was set toward a successful business career.

The years between this escape from the first pitfall in the path of any woman who is ambitious for a career, and the recurrence of the dangerous age, had been too full of an enormous number of things to learn, they had been too hard worked and interesting in themselves to leave her time for sentiment.

She had been one of the first arrivals in the new world of women in business, and being farsighted as well as intelligent, she saw possibilities ahead that thrilled her. But she was, like the pioneer, in the enemy's country.

She had to be more efficient than any man in the same position; she had to be both meek and willing, because she was in this man's world merely on sufferance. She had to learn how to subdue her personality and yet keep it alive for those occasions when she would need it; she had to learn a whole new technic of behavior, as, for instance, how to allow the boss to believe he was right while at the same time clearing up some muddle he had made.

Hartley, Cousins & Moran were a wholesale plumbing-supplies corporation, and she set herself to learn plumbing supplies and their sale from the least detail up. In this self-education she was helped by a better brain, in most ways, than Tom Moran himself possessed, and by her experience in the hardware store. But none the less, those early years were such that afterward she sometimes looked back on them with a smile of pity.

Thus thirty stole upon her before she heard it coming, and advancement brought her up to the world of Jim Cousins.

It would be a mistake to imagine Miss Keane stooping to the silliness of sighing after Jim Cousins. Her breeding, her natural dignity and the poise acquired through these years of discipline, kept her from revealing the fact that for a long time after she moved into the office next to his the sound of Jim Cousins' laugh, his voice imploring Miss Duke to come and find this or that, his shout of remonstrance when Tom Moran whistled off the key, the very creak of his footsteps, had a power to make her heart melt within her.

But not even by the lift of an eyelash did she give herself away, for it was apparent that Cousins, though he admired her ability, was faintly irritated by her. He had a way of gazing at her with a half-dismayed, half-ironic expression when she approached more nearly than usual to a masculine standard of efficiency, which was puzzling.

But there was nothing she would or could do about it. She had her pride. And what was more efficacious in keeping her from sentimental morbidity, she had her ambitions. She worked a bit harder, she became an expert in markets, had magazine articles written about her, with her picture in the trade journals as the first woman sales manager in her line.

And after a while she could listen to the sounds in Jim Cousins' office without a single extra heartbeat. She grew more and more absorbed in her work; she saved money and invested it shrewdly; now and then she bought a piece of good furniture for her new apartment; she kept her cool gray eyes fixed on the day when she would buy stock and become an officer in the company.

Thus a few more years slid past, and there grew up a legend in the firm that our Miss Keane would rather sell plumbing supplies than be President, or married, or beautiful. It was a comforting conviction in a world of women employes who would persist in walking into the office, just as they were becoming useful, with a ring on the fatal finger. Miss Keane had passed the danger point, they all felt.

Not that she had become the least masculine in appearance. She had a slender, graceful figure, not always shown to the best advantage in the straight tailor-made things which had become a sort of uniform with her, but none the less feminine. Her dark hair was attractive, though she had not changed her style of dressing it in several years. She had found a becoming manner of braiding and coiling it about her head, a snug manner which allowed no loose tendrils to be blown about by office breezes, and then had forgotten all about it. She had rather beautiful gray eyes, and her skin, though colorless, was clear and fine. She sometimes used a bit of powder, but never rouge. Twice a year she went to a first-class tailor and chose the good dark cloth for her well-fitting suits. She had one evening frock, but she did not often wear it.

In short, Miss Keane had become a bit standardized in appearance, but there was nothing commonplace about her. There was an effect of control and of concentration in her face, a firmness about her mouth and a cool steadiness in her glance that only a long habit of decision and responsibility can give.

It is possible that a person prejudiced against the way of life so brilliantly upheld by Miss Keane might say that she was just this side of being —— No, "hard" is not quite the word. Neither do the words "crystallized," "finished," "set," quite express the peculiar quality of her expression. It is often seen in the faces of women who have had to work keenly and arduously against the competition of men. An expression almost ascetic in its lack of sex.

At any rate, on this particular morning Miss Keane, in a well-tailored suit of the dark gray she found most serviceable, appeared a rather distinguished, youngish woman, with a quiet smile and a nice manner. She gave herself a brief uninterested glance in the mirror as she took off her hat and said good morning to her secretary, and then she turned briskly toward her desk.

Placed precisely at the right hand of the blotter on the polished and nearly empty surface of this desk was a daily memorandum book mounted in silver. Miss Keane was in the habit of jotting down herein notes of various tasks she meant to attend to herself at the earliest moment. And now she picked up the little book and glanced at it. The first note that met her eye consisted of one line:

Make appointment to see Curley's widow.

The fact that this line had already been carried over, most unusually, from a week or two back, indicated that this was a suggestion Miss Keane rather disliked or dreaded carrying out. In fact, she frowned slightly now at sight of the words. And unconsciously she turned back again to the mirror, in which she met her own eyes.

"You're afraid," she thought. "What you really want to do is to send a check and not go near Curley's widow. Well, you're going, just the same. Today."

Turning then with decision to her secretary, she said: "Anna, make an appointment with Mrs. Tom Curley for me to call on her this afternoon about five. I think Mr. Cousins has the address, somewhere in the Bronx. Ask Miss Duke. She sent the letter and check from the firm when Tom Curley died."

"Yes, Miss Keane." Anna looked up. "I'm glad you're going, Miss Keane. It's bad, to be left like that, alone, with three children. Miss Duke said Mr. Cousins thought of going to see her, but I don't suppose he will. Men don't like to do things like that."

"No; they leave them to women," said Miss Keane.

But her thought was scornful. "Jim Cousins! He'll never go to see Curley's widow. Too selfish."

She returned to this reflection later that afternoon, as coming up from the Subway exit into what was to her the wilderness of the Bronx she began to scan the house numbers along the shabby obscure street.

"I'll bet Mr. Cousins is riding off his waistline in the park at this minute. Right too. Men learn not to squander their forces on sentiment. Queer, how long it takes a woman to learn that. But Jim Cousins is worse than most. Catch him deviating a hair from his routine for anybody. No one in the world more selfish or set than your old bachelor."

Then she smiled at her inconsistency. In her heart she knew that a spinster who has chosen her spinsterhood may be quite as selfish or set as the hardiest bachelor. Then, too, there was the fact that for a number of years she had modeled her life along the same lines as Cousins'. She had studied not only his business habits and manner of work, but the externals of his life. Long ago, after her first promotion, she had begun to say to herself that as soon as she could afford it she meant to get away from the messy economies and strength-wasting habits of the average business woman and live like Jim Cousins, well taken care of and therefore always fresh for work.

Cousins, she knew, had a spacious bachelor apartment and a Japanese servant. He gave little dinner parties to men advantageous for him to stand well with. He took a taxi when he was too weary to tackle the Subway. He belonged to a suburban country club and spent frequent week-ends there. When the golf season was over he rode in the park. He hired an athletic trainer by the year to keep him fit. His tailor had been taught to clothe him with the least possible expenditure of his client's time.

Well! She had acquired the equivalent of these lubricating factors. She was the skirted counterpart of Jim Cousins. No consistency, then, in calling old bachelors selfish. One had to be, if one was ambitious. With an unconscious sigh she stopped in front of an old apartment house with ash cans ranged along the area railing.

In the half light of late afternoon it was inconceivably dreary, a narrow house which had evidently been built in the days when desirability was thought to be given to an apartment house by calling it an elegant name. This one had Bella Vista cut in stone over its door, though the less said about the vista thereabout the better. The tiled vestibule floor was dirty and broken. Miss Keane rang the bell to the second-floor rear, and the door was clicked open from above.

As she felt her way down the dark hall from the top of the second flight of stairs, the door to the rear apartment was opened by an eager-faced little boy of seven or eight.

"Come in," he called; "mother's here. She's just giving baby her supper."

"How do you do?" said Miss Keane, offering her hand in some embarrassment.

She was not used to children. She felt the limp warm hand of the little boy in hers. He had a rough cap of fair hair and delphinium-blue eyes. His face suddenly grew shy as he looked up at her and he retreated into the room. A girlish-looking figure rose from her chair at the supper table, with a baby in her arms. She had the same fair hair and blue eyes as the little boy, but she looked wan and worn. She put down the spoonful of baked potato which she had been feeding the baby, and offered her hand to Miss Keane. There was a third child, a little girl at the table.

"You're Miss Keane?" Mrs. Curley cried, her face lighting. "Please excuse the supper table. I have to have it early on account of the children. It's nice of you to come. Sit down —— Oh! mind the cat!" She laughed a little, spontaneously, and at the sound the little boy looked up at her, as if a shadow had moved out of his sky, and laughed too.

Mrs. Curley swept the cat gently out of the one easy-chair. "The children love him so, he just naturally imposes on us. And my husband is—used to be—so fond of him."

She stopped short and looked steadily at her visitor. And Miss Keane knew that Mrs. Curley was schooling herself to say "used to be." She said it without a break in her voice now; perhaps she had repeated it many times to train herself to say it thus steadily. And she even smiled, a careful little smile, as she looked at Miss Keane. Then she dusted the cushion and Miss Keane sat down.

"Thank heaven she isn't going to cry," thought Miss Keane, but she was not sure that Mrs. Curley wouldn't have been less heart-wringing if she had wept. She was so young, and she looked as if she had been meant to grow like a very gay and pretty flower in a garden with walls. You could see that her natural smile was merry, and though the shape of her jaw and the poise of her head showed good sense and intelligence, there was in her face a softness, a shadow of fright in her eyes, that told she had been pushed for the first time outside her walls to face the world.

If Miss Keane could have looked at the two of them in a mirror, the contrast between them would have startled her. Miss Keane's life for fifteen years had shaped her for battle. There was almost no outward circumstance that she could not handle now. But the younger woman's whole preoccupation had been such as now to tie her hand and foot. Miss Keane looked at the three children and then around at the cheap golden-oak furniture, probably bought on the installment plan, and now shabby; at the darned tablecloth and the sewing machine in one corner, on which was a pair of trousers in process of being cut over to fit the small boy.

"They ought never to have married," thought Miss Keane. "At any rate they shouldn't have had children. Poor and scared. She probably couldn't make ten dollars a week at a job."

And little Mrs. Curley, with an expert gesture, held the baby up so that Miss Keane could see what a smile she had.

"She looks like her father," she said with a tender droop of her head over the baby.

After half an hour or so, Miss Keane came away. She walked very slowly toward the Subway entrance, then feeling strangely exhausted, she beckoned to a taxicab and rode downtown to her apartment.

She had chosen this apartment carefully, the year her salary had jumped to twelve thousand. It was not large, but it was on the top floor of a good house, and it overlooked the park. When she had been taken up to the eighth floor in a swift and noiseless elevator and had pressed a button beside her door, a maid in a crisp apron opened it and smiled a welcome.

In her airy bedroom Miss Keane removed her office frock and went through the routine she always followed after the day's work—eight minutes of bending and twisting exercises devised especially for her by an expert, five minutes of relaxation, a hot bath, a cold shower, a careful hair brush to remove the dust of the day, a quick manicure, a touch of the best skin food, a brush of powder, and then into a shimmering tea gown and satin slippers.

"How Can I Ever Thank You, Dear Miss Keane?"
"Don't Try," Said Miss Keane Brusquely, Hearing Mr. Cousins' Footstep Behind Her

This ceremony rested and soothed her. She went into the long living room. There was a small dining room opening off this room, but when she was alone she liked to have her dinner looking off over the park at the pageant of the evening sky. Tonight a round table was set in front of the long casement windows, and Miss Keane sat down with a sigh of appreciation. It was wonderful to be home, surrounded by the attractive things she had bought so slowly and carefully, to eat this daintily prepared meal, deftly served, in the peaceful golden light of evening, high up above the clamor of the streets, alone with her sense of security and success. She took a few spoonfuls of her cream soup, then suddenly she stopped

eating and looked up at the maid.

"Julia, if you were married and your husband died and left you with three small children, two thousand dollars in insurance and not an available relative in the world, what would you do?"

Julia, a woman of forty, who had had domestic experience of her own, considered this problem efficiently for a moment, looking down at the green tops of trees in the park.

"I'd live on the two thousand dollars as long as I could, and in the meantime I'd look around for someone else to marry."

Miss Keane felt and looked a trifle shocked. Whatever their lack of worldly wisdom, the Curleys had been devoted to each other.

"This person I'm speaking of is determined to keep the two thousand to educate the children. But in the meantime, how can she go out to work with three children and no one to leave them with—even if she could make enough to support them, which she can't?"

"She'll have to leave them in a home," said Julia dryly.

"I Don't Mind Admitting I've Fallen Hard for Those Children. I Could Make Something Out of That Boy"

She took away Miss Keane's plate and served a delicate dessert in a crystal dish. Miss Keane looked at the pudding, but she was seeing a meager and rather disorderly supper table, with a grave child's face staring across it at her. Already the little boy was beginning to feel the shadow of this "home." Miss Keane had guessed that from the way his wide eyes traveled from her to his mother. If he had been her child, she had thought, she would have sent him out of the room before discussing the future. But it was evident that in her grief and panic Mrs. Curley was already leaning on the nearest man. Now and then she would cast a helpless glance at her son, and he would gaze steadily and gravely back at her.

Miss Keane made a nervous gesture unusual to her, and pushing away her plate she stood looking down at the lights piercing the buildings across the park, the jeweled strings of motor cars threading in and out among the trees. She was thinking that if she had married that time when she was twenty, she might have been in exactly Mrs. Curley's plight sooner or later. A girl who marries a poor man puts to sea in an open boat. Miss Keane gave a slight shiver, and looked around, as if for reassurance, at her pleasant rooms. The well-chosen pieces of mahogany, the little nests of tables in red lacquer, the English chints in cream and powder-blue looked more charming than ever. She heard Julia moving quietly about the bedroom, putting it to rights for the night, closing the kitchen window, winding the clock, and then coming to say good night. The outer door clicked after her.

And then as usual Miss Keane, with a long breath of relaxation, leaned her head back and knew that the day was over, the long, busy, concentrated day, and she was alone. Ah, it was good to be alone, in this quiet room, to sit here in this gracious peace, holding, as it were, her own life safe in her own hands. Miss Keane savored this moment quietly, with her eyes closed, and then she opened her book again.

At eleven she went into her bedroom. The expert Julia had turned down the bed, laid out nightgown and slippers, lit a tiny bulb in the old-rose satin skirts of a lamp on the dressing table. In this rosy twilight Miss Keane prepared for bed. She felt quite soothed and peaceful now. Only once did an unpleasant shadow pass over her mood. She heard again, just for an instant, a certain inflection of Mrs. Curley's voice as she cried: "Maybe we shouldn't have had children; but, oh, Miss Keane, look at them—aren't they sweet?"

Miss Keane made a sharp gesture, as if she pushed something away from her. "I mustn't get thinking," she whispered, almost aloud, as women do who are much alone. "Tomorrow there are those Montreal people to see. Must get a good night's sleep."

And such was her self-control that in half an hour Miss Keane was deeply sleeping. But an hour or two after midnight she began to dream. It was a dream that had become familiar to her in the last year or two. It was not a dream of events, but of a landscape and a mood. She was back in the small town where she was born, walking through woods along the well-known river road.

But though this landscape was familiar to her the mood was one she had never known when, as a girl, she had walked there. It seemed to spring partly from the leafless trees and the bleak loneliness of the road and partly from a vague sense of hopeless loss that lay like a stone in her heart. Sometimes on this road she met her mother, who had died several years before, and sometimes an old schoolmate. But always she went on around the bend of the road alone. And when she came to a certain point she began to stumble and then to weep bitter tears of fear or dread, or of sheer aching sadness.

When Miss Keane first had this dream she laid it to overwork and took a week-end at a seaside hotel. But when it persisted she followed her usual habit and studied it. She read the best psychoanalysts, and talked with her doctor. And after a while she was forced to a conclusion that dismayed her: It was a middle-aged dream, one of a general class that haunt lonely women of her sort. It was a bubble coming up to the surface from the depths of her unconscious self. It was an ache from some subconscious wound left over from the long years when she had been forced to work too hard and live too narrowly.

As soon as she acknowledged its character, Miss Keane dealt vigorously with this dream. She told herself she would not have it. It left her depressed and languid, it lowered her efficiency. Did Jim Cousins have such dreams? Absurd to think of! Then, neither would she. Her waking life was rich and satisfying; she would not be got at underhandedly by a tearful dream. She read a noted mental healer and took more exercise.

But the dream continued to come. Sometimes it stayed away for weeks, and then it came night after night, and Miss Keane would go to her office with shadows under her eyes and her mouth shut in a thin line. It humiliated and enraged her, but at last she came to accept the fact that she was human. No matter how carefully she may have organized her life, apparently she had to pay toll to the emotions somewhere.

But tonight she had the dream again. It deepened to an acute misery, and Miss Keane awakened with a sense of unhappiness she had never known so definitely before. She lay staring at the familiar outlines of her room, pleasant and gracious even in the dim light reflected in from the lights of the city, and she set herself resolutely to count her blessings.

"I am a successful woman," she murmured. "I am making a living a man might envy, by work that I enjoy. I have my health. I am completely free and independent. I have bonds in my safe-deposit box. I am not hankering to get married; in fact, if I had to choose between my work and any man I know, I believe I would stick by my work. Then, what is the matter with me?"

Wrapping herself in a dressing gown, she went into her dim living room and began to walk up and down, touching a chair or a table here and there as if to reassure herself through her fingers of all this safety and comfort with which she had surrounded herself. She switched on a light at her desk and, unlocking a drawer, took out various little books, one of them gold-lettered—Investments.

She ran her eye over various pages of figures, comforting, reassuring figures, symbols of her success. And a crushing wave of utter malaise with life rolled suddenly over her. She put her head down upon the little books, and tears, unaccustomed, long ago disciplined, welled in her eyes and dripped down upon the word "Balance" in red ink.

At dawn Miss Keane was still standing by her windows looking out over the ghostly trees of the park; but some sort of conclusion had she reached out of those hours of summing up. In life, she thought, you do not get something for nothing. You have to make a choice and then pay for it.

She saw the life of women as a narrow stream, deeply flowing but defined, with limits set by biological facts. If you chose to swim with this great main stream you paid in a certain amount of self-sacrifice and the giving up of freedom. If you resisted this stream and chose to remain outside of it, then you paid in the hunger that comes from the starvation of certain ancient roots of being: you paid, sooner or later, in an unconquerable loneliness.

Miss Keane, standing there, considered this loneliness, she admitted it. She knew now that it had been lying in wait for her for several years. It had not definitely attacked her before because she had been too absorbed, she had been fighting too hard. But now, because the fight was easing up a little and the early flush of triumph in her success was past, she seemed released to this undermining loneliness, emptiness, lack.

The thoughts of Miss Keane climbed painfully higher, trying in a wider view of life to find the source of these moods that oppressed her. This source was certainly deeper than the surface of her life, for in her work she was keenly absorbed and satisfied, in her few friendships she was content. If she could once come upon the source of her loneliness it seemed to her that she might understand half the sadness of human life.

If she had married? If, for instance, she had made Jim Cousins care for her and they had had children? Probably then she would not have felt this isolation and hunger, for she would have given back to life something. She paused here with a sense of being on the edge of a discovery.

And slowly it began to come to her, a dim perception that in order to be complete you had to pay life something for living.

This perception astonished Miss Keane just at first. For so many years she had built her life on the belief that dollars and cents, power, fulfilled ambition would be enough and to spare. But she felt now with a sort of terror and despair that they were not enough. They were like a fortress built about her, inside of which she hungered. She saw all at once that human beings who cast themselves outside the common stream of life dry up, unless they keep themselves fed somehow through some stream derived from and paying its tribute to the common lot.

The common lot! She saw herself for the first time as outside of it. She took none of the risks of the common lot, she contributed nothing to it. She regarded this idea at first with astonishment, for she had always thought of herself as being peculiarly of the greater stream of life because she was a worker. But she began to perceive that there is work which feeds nothing to life, and hers was of that sort. She was a business woman, but her work was merely business; it built nothing, produced nothing. If she should cease to do this work of hers, the world would be not one

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INTELLIGENCE, LIMITED

I WAS about to say that I do not know why we drape grand phrases on our present-day supermen, our kings of politics, finance and industry, our masters of world's destinies, our peerless leaders of thought and of mankind.

But I do know! It is because we harbor some suspicion that this age may produce a great many seconds, but not many firsts. Therefore we label our leaders in various fields the way we used to advertise doubtful goods—Finest Quality, Absolutely Rain-proof, Warranted Fast Colors, or Honest John Blank.

The other day someone who knows that I have had an unusually wide and close contact with big men of our times asked me if I believed that it would be a good thing to open night schools for our very domestic or excessively international statesmen. I said, "It would be a good thing, provided we could make our education of men after dark an improvement on the education we dish up in the daytime."

I meant to imply that, if our large important figures of mankind come to their task of leadership badly educated, it may not be wholly their own fault. What could they do in an age when education, as we call it, still sticks to the three R's—reading, riting and rithmetic, and to the rest of the old mill-plus subjects which have been heaped on recently by our business men's innocent control of higher education and which aim to teach youth how to make money.

Sometimes I want to throw up my hands and abandon education to its own devices.

Mental Assets of Five Presidents

I SAID to Roosevelt once, "Why not let it stew in its own grease? With all the examples before us of leaders who are unprepared, can we hope for a darn thing from education? Can't we Americans, who boast of our ingenuity, erect a tariff wall to protect a new infant industry and start to manufacture a commodity which ought to be in great demand not only among the young but among grown-ups? Why not have quantity production of intelligence?"

T. R. laughed and said, "It might take too large an advertising appropriation to get the goods onto the market."

This conversation took place some years ago. From its date, however, I began to watch the feet of the great and see them slip, and I have an idea it may be useful to all the big men who may read this, or who may have their attention attracted by other readers, to know how, when the chariot of success spins along the road of fame minus the tire chains of preparedness, the bad skids are made.

One of the best educated and most intelligent men I have ever met was an Englishman, famous because for years of an important epoch he steered the foreign policy of the British Empire. This was Grey of Fallodon.

An hour and a half of conversation with him opened my eyes even wider to the importance of insisting that education should not only educate, but help to make men intelligent. Ever since then I have seen in the big men who have come and gone under my observation and acquaintance a reasonably adequate supply of education in the ordinary sense, but a woeful shortage of that supposed aim of education—intelligence. I would answer today, without a moment's hesitation, that all the considerations, such as character, being equal, and if the choice had to be made, I would prefer an intelligent, uneducated President of the United States to an educated President whose intelligence would not come through a hard wash. Intelligence is a manly suitor, who will always go out to woo Education, but Education usually sits idly looking into her mirror—and sometimes snobbishly locks the door.

For instance, among the last five Presidents of the United States, seen at close range, there was one who lacked education and was extremely intelligent; one who was both highly intelligent and educated; one who was highly educated and cracked by lack of intelligence; one who so combined such intelligence as he had with such education as he had as to make a memorable performance; and one who had no distinguished education or keen intelligence when he took office. See if you can name each of them.

I suppose that I ought to say what definitions of intelligence I have used when, for my own purposes, I have put that yardstick up against the height of prominent men, and indeed endeavored to take the measure of some men who have been, at least for a little while in the prewar, war and postwar periods, called great.

The Price of Mere Knowledge

FIRST of all, I think no man is truly intelligent, unless by God-given gifts or by training or by the quality of his education, he has good mental machinery as distinguished from knowledge. "Knowledge is power," the penmanship copy books used to say in my school. It was a confounded lie. I look about me now at the successful men I know in world politics, statecraft, finance and other leadership, and I know that knowledge—mere ability to keep a storehouse of facts, dates, figures and details—is about the most insignificant factor in all the claims of the great to distinction. Knowledge may be power according to the old saw, but most of those who have it can be hired by the year for less than a bricklayer gets. There is a great howl these days about the underpaid learned man—the slide-rule engineer, the bookish lawyer, the parson and the professor. If this clamor is to reward any true intelligence I am with it; but I have learned to be against paying a cent more to

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THE FIGHTING INDUSTRY

By Raymond Leslie Goldman

Part of the Crowd of Fight Fans Around the Bleacher Entrance to the Polo Grounds Preceding the World's Championship Bout

IN THIS toilsome, commercialized age, when there are not more than one or two holidays in a week of workdays, and when the weary wage earner must be at his desk as early as nine or 9:30 in the morning, it is small wonder that the wage slave shakes his head in doleful self-pity when he reads that Mr. Jack Dempsey has received a cool $500,000 for less than five minutes' work in the prize ring.

"Pretty soft!" he declares enviously; and regrets that, after the fight he had with the little neighbor boy when he was ten years old, he did not follow up his victory with other battles and thus drift into the lucrative profession of pugilism. In that case glory would now be his; and money—easy money.

Well, perhaps! But evidently he has not troubled to dig deep for the facts which lie behind the glamour of that envy-inspiring headline telling of one fighter's gross earning power. He is judging the whole by one of its parts. He is considering the achievement of the heavyweight champion of the world, the man whose physical prowess and fistic skill are at the moment superior to that of any living man; and in his blinding awe he overlooks the thousands of other professional fighters, from flyweights to heavyweights—the contenders, the near-contenders, the preliminary first-raters, the second-raters, the third-raters, and, lower still, the neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring of pugilism. For the fighting industry has its chumps as well as its champs, just as the motion-picture industry has its supers and stars, and baseball its bushers and bambinos, and business its employes and executives. And the finances of the fighting industry, as in all other industries, are distributed among all its component parts, which include, besides the fighters, the promoters, managers, referees, seconds, trainers, timekeepers, judges and physicians.

I have used the term "fighting industry" advisedly. Considering the number of men to whom it gives employment, the amount of money taken in and expended annually, its executory regulation and its thorough standardization, pugilism can assume the dignified title of an industry. And if the motion-picture industry will not take me to task for infringement of copyright, I may add that it is still in its infancy.

Boxing in England

UNTIL a comparatively recent time pugilism was merely—pugilism. Which means that the order, the oiled groove of an industry, was lacking. Fighters of the highest fistic caliber, even champions, fought for trivial amounts; and in many cases they did not know until after the battle what was to be their remuneration. It depended upon how much was taken in at the box office or upon the promoter's generosity.

In England, where boxing first developed, the men used to fight for stipulated purses. Several wealthy sportsmen, each constituting himself the backer, or gaffer, of a certain fighter, would bet sums of money on the men of their choice; and each fighter was promised a share of the winnings, provided there were any winnings to share. The loser, under those conditions, received nothing more substantial than the beating his inferiority merited. Sometimes, in addition, a modest admission fee of about ten shillings was charged, which sum also went to the winner, either wholly or a major portion; and this was the diminutive ancestor of our modern Gargantuan child, the pugilistic box office.

When boxing migrated to America it was looked upon with hostility by the authorities, who considered it technically assault and battery, and as such, punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both. Thus outlawed, pugilism struggled for existence in the devious and surreptitious ways of the criminal. In such a state it could no more properly be called an industry than safe-blowing can be so termed; though of the two, safe-blowing was undoubtedly the more lucrative. Boxing matches were arranged privately—that is, one man of fistic persuasion would tell the world, or that part of it which was assembled in the particular barroom where he happened to be, that he could whip any man of his weight in the world.

"And how about So-and-So?" would challenge an admirer of the recognized champion, So-and-So.

"Him, too," says the boaster scornfully. "Bring him on!"

On the Beach

AND so it would be arranged. The champion, hearing of his rival's boast, would eagerly agree to the proposed match; he had not had a good, bloody, bare-knuckle fight for two whole days and was consequently restive. The date of the fight would be set—possibly the very next day, or after an interval of several days, it depending upon how soon the vigilant police could be evaded—the site of the battle selected, and the necessary information would be passed from lip to ear among those in the know. It must have been rather thrilling to be a fight fan in those days. Something like being told, a day or two before, where to go if you want to witness the Wall Street bomb disaster.

At the appointed time these trusted spectators—or, perhaps more properly, witnesses—would assemble at the battleground—an old barn or stable, an open field, or even the hard sand of a beach at low tide. Here the fighters would pursue their beloved occupation until one of them could rise no more from the blood-soaked ground, or until the police, acting on a tip, would terminate the affair by their sudden arrival, arresting the principals and as many of the spectators as they could catch in the scattering race across the fields.

In the latter event the fighters received nothing for their trouble excepting a room at a public institution, where they might rest after their strenuous exertions; but if the fight was allowed to proceed without interruption to its inevitable conclusion, a hat was passed around through the crowd and contributions earnestly solicited; and the money thus realized was given to the fighters, usually 75 per cent to the winner and the remainder to the prostrate loser.

Jack Dempsey the First, who earned the sobriquet of the Nonpareil, and who was the acknowledged king of all middleweights thirty years ago, fought a private fight on the beach at Rockaway, Long Island. A time was chosen for the fight when the tide was at its lowest ebb, to afford a firm footing for the battlers on the packed sand; but for so long a time was the struggle protracted that the men were fighting on the soft sand before Dempsey won his victory, for time and tide wait for no man to be battered into submission. The collection, which followed more than five hours of terrific fighting, netted about $200, of which amount Dempsey received $150.

Another fighter of three decades ago, who is now a referee of minor bouts and occasionally writes articles on sporting events for a Midwestern newspaper, was thus privately matched to fight a prominent rival. The battleground was a clearing in a cornfield about fifteen miles outside the city limits of St. Louis. It was five o'clock in the evening when the principals and spectators assembled, undaunted by the chill, drenching rain which was falling. The ground became a quagmire, everyone sinking ankle-deep in the mud; but the men fought on, round after round, until darkness fell and torches were lighted to

Dempsey and Firpo Clasping Gloves Before the Opening Gong

illuminate the ring. At last a victory was won, a collection taken, and the winner was awarded the munificent sum of about $125. A short time later the police learned of the affair and obtained sufficient evidence for arrest and conviction; and the erstwhile gladiators spent a certain lengthy period in durance vile, where no doubt they conditioned themselves for their next battle by making little stones out of big ones.

The stories are many which could be told of those private matches fought in the bygone days of guerrilla boxing. The old-timer, as he loves to be called, narrates these tales with mournful shakes of his venerable head, regretting the passing of that blissful if somewhat gory period of boxing, even as an old Roman, were he living, might gaze in reminiscent sorrow upon the ruins of the Colosseum. He will tell you of the time back in '89 when John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain floated down the Mississippi River on a barge and, landing at Richburg, Mississippi, fought for the heavyweight championship of the world, both men losing the decision to the sheriff who locked them up. He will tell you also of the fight between Jack Burke and Andy Bowen which took place at New Orleans in '93—a fight which lasted 110 rounds before Burke admitted defeat. He will tell you of the time when the renowned Peter Jackson staged a somewhat impromptu battle in an alley behind a saloon—a battle site which would be difficult to locate in this country today. He will tell you of all these and many more, not forgetting to remind you that these battles were fought with bare knuckles or skin-tight gloves, and with the tacit understanding that no rules are good rules. One leaves these recitals with the feeling of Lady Macbeth at the washbasin. Those were the rugged, pioneer days of pugilism, before fighting became an industry.

Dempsey Proclaimed as the Winner

The Birth of the Industry

THE pioneer days, indeed! But even though it is much more expensive to witness a modern boxing match, and though it is unquestionably more tame, to mourn the passing of the old days is entirely a matter of taste. Are we apt to regret that we can ride to the Pacific Coast on a luxurious limited in safety and comfort, instead of fighting a path for our covered wagon through hostile savages and hostile Nature?

Perhaps there remains a forty-niner, though, who still aches to take a pot shot at an Indian.

With the introduction of the Marquess of Queensberry rules—which, it is claimed, were formulated by an Englishman, John Chambers, and not by the peer whose name they bear—boxing emerged from medievalism into a saving renaissance. The limits of this article will not permit an analysis of these rules or a comparison of them with the London Prize Ring rules which they supplanted; but they so modified the sport that it was not long before sparring bouts were permitted to be held under the law. The Horton Law, enacted by the New York State Legislature in 1897, placed the wreath of legality on the furtive brow of pugilism; and the Harlem Sporting Club, among others, opened its doors to the public, wondering if this public would be as eager to see what it was allowed to see as it had been to taste forbidden fruit

But fighting was not yet an industry. It was not until 1906, when Tex Rickard promoted the Joe Gans-Battling Nelson championship bout at Goldfield, Nevada, that the new era of boxing began. The promoter guaranteed the two boxers $33,000 for their services before the fight took place. People shook their heads in amazement at this unheard-of procedure, but Rickard's daring was justified by the receipts of $69,715. Four years later the same promoter guaranteed $110,000 to James J. Jeffries and Jack Johnson before their battle at Reno, Nevada; and 20,000 people paid $270,775 to witness the fight.

In the thirteen years that have followed, boxing has grown steadily and rapidly in every department; its finances, its cohorts, its adherents all have doubled, tripled and doubled again. The number of boxers, managers, promoters and all the other cogs that go to make up the pugilistic machine run into the tens of thousands; but it is hardly possible to determine the exact figures, since an accurate accounting of them is made only in those states which permit boxing under a state-controlled commission, as in New York and New Jersey.

In these states everyone connected with the fighting industry must obtain a license from the commission before operating. In the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1922, and ending June 30, 1923, the fees paid to the New York State Treasury through its boxing commission amounted to $41,376 52. The licenses which these fees represent were given to 1738 boxers, 772seconds, 361 managers, sixty-three judges, forty-five referees, nineteen timekeepers, nineteen physicians, one trainer and thirty boxing clubs.

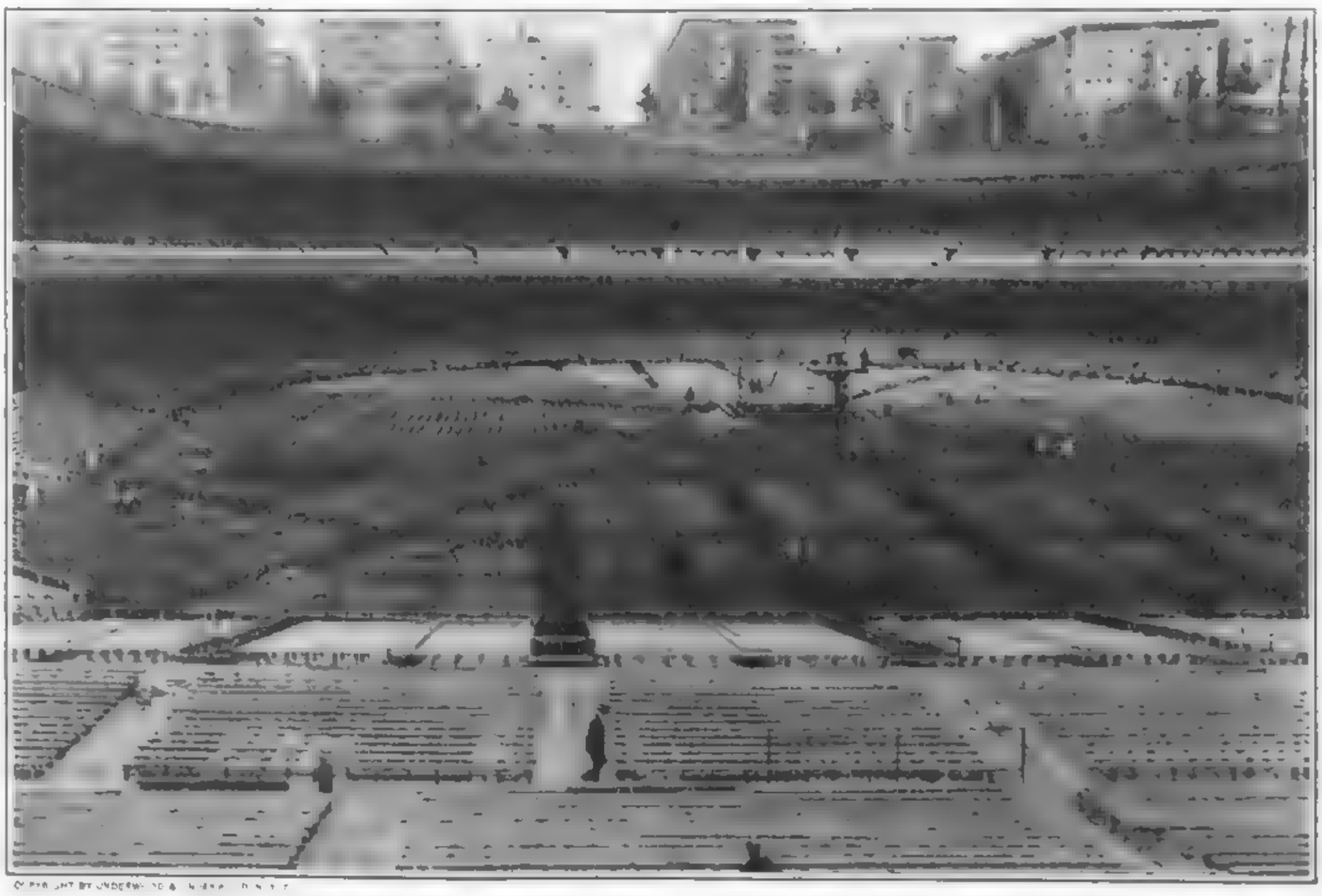
Big Money

ALTHOUGH these are the totals for the entire state, the large majority are located in New York City, for New York City is the Mecca of fighters all over the world, the vast field of big money. It is the big league of pugilism, and only first-rate boxers can hope to remain long among the fast—fistically speaking—company it harbors. Its number includes all the world's champions, all the American champions, all the principal contenders for these championships; and the men who battle these stars and near-stars obviously must have ample qualifications

When I state that New York is the field of big money I do not mean to imply that every fighter receives from $50,000 to $500,000 for a contest. But until a fighter has earned a place in New York bouts he cannot hope to achieve the purses which run to four or five figures. Having earned a reputation in some other section of the country, where, in the small local clubs, he has battled his way from third-rater to a main-eventer, he may, on the strength of this reputation, come to New York and secure a booking But here, he discovers, he must begin all over again, for he is once more a third-rater who is given the chance to fight his way to the top. If his ability is sufficiently marked he may some day fight and depose a champion; but until then he cannot dictate terms to the promoter

Later in the article I will discuss in more detail the rise and earning power of the different classes of fighters, but first I want to present to the reader some idea of the earning power of the entire boxing industry. In the fiscal year, July 1, 1922, to June 30, 1923, the total receipts of the thirty boxing clubs in New York State were $3,023,703. During the next three months six big championship contests were held in New York City proper, netting receipts of about $2,000,000. Therefore, in New York State alone, within a period of fifteen months, at least $6,000,000 was paid to witness boxing matches

During the same period several important battles were waged in New Jersey, among them the Willard-Firpo fight, which drew $1,250,000, and the Leonard-Tendler fight, which brought in $365,000. The total receipts during



How the Polo Grounds, New York's Big Baseball Park, Looked When its Bases and Outfield Were Buried Temporarily Under a Sea of Seats

(Continued on Page 97)

EASY

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

VII

IT IS a bad thing to be guilty, but it is even worse to be caught at it. For when you have done something which you know to be wrong, the possibility of justifying your act to yourself remains a sustaining factor for a time. But if somebody finds you out, you have nothing left but the unpleasant truth

Of course I had known that in stealing the snapshot from Easy I had—well, stolen it! So long as he didn't know of my act I could cloud the matter fairly satisfactorily with the romance of my devotion to Adrian. But when I stood there face to face with Easy, the wretched picture under my very hand, I suddenly saw myself with his eyes. And he was no longer Easy; he was David Cooper, a Federal officer, and he might very easily be obliged to arrest me. The shock of realizing this was tremendous, and yet in a way I wished he would do just that. Anything would be better than the awful silence of the little room! At length he broke it, and I withered under his words. He spoke quietly, but with the voice of a stranger.

"So you did take it, after all!" said he. "You, Nancy Steerforth!"

"Oh, David, I can explain!" I cried.

"I dare say!" said he coldly. "But the facts seem quite adequate without any elaboration, thanks!"

"But, Easy, you must listen!" I insisted. "This man is my friend; he's done for me what no one else would! He is——"

"He is a criminal, to the best of my belief," said Easy grimly. "As far as what he has done for you is concerned, what you did for him proves your relationship fairly clearly. But let me point out one thing. If you thought your theft of this picture was going to help him you must now see that it has done nothing in the world but injure him!"

"But how?" I cried. "Easy, I didn't mean——"

"Because," said he with a short laugh, ignoring my interruption, "now I am positive he's my man. You would never have tried to protect him unless he had something to hide."

"Easy, you don't know what you are talking about," said I, furious and frightened. "Adrian Lee is as fine a gentleman as you can imagine. There is a horrible mistake somewhere here, and I wanted to prove it. That's why I—took the picture!"

"There is a horrible mistake—more than one!" he agreed. "The first is that which I made about you. I supposed you to be the very soul of honor, and now, Nancy, I find you in this unspeakable position. No wonder you wouldn't come home!"

I shrank back in terror of him, unable to collect my wits or to put up any defense.

"The second mistake is about this man's name," said Easy. "It's Adrian Bowditch!"

"I know that!" I cried. "And it hasn't a thing to do with your accusations! Easy, you don't know Adrian!"

"No," said he dryly. "I haven't that pleasure. But if the member of his gang whom I do know is any standard, I expect I'll have my hands full landing him. That was pretty slick, the way you handled me, Nancy! I suppose you frisked me of the wallet in the first place, eh?"

"Easy!" I wailed, for it was as if he had stuck a knife into me. "No! I swear! And as for the gang, as you call it, I'm innocent of that too! You must let me tell you!"

"What would be the good?" said he, more quietly now. "I wouldn't believe a word of it."

"How About the Five Hundred You Owe Me?" He Flashed Back, Growing Ugly Under My Tone. "Adrian!" Said I. "Have You No Shame?"

"Don't look at me like that!" I said, agonized. "What are you going to do to me?"

"I'd like," said he slowly, "to kill you. Because I'd by far rather you were dead than to have you double-cross me. But I won't kill you—there is no need to shrink away."

"Are you going to arrest me?" I gasped.

"So that's all that ails you!" he sneered. "No; unfortunately, finding that picture is hardly evidence enough."

"Then what are you going to do?" I whimpered.

For a second he did not reply, his face working violently, distorted into a sort of tragic mask.

"I am merely going to try and forget that I once loved you," said he at length. "I'm going to cut you out of my life entirely. So that when I catch him I will not mind dragging you in with the net!"

He took up his hat and turned toward the door. Never had he seemed to me so clean-cut and fine and good as then. He all at once stood for the things I valued most—integrity, decency, reliability—the simple virtues which I had for a lifetime considered the very basis of living. The experiences of the past year had molded the loose-limbed handsome boy into a forceful man. He was my kind, of my people, and he was repudiating me forever! This very sternness of his, his harsh unwillingness to listen, his instinct to set me aside, opened my eyes and drew me to him as all his pleading in the old days had never done. I couldn't endure it, and came toward him with my hands outstretched.

"Don't!" I begged. "I am sorry—horribly, fearfully sorry! I've been a fool, and I see it now. This loathsly city has upset my judgment, my very standards! But don't go like this, believing me all wrong for I'm not, David, truly."

"You can't play with fire and not get scorched!" said he sadly. "It's an old saying, but it's just as true as it ever was. And you can't expect to go straight if you travel with a crooked crowd."

I wanted to cry out against his Puritanism, but the words died on my lips. For he was right—my moral standard had been lowered; whether by my associations or not seemed of little matter just then. The point was that my code had been changed to suit my personal convenience. Easy had touched me on the raw there. I had abused the holy name of Freedom, and now I was, not surprisingly, paying the price of that abuse. I had thought myself intellectual when I had merely been lax; considered myself developing when all I had really done was to coddle my temptations. But I was aware now of what I had been about, and a hundred Puritan ancestors came to my rescue.

"I have been wrong, Easy," said I, "but I see it now."

"So far as I'm concerned, Nancy," said he with a wry smile, "it's good by."

With that he turned on his heel and left me. I watched him go down the length of the shop and out of its dimness into the sunny street beyond. With him went the ghost of my own foolish self—of the silly, shallow, pretentious art student who thought life was made up of all-night studio parties and basement expositions of bad paintings, of endless gabble about sex and cheap social theories which crumbled under the first test. I had been like a little girl making mud pies and pretending they were edible. The only difference was that I had tried to live on them, and now I was surprised at their taste. Well, that foolish child went away on the heels of my first love. The Nancy he left behind was, too late, the woman he had long ago created in his own mind, but who had never really existed until now.

Although with the closing of the door upon Easy it appeared that he had shut me away forever, I could still save myself. Fortunately it never is too late to do that so long as life lasts. Instead of being crushed by what had happened to me, I was braced by it. That was New England working in me, I suppose. At any rate the very minute he was gone I stopped crying and began to figure out what I should do to start right from that instant on.

To begin with, there was the problem of Adrian Lee. I picked up the little likeness and considered him solemnly, no emotion stirring me as I did so. He didn't look like a wrong one. He might, perhaps, have been a cavalier of old, a swordsman, a gentleman adventurer who fought for the sheer romance of it. But a common bootlegger! It was too fantastic! Yet he had lied to me about his imaginary brother, and if Easy made such a dreadful accusation

against Adrian, after all there must be some foundation for it. I was now willing to believe that much. And I was engaged to marry the man. But of course that could not go on, not unless a miracle occurred. My next interview with him would most certainly settle the question of our future relations!

Then secondly, there was my method of living. That couldn't continue either. The whole thing was demoralizing; it let one down in a thousand ways. Better a hall bedroom in some clean boarding place, or Aunt Ellen and the settlement house, than the big messy studio where the Village crowd drifted in and out incessantly, leaving a litter of rubbish, both intellectual and physical, behind them. Even the thought of my painting now repelled me. Oh, I had a bad time of it, but I didn't spare myself, and toward the end of the session I conceived the lucid thought that perhaps the best way to start right was to do the thing nearest at hand and do it well, and the idea was salvation, for it gave me something to occupy my hands at once. And when a person's hands are at a duty the brain is more likely to grow clear.

There was a large cupboard in Adrian's office, and I had heard Gussie remarking that it was in need of tidying. As I had nothing to do in the shop I determined to set to work on that closet, and have it in apple-pie order before she got back.

I don't believe I particularly wanted to help Gussie with her work, but the women of my family for a good many generations had been cleaning cupboards or attics whenever their emotions were in need of an outlet. At any rate I found a dust cloth and a wastebasket, and opened the doors, all set to torture that mass of disorder into a neatness the like of which it had never before possessed.

Apparently Adrian had been throwing things in there and slamming the door on them since Grant was a cadet, and it contained the weirdest collection imaginable. There were old ledgers, yellow with dirt, half used up by unintelligible notations concerning sales. There was an old silk hat in a broken bandbox—the initials A. B. in telltale bits of gilt paper stuck to the crown. There were dust rags, torn prints of no value, a last year's Sunday newspaper intact; and lastly, under all this confusion, a few canvases without frames, face downward on the dusty floor.

With some curiosity I picked these up and turned them over, one by one. The first was a crucifixion—evidently a copy of those early Italians called Primitives who, either because they didn't know how to paint any better or because they were just naturally of a mean disposition themselves, made the Holy Family homely enough to scare the love of God out of anyone. This was a particularly bad specimen, and I dusted it and put it to one side with a little shudder. To me it has always seemed something of a sacrilege to have such things around, and mentally I congratulated Adrian for throwing it in the discard.

The second canvas proved to be a sentimental Victorian representation of Spring—a Spring who was apparently by no means sure that winter was entirely over, for she was clad in a garment calculated to induce a healthy sweat at the rate she was dancing upon the flowery meadows. Certainly it was an interpretation that could embarrass nobody but the dancer herself.

And the third painting was my own. The shock of turning it over to find Complex lying in my lap held me paralyzed for a moment. How on earth had it got there? Just at first my brain refused to register the obvious solution. And then reluctantly I was obliged to admit the truth. Adrian had bought the thing and hidden it away at the very bottom of his rubbish heap! He hadn't even thought enough of my sensibilities to trouble about destroying it; he had merely tucked it away out of immediate sight and forgotten it. He, Adrian, who had so rejoiced with me over the sale of this painting to some unknown discriminating collector; Adrian, who had pointed out to me that the sale was material evidence of the justice of his faith in my work! How he must have been laughing in his sleeve! And how little the man really knew me if he could stoop to chicanery of such a nature! For I could take the punishment of failure far more easily than this. It was ridiculous, cheap and unworthy of him.

With clenched fists I beat upon the dusty canvas, splitting it a hundred ways. Just as I completed the wreck I heard Gussie and Mr. Geofford come in, and from the extreme elegance of their language I knew that they had their victim in tow. Hastily replacing the trash in the cupboard I straightened myself just in time, for almost immediately Gussie stuck her head inside the office door.

"For the love of the Street Cleaning Department!" she exclaimed. "What for did you want to go and start that today? Never mind the mess. Put on a new layer of make-up quick, and beat it out front. Mrs. Vandewater is there, and Eddie can't hold her alone."

Obediently I followed instructions, and the rest of the afternoon was spent in a sickening flattery of the helpless bejeweled old lady, who turned out to be putty in the skilful hands of Mr. Edward Geofford. By closing time he had sold her nearly ten thousand dollars' worth, and scarcely was the poor creature out of the door when he grabbed Gussie around the waist and whirled her the length of the shop in a fantastic dance

"Oh, bother!" he cried, breathlessly at the end of it "Oh, bother prohibition on a night like this! We'll split the commission three ways, girls, and still be able to see it Darn it all, I'm going to beat it around to Bowen's and get a coffee cup of hooch! Will you join me in celebrating? It's closing time, and I judge his nibs won't be in tonight!"

"Don't tempt me, sweetheart!" said Gussie. "I'd hate a drink just as much as a dying prospector in Death Valley, but I got som'pn else to do."

"How about you?" said he, twirling on me with a dainty pirouette. "Come on over!"

"Thanks, no!" said I. "I don't use it, myself. And besides, I am especially anxious to see Mr. Lee tonight. I want to wait for him until the last moment."

"Well, then," said he, "I think I'll dust over alone! Sorry you girls won't flock, but oh, bother! I really must have a little dish of poison!"

And with that the dear thing left us in a whirl of wide-skirted tan overcoat, flying cane and flashing yellow gloves, disappearing down the street toward Sixth Avenue like a feeble young comet. As soon as he was gone Gussie turned to me with a petulant expression.

"I'll close up!" she said firmly. "There is no use of your sticking around. He won't come back to the store as late as this, that's a cinch!"

"You mean Adrian?" said I. "Oh, but he might, and I must see him really!"

"Nix. He won't show, I tell you!" she said impatiently "Say, you couldn't take a hint if it was given with a meat ax, could you?" *(Continued on Page 64)*

A Cold Fear Held Me Motionless, But a Cry Broke From My Lips. The Idol's Eyes Had Moved Again

SKOOKUM CHUCK

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SESQUIPEDALIAN FISH

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

NORTH of Vancouver, and for some thousands of miles, the mountains and the sea made a mistake in their relations. Perhaps the mountains attempted an unwarranted height above sea level. At any rate, instead of defining a reasonably straight littoral decorously outside of a plain spread at the feet of the ranges, as is customary, the sea has refused to recede, and so runs inland a thousand feet or so higher than it should, thus redressing the balance, and allowing the mountains only their usual and expected altitude. As a consequence, what should have been the littoral plain is a sea floor; the foothills are submerged banks; the dozens of outlying lesser ranges that so liberally outflank western sierras are greater islands, their spurs are little islands; the innumerable valleys between them are waterways; and into the heart of the majestic snow-clad glacier-adorned main ranges the greater cañons run for a hundred miles and upward, floored with as many fathoms of salt water. One simply substitutes a boat for a horse; and seeks the same passes -or channels—by which to cross the ranges. The whole coast is indented and cut and penetrated on a fringe a hundred miles wide, and the chart of it resembles nothing so much as the lace paper our grandmothers used to put on their pantry shelves.

Now through all this region the tide rises and falls twice a day on a range of twelve to twenty feet. No cove so small, no inlet so remote but, by the laws of physics, claims its due share of attention from this bi-daily phenomenon. In consequence an enormous quantity of water must change place. In some localities the supply for a whole widespread and complicated labyrinth must come through a single narrow opening. Naturally a twenty-foot raise of level means a rush as through the spigot of a bathtub; which must continue long after high tide by the shore, simply because the bathtub takes time to fill. Likewise a twenty-foot lowering of level means a terrific suction as the bathtub is emptied. And, though water is by nature calm and peaceful, it is easily thrown into violent excitement by untoward circumstance; so that at these narrow places are great whirlpools that suck down whole trees; and upswelling boils, acres in extent and ten or twelve feet above the level, and suddenly forming ominous green caverns into which white waters fall with a roar; and graceful gliding mist wraiths like spirits; and swarms of gulls and terns swooping to the hake and herring tossed up by the turmoil, or riding with exultant shrieks on logs tossing and turning and twisting down the stream. These places are called in Chinook *skookum chuck*, which means strong waters. Those who would navigate them must hurry through at one of the four brief periods of slack water.

"We Certainly Put It All Over Them, Didn't We?" She Congratulated. "Put Her There, Partner!"

II

ONE of the most *skookum* of these many passes runs between Stuart and Gillard and the Dent Islands on one side, and Sonora Island on the other. It is over four miles long, and about halfway down its length it adds the gratuitous complication of a right-angled turn. Its voice is hoarse and loud, and can be heard many miles. It is an exultant rapids, and tosses white arms. At its glory it is a fine thing to watch—from the shore! The Indians named it the Yucletaws. The blue-bound coast pilot washes its hands of all responsibility therefor. In fact, it advises people to leave it severely alone, though it grudgingly admits that some tugboats use it. The coast pilot hates to acknowledge the existence of anything smaller than a two-hundred-foot vessel, and bases its advice on a dignified deep-sea point of view.

Nevertheless, the Yucletaws is much frequented. Millions of herring and hake use it, perhaps unavoidably, on their way to spawning grounds; and the salmon in thousands follow the herring and hake. Huge cod lie in wait on reefs and along the shore. Clouds of gulls and terns, and dozens of eagles hover and circle and stoop and scream during the run of the tide, for the herring and hake have no slack-water tables to consult and are often whirled up helpless to the surface. Seals follow the salmon.

The run of the tide is the busy time for all these creatures. Near and during the slack they retire from active business; the gulls to sit in conversational rows on the rock islets, the eagles to perch in heraldic device on high dead limbs, and the salmon and cod and seals to withdraw into mysterious green depths of contemplation. As for the harassed herring and hake, no longer forced by the swift water, they undoubtedly proceed thankfully.

But in the brief respite of the slack, from bays and coves where they have patiently bided now venture other creatures. Tugboats with long tails of logs crawl painfully like men in nightmares putting forth desperate efforts to accomplish a snail's pace in danger, small gas boats dart hastily and rather furtively before the briefly sleeping monster shall awaken again; perhaps long troops of whales, single file, who have been cannily waiting for slack like any other seagoing craft, roll through majestically, throwing their jets aloft, showing their black flukes, noisily and ponderously scornful in the deliberate might of their power whether the monster be disturbed or not. And now in these few minutes of repose is the moment for the little placid breezes and the tiny light-topped wavelets to venture forth for their short play.

The Dent Islands and Gillard are uninhabited; but although from midchannel Stuart Island seems to present an unbroken shore, a closer examination discloses a series of slight indentations; they could hardly be called bays. They are shallow, but they are sufficient. The utmost of the tidal race sends into them only minor swirls and back eddies, and most of the time they lie in calm water. Each of a half dozen or so of these shallow depressions has been appropriated by a family; the narrow steep shore cleared for a few hundred feet back, fruit trees planted, white chickens installed, flowers and clover cultivated, a kitchen garden laid out; thus clutching what looks like a precarious handhold between the crowding wilderness and the raging waters. Here the year round dwell people; neighbors, but cut off from one another except on favorable occasion. For trails there are none, and the waterways are not always open.

They live there not for the sake of the strip of fertile soil, which is narrow and remote from market; nor for the sake of the view, though the high steep mountains on either side the channel catch and hold between themselves a peculiarly tender blue atmosphere, and glittering Estero Peak stands at the turn; but, like the gulls and the eagles and the seals and the salmon and the cod, primarily because the herring get into trouble. They do not want the herring—except for bait—but they do want the salmon. And since a third of the way down Stuart Island a short point thrusts itself out, it is possible behind its shelter to fish from rowboats, whatever the tide.

III

AROUND this point, near slack water, the Kittiwake made her way two days after the adventure of the three unwarranted preconceptions. The dying whirls thrust her, and the water surged up white, first on one bow, then on the other, as she swung. Straight down the channel she held until opposite one of the shallow indentations, then turned square in. A float, held from shore by boom sticks chained together, occupied the tiny bay. Toward this the healer of souls turned his prow. A moment later Marshall, poised on the rub strake near the bow with the end of the line in his hand, managed to leap to the float.

The uneasy and erratic currents made landing none too easy He made fast and ran aft to where Betsy was waiting to cast him the stern line. Only after a few busy moments did he have a chance to look about him.

The float was about ten feet by twenty. On one end of it stood a rack over which were festooned gracefully the folds of a red-brown net. Near the other was an opening that exposed an under-water live-fish box made of slats. A small gasoline work boat was moored inside the booms. On the slender pole that led to shore a man in rubber boots was slowly but sure-footedly approaching. Behind him at regular intervals marched four cats, all exactly alike, each with his tail held rigidly perpendicular. The man was heavy-set, middle-aged, dark-haired, wore a black mustache, and looked both genial and competent. To Marshall's greeting he nodded an acknowledgment, but crossed immediately to the Kittiwake.

"How are you, Miss Betsy?" said he. "Where's Sid?"

"Turning off his engine; here he comes."

The two men greeted each other with a heartiness that bespoke long and valued acquaintance, then promptly sat down side by side on the Kittiwake's rail, their feet hanging overside. Both produced pipes. The four cats seated themselves equidistant in a row on the float, curled their tails around their legs, and stared. Marshall stared back with distaste. He hated cats.

"Come here, Marshall," called K. Anaxagoras. "This is Mr. Marshall, Tom, who is cruising with us. He's got to hook onto a spring."

"How are you?" greeted Tom, thrusting forth a horny hand. "There's a few springs about. I'm glad you fellows came in. I am due tomorrow, and I'm shy of fish. I've got to fish like a seal today to make up my load. You're going to help, too, Miss Betsy?"

"Surely, if you have a boat for me. How is Mrs. Carlin?"

"She's flourishing. You must go up and see her. I'll rig you out with boats."

"Tom," explained Anaxagoras, "is the bloated plutocrat around here. All the others have to depend on fish buyers coming in, and they are notoriously uncertain."

"You know it!" corroborated Tom fervently

"But Tom fishes on contract. He supplies a big lumber camp over near Nodales Channel. How much a week do you deliver, Tom?"

"Eight hundred to a thousand pounds," replied Tom; "on Thursdays. I've been doing it for fifteen years now, and I've never fallen down on them yet. Sometimes it's been a close call, though. You see," he told Marshall, "it's fresh fish, and they've got to be fresh. Some of these fellows will saw off anything that'll hold together; but I take them only fish caught on Wednesday and Thursday."

"I see," said Marshall politely. He had no interest in this talk, and sought an excuse to leave the two together.

"And you're a little shy for tomorrow, eh?" suggested Anaxagoras

"You know it!" agreed Tom

"What's the matter with the cod? Cod," he explained again to Marshall, "I call Tom's insurance. Salmon are killed when they are caught, but cod will live in a live box for weeks. So Tom usually keeps a lot of them on hand to make out his load in case of scarcity of salmon."

"Well, my insurance policy has run out; that's all," said Tom. "I haven't got but four little lings to my name."

"What's the matter with the savings bank?" Once more Anaxagoras turned to Marshall. "Right out there"—he waved his hand toward the center of the channel "there's a reef with cod that can be fished at slack. Tom saves that for emergencies, and all his neighbors leave it to him on that account "

"I haven't been able to get bait lately," said Tom. "The herring haven't been driving until late at night. So I've got no cod."

"That being the case, we'll have to get mighty busy and help you out."

"You know it," said Tom. "Got to put in full time today!"

He heaved himself to the float.

"I'll leave you to get your grub," said he. "Come up and see us. There's no fruit yet, but I've got some lettuce."

He walked back to shore along the floating boom stick, followed by the four cats.

"Now there's a man," said Anaxagoras, "whom I thoroughly respect. He started in sixteen years ago flat broke. His sole assets were a skiff and a washtub. He would row out to a reef, catch two cod, put them in the washtub full of water, and row back home again He'd transfer the two cod into a live box and row back again. In this way, by keeping at it, he made up his load. Then he'd start about two or three in the morning and row all the way to the camp to deliver. Slow and painful; but after a while he made enough to buy his gas boat. Then he was all right, for the whole amidships part of these fishing boats is a live box. He has worked up from that. He is rarely caught shy of fish, like today."

"One or two good hauls ought to make it, I suppose," surmised Marshall, glancing at the net.

"Hauls? Oh, I see. These fish aren't taken in nets. The water is too fast and swirly. They must be caught with hook and line. And from rowboats. Fishing with hook and line in many places is done from a gas boat; but here there's no room for that."

From Tom's statement Marshall thought that the fishing expedition must immediately start; indeed, he wondered a little that the fisherman was not already out doing the full time he had said was necessary to get his load. But nothing happened. Betsy was forward in her cabin, the healer of souls had retired to a pipe and a book, Tom was not yet returned. The sun lay lazy and somnolent across the float, a few flies buzzed, outside the back eddy the tide slipped by in smooth and gathering strength, beneath

Continued on Page 86

"Now You Haul Him Right In," He Heard the Girl Saying With a Chuckle. He Braced Himself and Took Control, Bringing the Fish Nearer and Nearer to the Top

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 24, 1923

Amateur World-Fixers

THERE is something wholesome and encouraging in the fact that at no former period in our history have so many Americans manifested lively personal interest in our international relations, in the problems of peace and war and in the fundamentals of our national life. From coast to coast we have broken out with a vivid rash of thinkers who, to hear them tell it, know how to end war, stabilize Europe, make the rich poorer and the poor richer, bring back five-dollar coal and two-dollar wheat and make American life one grand sweet song.

Politicians, lawyers and professional publicists have always contributed to the stream of thought on such matters. Today everyone is doing it. Every sophomore has a plan that he believes would insure the peace of the world if the hard-boiled powers that be would only consider it, adopt it and put it into execution. Sales managers, social workers, clergymen, bank clerks and high-school seniors by the thousand have what they believe to be infallible methods for composing the differences between labor and capital. Large groups of earnest men and women think that evil and injustice can be banished from the world by law and statute. Others put forth grandiose schemes for social betterment that might in truth work beneficently if only earth were populated by a breed of wingless angels instead of by the children of old Adam.

We have, as part of the day's work, read and analyzed many hundreds of such plans and proposals submitted to us by friends and readers. We should like to be able to declare that a large proportion of them were characterized by a comprehensive knowledge of first principles, clear and logical thought, and due regard for human experience and reaction as reflected by many centuries of recorded history. Unfortunately, there is not the slightest warrant for any such statement.

Most amateur publicists and many professional ones go off at half cock. They are continually endeavoring to solve national and international problems of the first magnitude without betraying the smallest discernible familiarity with the Constitution of the United States. They have no hesitation in proposing startling changes in our form of government with little or no real knowledge of the governmental machine we now have. No pangs of ignorance prevent them from getting up prospectuses of a new social order, though they have never found time to devote a hundred hours to a study of freshman economics.

Even professional writers of solid reputations often appear to small advantage when they set up as world-fixers. They almost invariably lack practical knowledge of an intensely practical planet. The forces that make the world go round and give cohesion or the opposite to the peoples who inhabit it are for the most part silent and unseen. Human life in the civilized world today is conditioned by innumerable obscure compromises, balances, offsets and adjustments of extraordinary delicacy. The wonder is not that the wheels move with a rumble, but that they move at all. To the theorist, the temptation to do something to the engine of civilization that will prevent its knocking and make it turn sweetly is almost irresistible.

The few who really know and understand wince and shudder at the approach of these mild reformers, monkey wrench in hand. Even the gentlest bull finds no welcome in the china shop.

We should be the last to laugh in our sleeves at the failures of these good Americans who are attempting so much and are accomplishing so little. Even though they but beat the air, it shows they are alive and awake. It is better to go off at half cock than not to go off at all. It is more creditable to fail in trying to benefit humanity than never to have tried at all. A million failures are the unseen foundations upon which success is commonly built. Failure is more often than not an unrewarded contributor to great achievement, and even blundering, ill-considered efforts to better the lot of mankind are respectable.

It is not to be inferred that only the most learned should attack problems that require some learning for their solution. Other things being equal, intuitive intelligence and acquired experience accomplish more than barren learning. It is, for example, much more likely that if plans for a workable world state are ever formulated the author will be some shrewd business man, with long, wit-sharpening contact with other men of every stripe, than some crafty diplomatist or some cloistered professor who knows countless theories by heart and humanity only by hearsay.

And yet there is a minimum of knowledge that may be fairly expected of every amateur publicist before he is permitted to break into print. Every man is entitled to his own opinions, but he has no right to ask others to listen to them—much less share them—unless he can show that they have some basis of fact and are therefore in some degree intelligent.

If we were asked to specify the minimum qualifications for a Class A amateur world-fixer, we should say that he ought to know the Constitution of the United States as well as the multiplication table; have first-hand knowledge of business and commerce; be familiar with the workings of his own national and state governments; have at least a superficial acquaintance with nine or ten centuries of struggle for civil and political liberty in Europe and this country; know something of the development of the Supreme Court; and have mastered at least one elementary treatise on economics. If he will read enough history to furnish a suitable background for his other studies, they will be all the more valuable to him.

We do not say that this is sufficient equipment to enable any keen young thinker to put the millions in his debt for his epoch-making plans for their welfare, but we do declare that it is a more formidable armament than is possessed by many men who have succeeded in attracting nation-wide attention and in winning elections to the House or the Senate.

Spendthrift Cities

IT IS said that five years ago a telegraph company declined an official telegram proffered by the mayor of Jacksonville, Illinois, on the ground that the city's credit was not good for the sixty cents which was the cost of the message. Political mismanagement, free spending and free borrowing had put the town flat on its back. Recently the same town carried through a drive for two hundred thousand dollars for a new hotel, is now spending ten thousand dollars on a public swimming pool, and has been chosen as the site for the home offices of a company doing a national business of some two million dollars.

In five years the citizens succeeded in lifting the town by its own boot straps. By determination to understand their home difficulties and to pull together in wiping out the town debt, by jointly running the public business just as they were running their private businesses, they made Jacksonville, Illinois, a going concern.

There is no miracle here, though the case of Jacksonville is exceptional in the extremity of its circumstances and in the hearty accord with which its citizens worked to bring about a cure. The case, however, does or should possess some interest for the country at large, in view of the developing tendency of neighborhoods generally to regard public credit as a bottomless purse.

Judged by the readiness with which they sell their bond issues upon the basis of a comparatively low yield, the credit rating of American towns, counties and states is high. The dent made in the incomes of individuals and corporations to which the upper brackets of the income tax apply has had a good deal to do with this market condition, but it is also a fact that only rarely has a state or municipal government found it hard to borrow money or much more difficult to pay its bills when due. This is not saying that fundamentally the financial position of such local governments is always sound or even satisfying to those who pay the taxes and look for a fair return in the form of clean, well-lighted streets, effective police and fire protection, and the other things which good government is supposed to furnish. Mighty few taxpayers, at any rate when speaking strictly among themselves, would say that their town, county or state, as a business proposition, was run in a way to encourage investment in its paper if the same tests were applied to that paper which usually are applied by careful investors to bonds of private corporations in the market for money.

If the average citizen were asked to analyze the balance sheet of his town and say just how it stands in assets and liabilities on the basis of a settlement such as a private concern employs in its calculations, he would have to confess himself as being in the dark.

Failing action at Washington which will limit or forbid Federal tax exemption of the bonds of commonwealths and their divisions, the wholesale borrowing now going on can have but one end. A day of settlement must come for every one of these borrowers; and the sooner the taxpayer, who must finally meet that settlement, makes himself acquainted with the figures of what he owes and of what he has in mind to meet the bill by the time it comes due, the less likely he will be to approve of the easy way of meeting existing obligations and financing public improvements by voting for wholesale bond issues which too often rest upon some politician's conception of what the assets of the concern will be around about the time the loan falls due.

In public financing, borrowing upon the basis of the future growth of a neighborhood and the prospective increased value of already settled sections is unavoidable, and within reasonable limits is good financing, but it is also the sort of thing which invites abuse; and in the hands of those who are chiefly interested in the concern because of what they get out of it in the form of salaries and of opportunity for making something on the side it is almost sure to be abused. With these, settlement day is always tomorrow, and very much the same casual view determines the attitude of the average taxpayer. If then the financing of municipalities and states is to be held within the bounds of good business, the taxpayer on his part must realize that borrowing by his town beyond that point which he would fix for the same borrowing if he were running the concern as a private enterprise is taking unjustified risks with his own pocketbook; and to determine just where the danger point is he must make himself acquainted with at least the totals and the nature of his town's assets and liabilities and the time which the obligations have to run.

Certainly this is within his grasp and is worth while. Just as certainly it involves less personal inconvenience than the task of wholesale housecleaning in eventualities, which is the other method and the one forced upon Jacksonville, Illinois, when it found itself five years ago flat on its back. There the citizens took hold of the government and served in office without pay because there was no money with which to pay them.

Lessons From the English Bench

By Judge R. M. Wanamaker

THAT we Americans wrote wisely when we said in our Constitution that justice shall be administered without denial or delay is undoubtedly true, but we must obviously have worked unwisely to have produced a judicial machine whose product the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court has declared "a national disgrace." Some, no doubt, regret that our Chief Justice should have used this strong language. On the contrary, I feel he is to be commended for forcing this issue to the front for immediate and imperative solution. My regret is not that he said it, but that it is substantially true.

The English did not write this language or its equivalent into any constitution, but they have daily worked it out through their courts with expediency and efficiency.

Is this national disgrace removable? Is this judicial disease curable? If so, why is it not cured? The responsibility for its existence and continuance must rest upon the shoulders of the legal profession, the American bar and bench.

No such criticism is heard in England of the English courts. There is no ground for it. On the contrary, the English people unanimously take the greatest pride in their judicial system, in its suppression of crime and the maintenance of law and order. In short, the Englishman feels as honored by his courts' administration of the criminal law as the American feels humiliated by his courts' failure in the administration of the criminal law.

Crimes of Violence

STATISTICS have been so numerously quoted in speech, in press, in magazine, and otherwise, showing the minimum of crime in London as compared with the maximum of crime in our American cities, that it would seem useless to repeat them. The number of murders, however, is generally regarded as a fair index to the number of major felonies. I quote briefly from the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police in his official statistics for the year 1922.

> Crimes of Violence: Twenty-six cases of murder of persons above one year of age were recorded. . . . Arrests were effected in thirteen cases and in the remaining thirteen the murderers committed suicide.

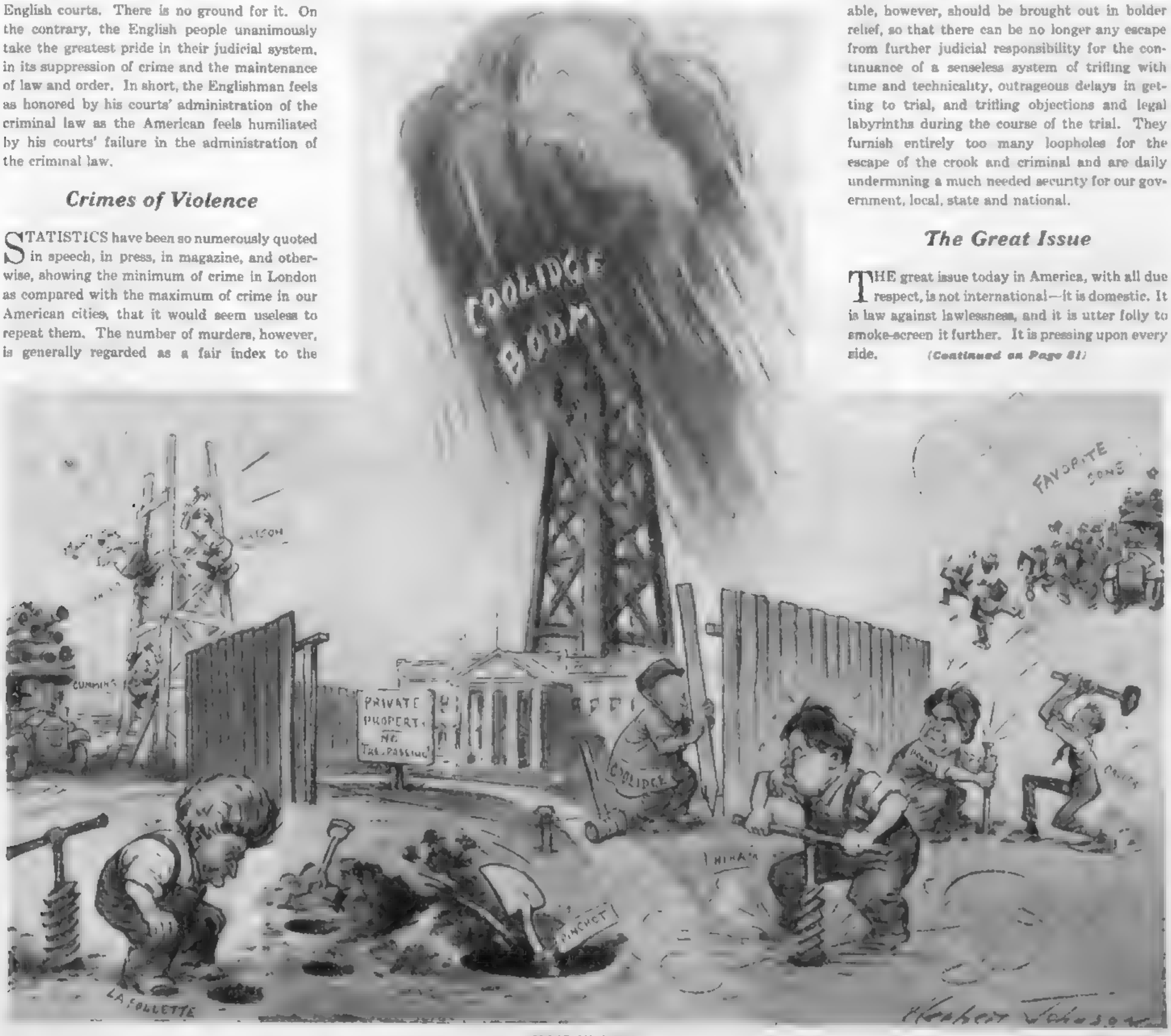
The London Metropolitan Police Department embraces nearly seven hundred square miles and contains more than five million people. Such a record of minimum murder with successful prosecution and conviction—indeed, a veritable clean-up—is almost without precedent, certainly in America. With five times as many murders in Chicago, less than one-half the size of London, and ten times as many in New York, about the size of London, there can be little doubt of the superiority of the English judicial system over the American judicial system in suppressing and deterring crime.

Official statistics further show a marked decrease in the crimes of violence following the war. It is hard to credit the claim made that the increase of crime in America since the war has been due to the spirit engendered during the war. With England, more immediately, more intimately and mortally affected than America, showing a substantial decrease in crime, it is unbelievable that the war has had a contrary effect. But crime is crime in England, and those who engage in it are outlawed. There is little silly, shallow sentimentality, with all its mock sympathy, to aid the crook in defeating justice. Whatever else may be said about the English people, there is little of the chicken heart or jellyfish spine about them.

Some of the substantial changes that could be practically and profitably adopted by our American judges have already been intimated in the two foregoing articles. These reforms that are clearly and readily available, however, should be brought out in bolder relief, so that there can be no longer any escape from further judicial responsibility for the continuance of a senseless system of trifling with time and technicality, outrageous delays in getting to trial, and trifling objections and legal labyrinths during the course of the trial. They furnish entirely too many loopholes for the escape of the crook and criminal and are daily undermining a much needed security for our government, local, state and national.

The Great Issue

THE great issue today in America, with all due respect, is not international—it is domestic. It is law against lawlessness, and it is utter folly to smoke-screen it further. It is pressing upon every side. *(Continued on Page 81)*



CLOSE-IN STUFF

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Candidate Blank

CANDIDATE BLANK
was invited to speak
To the women of Histown
in primary week.
His initial reaction
Was one of distraction,
For, although he could handle a
masculine mass,
To appeal to the skirts was a
novel impasse!
The political wiseacres heard of
his plight
And speedily banished his feel-
ing of fright.
They assured him he'd find
That the petticoat mind
If handled with tact would react
as expected,
And they gave him the cue that
would get him elected:

"What they want is sob stuff,
Sentiment and slush,
And a little slob stuff
Plus a lot of mush.
Go light on the mob stuff,
Home-is-woman's-job stuff,
Give them tears and throb stuff,
Flattery and gush!

"Tell the lady voters you're
Feeling very proud
That to speak to such as they
You have been allowed.
If elected you will do
All the ladies ask you to!

"Mention that you love your wife
And your little babies;
When in office you'll protect
Lap dogs from the rabies.
Your dear mother, don't forget,
Was a leading suffragette!

"Say you'll use the public funds
For the little tots,
So that city kiddies can
Have their garden plots.
If elected you'll relieve
All who suffer, want and grieve!

"Speak a word for woman's tact
And her intuition.
Cross your heart that you'll enforce
Local prohibition.
Mention that your favorite drink
Bubbles o'er the kitchen sink!

"Should the women put to you
Questions that perplex,
Swear your life aim is to work
For the fairer sex.
If they'll only vote for you
You will do their thinking too!"

Candidate Blank was delighted to speak,
To the women of Histown all primary week;
His only reaction
Was deep satisfaction,
For, though his men's meetings were sometimes a strain,
His talks with the women just rested his brain.
When Election Day passed and the count was complete
He remarked, while explaining his sweeping defeat,
That it proved womankind
Didn't know her own mind;

Microscopic Enlargement of Some Complexes in the Consciousness of a Yellow Editor

To make politics safe for the men, it was plain,
The States must disfranchise the women again!

Adelaide W. Neall.

Comment of a Country Editor

OUR community is so small and insignificant that only five persons are regularly engaged in the occupation of telling it how to live. They are the accredited pastors of the five churches, and they are employed and paid by the community.

The service is satisfactory and has produced gratifying results. But it is inevitable that the town finally will attract the attention of the numerous welfare organizations maintained by the government. Our people should make good use of their freedom while they have it.

"No Good You Guys Sticking Around; I've Landed the Job"

The mass meeting at the opera house, called for the purpose of sympathizing with the downtrodden miners, was not largely attended. There was, however, considerable indignation manifested when Jim Garwood, chairman of the meeting, read a statement to the effect that, due to irregular employment and other causes, the average income of the miners is only a little more than a thousand dollars a year. Mr. Garwood, who is employed at Bush & Stowe's meat market, gets eighty dollars a month. Before the war he received sixty-five dollars a month.

The Farmers and Mechanics' National Bank pays Ed Coulter three thousand dollars a year. He is the highest-salaried man in our town. Those who get more than one hundred and fifty dollars a month may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Probably the average earnings of our citizens is somewhat less than a thousand dollars a year. Seven-tenths of them own their homes and there hasn't been a case of starvation in the community for more than forty years.

George Gurson, our most prominent Socialist, who recently inherited twenty-five thousand dollars from the estate of an uncle who lived in New York, has gone East. It is understood the purpose of his visit is to look up the producers of the wealth he inherited in order that he may divide it with them.

The mysterious ailment of Henry Tedrow, which puzzled the doctors for months, finally has been diagnosed as complete physical exhaustion. Mr. Tedrow wore himself out trying to induce his wife to vote at the last election.

Recently several pictures designed to correct the generally unfavorable impression of Hollywood have been shown at the Little Gem Theater. A more direct and effective plan would be to discharge the press agents whose important business seems to be that of linking Hollywood and its motion-picture actors with some form of foolishness. To a considerable extent, foolish stories invented by press agents and printed in the newspapers are responsible for the low esteem in which Hollywood is held. Hollywood probably is no worse than any other community in which there is a good deal of leisure and a great deal of money.

There is no gainsaying the fact that there is something wrong with this country. There is something wrong with any country in which a loafer without visible resources may live well.

The onerous and wearing nature of the duties imposed upon the Chief Executive of the nation lately has attracted considerable attention. It is agreed that his burden should be lightened and a number of plans with that end in view have been proposed. Doubtless the best plan is that proposed by an Ohio statesman. His idea is that it may be done by increasing the presidential term to six years.

Enos Fretwell may go West. City Marshal George Blivens is talking of running him out of town.

The statement that the old parties

(Continued on Page 44)

A Great dish —made better by Campbell's!

The people who like beans especially and eat them frequently are enthusiastic about Campbell's. It is a big achievement to make such a popular dish even more popular—we have so many people select Campbell's every time they eat beans!

12 cents a can

Slow-cooked Digestible

INSTRUMENTS OF DARKNESS

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

V

LILA, in all her bold facing of life's possible disasters, had never faced the possibility of losing her husband's affection. That had seemed more permanent than life itself; or if she had ever imagined his turning from her it was to picture him caught up in a second by a younger and more beautiful woman—suddenly, as she and he had at first loved. But to lose him as she was now losing him was so strange as to be almost unbelievable to her—to lose him because he had outgrown all need of her, because, she sometimes fancied, all the associations he had with her and her love had become loathsome to him

There were weeks when she hardly saw him. Day after day his secretary, Seyton, would telephone from New York that Mr. Bethson was sorry but he would not be able to get down to the castle for dinner that evening, and then later a second message Mr. Bethson was so sorry, but he would not be able to get down at all: he had been called out of town, or he had a business meeting that would keep him late. Day after day Lila would complete a solitary day by a lonely dinner

She was infinitely more alone than she had ever been at the cottage. There she had had her interest in the house itself to keep her busy, and the certain joy of his return to keep her happy, but here she had nothing to do but to wander through the gardens, wondering into what new schemes of crime and danger her husband was going without advice of hers.

No neighbor ever darkened her doors, and even the servants hurried away like rabbits or shrank back against the wall as she passed them. She was so lonely that she sent for Banks' boy, Floyd, to keep her company; but hers was never a temperament to enjoy companionship with childhood, and in her present strained tense mood a ten-year-old barbarian, healthy and crude, eager to fish and swim and ride the stone lions on the terrace, was anything but a pleasure. She would spend hours locked in her own room to avoid seeing his round honest little face

Though her husband now told her nothing, she knew, with the almost traitorous acumen of intimate love, that he was working for the destruction of Duffield's reputation. Duncan, who had always enjoyed secrecy, had used those about him as screens even to his most philanthropic actions. She guessed that it would not be difficult to find some transaction in which Duffield, acting for the old man, might be made to appear to have acted dishonestly. Strange to say, this idea shocked Lila. She had once boasted that she was more ruthless than her husband. She was, where clean murder was concerned; but the idea of ruining an honorable warm-hearted man like Duffield for no reason except that he dared to harbor a suspicion—this went beyond what she could conceive of doing. Yet she knew that Duffield was an enemy to be feared—implacable, high-minded and wise. He, too, must be at work. The situation was this—one man must destroy the other.

For Weeks There Had Been Rumors That the Castle Was Haunted—Stories of a White Figure That Flitted at Midnight Down the Great Staircase

Every man's hand was against her husband; she knew that. The Cawdor group, who when they dared to attack a man of Duncan's reputation had been looked upon as knaves, now when they raised their hands against Bethson were regarded as just avengers. Cawdor had acquired the mine next to the Luna—the Beechwood Mine—and was making offers of consolidation advantageous in every respect, except that they insisted on the elimination of Bethson from the board. His own board would gladly have yielded—no one more eagerly desired his elimination than they did—but a legal point, the trusteeing of Banks' stock, kept the power still in Bethson's hands. And a strange terror of him kept the board paralyzed. He had assisted perhaps by his evil reputation—an extraordinary ability to inspire fear.

Heartbroken by his desertion of her, and frightened by the hatred of him which she saw manifested everywhere, Lila worried even more about his physical health. It was a continual nightmare to her that he might have another such seizure as he had had at the dinner—when she would not be there to get him away. She sent to New York for a young doctor she knew of, but the afternoon he came was one of the many on which Bethson did not come home.

Expecting him every moment, however, she induced the doctor to stay on, first for dinner and then to spend the night. After dinner he began to question her about her own health, in which he seemed to be more interested than in her husband's. She had been for some time now taking morphine in increasingly large doses, and she did not wish her own situation discussed She left him abruptly, with a suggestion that young doctors should attend only to the cases they had been called to attend

She woke late the next morning to hear that the doctor had left the house several hours before. A note from him was brought to her. He urged her to take care of herself—to regard herself as a person seriously ill He advised her to consult a psychoanalyst

"If I were a churchman," he added, "I should say a clergyman."

She crumpled the letter into a ball and flung it away. It struck her as both impertinent and sinister. She rang for her maid. At first there was no answer, and, when her finger resting permanently on the button brought a housemaid, she learned that her maid had left the house—a woman who had been with her for a year—had packed her trunk and gone without notice

A strange suppressed excitement pervaded the house. Even little Floyd showed an unusual desire to hang about her, and once he asked shyly: "Why did Marie go away like that, Cousin Lila? There are not such things as ghosts, are there?"

At this hint she sent for Warder, the butler, a man of some intelligence and character. He, also, it appeared, wished to leave when his month was up. Lila scowled at him, until the fine line of black eyebrows ran in a continuous line across her white forehead. Why did he want to leave? She insisted on knowing why. He attempted a few civil evasions, but at length she got her answer.

For weeks there had been rumors that the castle was haunted—stories of a white figure that flitted at midnight down the great staircase. She flung her utter contempt at the man

"And you're afraid of ghosts, Warder. Is that it?"

No, Warder was not afraid of ghosts, but last night it appeared that Marie had called the young doctor to witness the apparition on the staircase

"It turned out to be you yourself, madam, walking in your sleep."

If Warder had desired revenge for her recent tone he now had it. Her little face seemed to shrivel with terror.

"I walk in my sleep, Warder?"

"Yes, madam; carrying a candle."

There was a terrible silence, in which she managed to rally her courage.

"Well, really," she said with a shrug of her shoulders, "I can't see why that should terrify you. If it was I it wasn't a ghost."

"No, madam."

Prolonged questioning brought out the fact that she not only walked, she spoke; she set her candle down and acted a little scene; she did something with her hands, it seemed as if she were dropping something into a glass, and as she tipped the imaginary phial she counted—she sighed and counted. It was this counting that was so terrible.

"Good gracious, Warder, how can counting be terrible?" she asked, stamping her foot. "How do I count?"

"You say, 'Nine—ten—eleven—death,' madam."

She sent him out of the room, with a final sneer at this cowardice. So she had broken down, too—no stronger than Bethson had been. To think that for all the months she had been counting those fatal drops—nine—ten eleven—death. She must stop her morphine. It might kill her to stop it, but, after all

(Continued on Page 148)

You'll find use in souffles and omelets for every scrap of the Premium Ham that is left. Many women even boil the bone with vegetables to get the last bit of the wonderful Premium flavor

For your Thanksgiving—A Premium Ham

At Thanksgiving time, especially, you'll want a *whole* Premium Ham.

Baked or roasted, on a big platter, it gives an air of luxury. Yet, to buy a whole Premium Ham is an economy of the most practical sort.

It gives you this finest of ham—tender, juicy, with its distinctive mild flavor—at a saving in the cost per pound.

This year, to make your Thanksgiving dinner economical and exceptionally good, get a whole Premium Ham.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

MY CRYSTAL BALL

By Elisabeth Marbury

AS I JOURNEYED over the wide area where our troops had passed I began to realize the enormity of our undertaking and the miracle of our accomplishment. From the coast where our forces had landed to the very edge of the last trench I saw nothing but reminders of the fact that we had sent overseas more than seven million tons of raw material, and this with a loss of only seventy-five thousand tons due to the submarine attacks.

At Bordeaux stood the great wharf and storehouse which had cost us one million dollars. From there a road had been built which was a feat in engineering and which wound like a wriggling serpent until it reached the upper city. Endless lines of telegraph poles stretched along miles of highway. Sheds in which bakeries were operating and great refrigerating plants in which meat was kept so that its freshness was a certainty, machine shops, repair centers, electric power houses and all the rest studded the landscape as far as the eye could reach.

Thrown into scrap heaps were cars and trucks of every description, machine guns, tanks, motorcycles, engines everything, in fact, which could possibly be needed or anticipated for the conveyance, the care and the feeding of an army which each incoming transport only served to increase.

At the moment of the Armistice a steady stream of fighting forces was pouring in. A continuous supply of iron and steel, of beef and provisions, of clothing and equipment, of arms and of munitions was being received at the docks and distributed throughout that portion of France which had been especially allotted to our occupation. We built our own railways, we constructed our own bridges, we used our own cars and our own locomotives. We were providing for a long war. Too little has been said of our industrial army, which was always active and alert. Our men could never have fought at the front had it not been for those who were working at the rear. The latter were given no opportunity for bravery, there was no Croix de Guerre nor Distinguished Service Medal dangling before their eyes in honorable brilliancy, yet they were all part and parcel of the great mosaic which was then paving the fields of Europe. The pattern required myriads of tiny stones, providing the colors upon which the vast design depended. How many of these silent workers dreamed of those battlefields where they might in turn emerge from the grayness of the tasks which had been their fate, and yet the war had ended without their ever having been given their chance to share in the absolute struggle and in the intoxicating victory. The shrapnel of disappointment had entered their souls and the knife of discouragement had severed their very heartstrings.

Sold on the Spot

THIS was the frame of mind into which many had fallen, for, though their faces were turning homeward, they knew that they were to tramp through their village streets as bakers and butchers, as icemen and plumbers, as carpenters and painters, as machinists and chauffeurs, as electricians and as day laborers, but not as heroes who could boast of Cantigny, of Château-Thierry, of Belleau Wood, of Montfaucon and of the Argonne. My heart used to ache for these lads as I read in their faces their thoughts which were so rarely expressed and which accounted in no small degree for their restlessness and for their sadness. It was part of my task to help them to a greater satisfaction in the duties which they had so uncomplainingly and so faithfully performed, duties which neglected for a day or even for an hour would have threatened the collapse of our entire military system. The liquidation of our material was already well under way in the summer of 1919. To transport it back to America was out of the question. It had to be sold on the spot for what it would bring. The result was that it was practically given away. The trading in these things became a source of profit to thousands of foreign speculators.

The cash charges which stood against our Government were fantastic. We paid for everything, almost for the air we breathed. Nothing was free. Had the war continued another six months we should have found ourselves in debt to France. The scales would have balanced heavily against us.

One of my most interesting experiences was a visit paid to Maréchal and Madame Foch in their manor in Northern Brittany. I had already met them in Paris on several occasions, but rejoiced in seeing them in their home and in finding the maréchal in civilian clothes for the first time in five years. Once more he was reveling in the luxury of private life. The house was simple and unpretentious, yet just the kind of place where one would have expected to find him. A small chapel stood at the left of the approach, and I was especially touched when madame asked me to step inside with them, there to join in the daily prayers which they offered for the repose of the soul of their only son who had been killed in the war. As I knelt by them reverently, the spirit of peace which passeth all understanding seemed to descend in our midst. A great grief had become a shrine.

I recall an incident connected with military-prison life which is worth recording. I had been sent one afternoon to a certain place in Paris which had been consigned to us as a detention house for our miscreants and criminals until they could be started back on their long journey to Fort Leavenworth and other army reformatories.

I gave my talk in the yard, and as usual to a good-sized audience the Y. M. C. A. furnishing the music with one of their very excellent bands.

Suddenly I glanced up, and there in the window behind the bars I saw two young commissioned officers. I asked the colonel the character of their offenses, and then heard the following unique story.

They had, it seemed, been arrested for having stolen from the Commissary Department the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. Once in possession of this money they had set out to have a good time. They had leased a princely château in Touraine, they had engaged the best chef, they had sent down well-trained servants, they had left orders with the most luxurious fruiterers, they had given carte blanche to the most expensive provision merchants. They had employed a jazz band, had made the acquaintance of some fascinating ladies, asking them to arrange a house party. The wine cellars were fully stocked, and it was here, at the end of ten days of enjoyment and of revelry, that these enterprising youths were discovered and arrested.

They gave no evidence of remorse or of regret. Though cut short in their experience, nevertheless they had had it, for they had both determined not to return to America until they had learned something of château life in France, until they had personally sampled its social advantages, and until they had been surrounded by an expensive luxury about which they had often read but of which they personally knew nothing. When they were arrested they kissed the girls a gay good-by and remarked that they had had the time of their lives.

To those of us who had the privilege of witnessing the victory parade of the Allies, which took place in Paris in July, it was a never-to-be-forgotten sight.

Miss de Wolfe and I, thanks to Major Amos Peasley, who was active in the U. S. courier service, had seats in the Hotel Crillon directly on the corner of the Rue Royale and of the Place de la Concorde. It was a wonderful place of vantage, for not only could we see the troops marching down the Champs Elysées but we were able to admire them as they swung around the fountains in the square.

General Allen's Popularity

THAT our contingent, composed of men especially selected for their height, training and appearance, and known as "Pershing's Own," was accorded the palm is a fact which has passed into history. As they swept around the curves the effect was magnificent and thrilling. They had been drilled to perfection. They marched as one man. The sun was shining on their helmets. They were carrying not only Old Glory but the standards of our victories. The applause as they passed was spontaneous and continuous.

For days afterward Paris echoed with the enthusiasm which the Americans had aroused. It was common gossip that the British had been prevented from including their crack cavalry regiments in the parade. The French could have made no similar showing; therefore, if horses were cut out as a feature, they would have no rivalry to fear in this one particular, and their own famous generals would be the more conspicuous on their splendid mounts.

This omission was certainly a disappointment to the crowd, for even the most ignorant knew that the British stood alone in the magnificence of their equine equipment. The regiment of the Guards would certainly have added luster to the occasion and glory to the event.

My final station was with our Army of Occupation along the Rhine. I journeyed the whole length of the territory controlled by the remaining Allied units, and found that under the temperate though highly efficient administration of that very splendid officer, Gen. Henry T. Allen, the Americans enjoyed a popularity with the conquered nation which remained unbroken until our flag was lowered from the tower of Ehrenbreitstein. I was told that when General Allen took command he sent for the burgomaster of Coblenz, and told him that so far as it was possible he did not wish to disturb his existing form of government and that, unless the civic regulations interfered in some way with the army rules, he, General Allen, desired the daily routine of Coblenz to proceed normally in order that the civilian population should not be harassed or discomforted more than was necessary.

It would probably be difficult to find a more just or humane man than General Allen.

Though his loyalty to his own country could never be questioned, though his duty to the Allied cause was always ably performed, his vision remained clear and his mind was unclouded. He studied facts. He did not dwell upon theories. It was, therefore, little wonder that when he bade farewell to the people he had governed for

(Continued on Page 34)

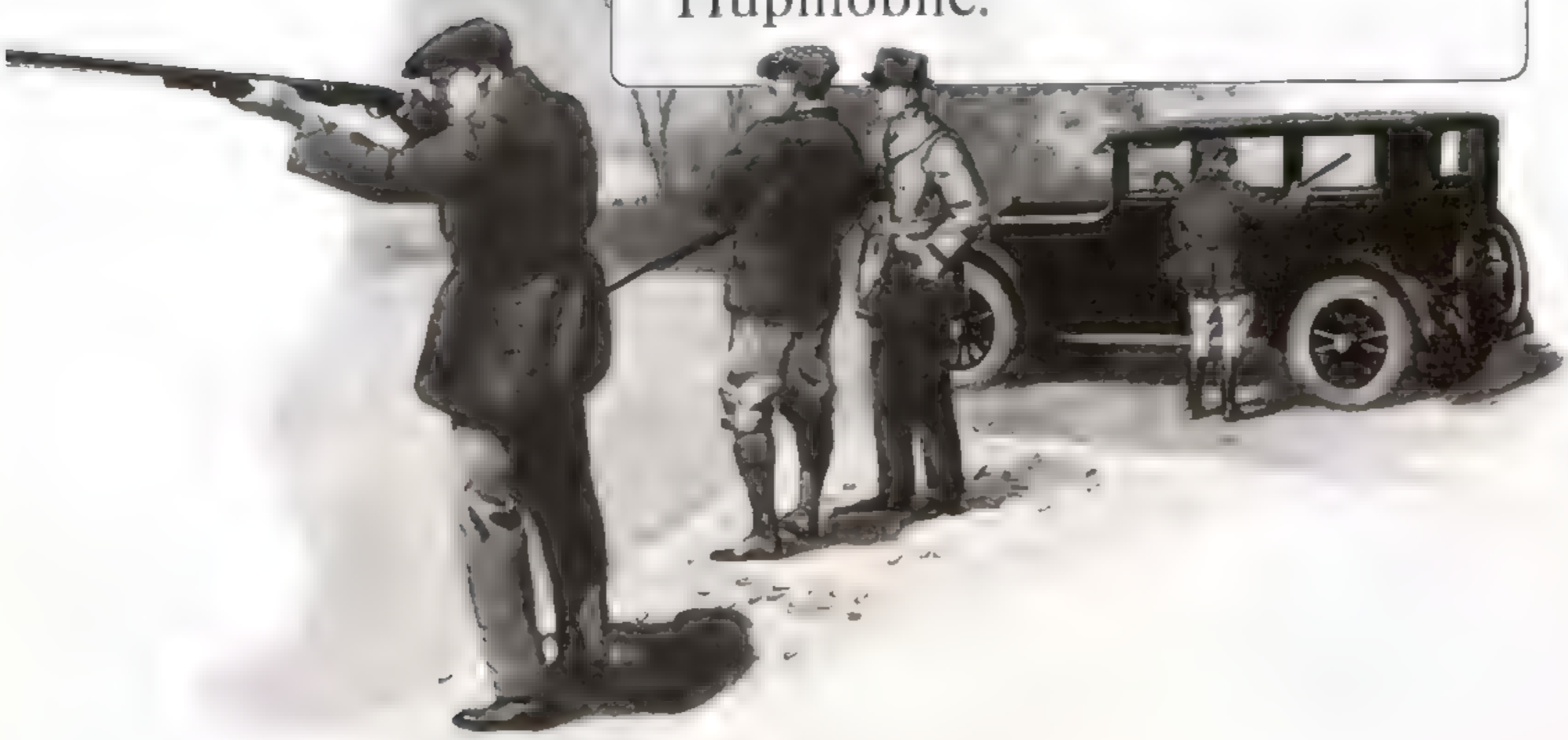
The Gardens at Sutton Place, on the East River, New York City

The New Hupmobile

A BRAND new design in this new Hupmobile Sedan—far more handsome; a larger car, more roomy, with a beautiful finish and rich interior trim.

Its body is as soundly built and as long lasting as its famous, sturdy chassis.

Much finer in performance, and all that contributes to performance, than any Hupmobile we have ever built; with even greater economy and longer life than the high records which have always distinguished the Hupmobile.



LOWER, broader windows, a new interpretation of graceful curves, and long sweeping lines contribute much beauty to the new Hupmobile Sedan.

The radiator and hood are higher and more impressive; the rounding of the rear corners of the body is broad and easy.

With the longer new springs and the longer wheelbase, our engineers have provided entirely new and better riding qualities, with an increase of space in both front and rear.

Upholstery is a handsome, long-wearing gray cloth, through which runs a distinct blue stripe, harmonizing to a nicety with the blue of the exterior finish.

But the real delight of the Sedan is in the increased power of the engine, and the greater sprightliness that comes as a result.

It is an exceedingly easy car to handle, and as comfortable for distance riding and driving as for the short town trips

In view of the manifest superiorities which this car presents, and the fact that Hupmobile Sedan demand has never been fully met, it behooves you to see this type at your earliest opportunity.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 32)

nearly five years there was hardly a dry eye as they saw his passing, for he had proved himself during this entire period to be a gentleman as well as an officer.

That our troops found life in Germany to their liking was only natural. It was a pleasant contrast to the experiences on the other side of the Rhine, even in places which had not been devastated. It was certainly a very successful method of propaganda, if propaganda it was, for cleanliness, moderate charges and comfortable lodgings are effective to insure popularity.

It was only reasonable that for the most part the men who composed our Army of Occupation found the habits which were Anglo-Saxon more easy of assimilation than the customs which were Latin in origin. Their pay, due to the rate of exchange, represented in their environment the wealth of millionaires

The conditions in which they found themselves were easy and agreeable, and the only depression I encountered was born of the fear of a recall, which would put an end to their comfort and enjoyment.

While moving back and forth during the summer of 1919 I spent the intervals at the Villa Trianon, thus always keeping abreast of the history which was then in the making at Versailles, owing to the sessions of the Peace Conference. The constant coming and going of the celebrities who were gathered for this purpose was of vibrating interest

Of course the central figure in the drama was Woodrow Wilson, that man of brilliant potentialities and of dangerous actualities. I had met him years before while he was governor of the state of New Jersey. I had been familiar with his mind through a persistent study of his utterances. I had known him photographically while wholly ignorant of him personally.

In the early days of his administration I was opposed to him as a President. I wrote of him intemperately. I judged him unintelligently, but very soon I learned to recognize the prejudice of my estimate and grew to find that my early impressions had been superficial and unworthy. So that from the moment of my awakening my allegiance to the President of the United States, both frequently expressed and constantly published, was equaled only by my confidence in the man who held this high office. When he determined at a very critical time to ignore precedents and go abroad, though my head questioned the wisdom of so drastic a decision, on the other hand my emotions registered the superstitious belief that Wilson's proverbial justification through ultimate success would crown this as the supreme foresight of his career.

The Peace Conference

I WAITED, as did thousands of others whose faith in him was boundless, before passing judgment. Events, however, shaped themselves so rapidly that within an amazingly brief period an adverse verdict was indelibly written across the pages of history. His throwing himself into the lions' den proved a fatal blunder in the eyes of the majority.

No natural quality of intellect, no training in the politics of his country, no inherent standard of ideals, no study of international conditions, no convictions as to the result to be achieved were of the slightest value when Wilson found himself face to face with the diplomacy and the tradition of the Old World. He remained the Big One who was fighting the Big Three.

His ignorance of foreign languages was regrettable, his ignorance of foreign intrigues was disastrous. He was beaten before he began, and as he contested each point and debated each issue he was forced step by step from his place of vantage until the result of his final yielding was that deplorable finality known as the Treaty of Versailles, which document has ever since cursed the world through its inadequacy to promulgate peace and through its tendency to promote war.

To those of us who watched with feverish anxiety each day's development and each hour's procrastination the hideousness of the whole situation became more and more apparent. As the star actors who headed the cast began to stumble in their lines, to forget their cues and to evince weariness in their performance, the minor characters began to stand out in the program, until gradually the whole nature of the drama became altered. The comedy element seemed to shine conspicuously while the certainty of the final tragedy loomed ever before our eyes.

The details of this Peace Conference have been written over and over again. The truth ostensibly has been spoken. Yet I venture to say that the honest, unbiased and unprejudiced report of the proceedings, which dragged on day after day with a sinister purpose and with a fatal ending, has yet to be written. This will be a posthumous contribution to the history of the world, a book of memoirs dedicated to the dead. No one dares tell the truth. No one yet is ready to hear it.

As my crystal ball revolves, I see generals who either fall asleep because they have been suddenly relieved of active duty or who dance the one-step in the drawing-rooms of Paris in order that they may keep awake. I see statesmen who are refreshing their memories with every incident of the past so that they may register opinions based upon the precedents which they were educated to respect.

I see Lloyd George dominating a society which his established policies would wreck. I see Clemenceau, the man of the jungle, who was ill at ease in a palace. I see Orlando with the inherited qualities of his sun-bathed race, externally docile while internally adamant, and finally Woodrow Wilson, sincere in his purpose, honest in his aim, courageous in his struggle, and confident in the result, standing finally alone, mistrusted by his associates abroad and rejected by his followers at home.

I see him deserted by his political party while being hounded by the opposition.

From the brilliant pinnacle he had occupied Wilson was cast into the darkness of a deathly silence, but his persecutors who now suck the sweet poison of their dastardly victory should realize that when there is the divine spark of genius the powers of hell can never extinguish it. Months may pass while the light feebly flickers in the shadow, but as Woodrow Wilson once said himself: "Facts do not threaten, they operate."

Elisabeth Marbury

In the autumn of 1919 I returned once more to America and gradually resumed active business in the organization which had been formed, as already noted, when I had found the individual responsibility too burdensome. Little by little I recovered from the war fever until gradually the harness fell once more upon my shoulders.

I found the men with whom I was thereafter to be associated all congenial and to my liking. I found a business built at last upon the lines of which I had so often dreamed.

My desk is a daily magnet. The young geniuses who are developing fall under my optimistic eye. They become my charge and my inspiration. The possibilities for them are infinite. The demand in America for entertainment through the medium of the drama and of motion pictures exceeds that of any other country. The same applies to fiction, and producers of plays and pictures, as well as publishers of books, are actively competing in the search for new material, paying particular attention to young and hitherto unheard-of authors and dramatists.

The history of a popular novel which lends itself to stage requirements may pass through many phases. It may begin as a serial, be published as a book, may be dramatized as a play, be sold as a film, and afterwards prove a desirable acquisition for production by stock companies and for performances by amateurs.

The field is boundless. It is a great mistake for young authors to believe that to be given their opportunity of a hearing is well-nigh impossible, for this is not the case. Publishers and managers these days are practically uninfluenced by names. If the material presented to them gives evidence of real merit there is small doubt that it will ultimately see daylight. Delays and disappointments may postpone the hour of fulfillment, yet the moment will finally come when the proud author may watch the child of his genius submitted to the public test.

Infinite time and pains are given to the development of young writers by those qualified in matters of this kind; thus they have the benefit of expert criticism and experience. Producers and publishers want them to succeed. My own belief in American literature and in American drama is deep-rooted. The majority of the long runs or of the popular sellers are, as a rule, due to native talent and to American genius.

There is nothing, however, in the silly pretense of advisers who assert that when authors are successful it is they who have made them. The talent is the author's, not the agent's. The vision was born from their within and not from the agent's without. Talent is neither incubated nor hatched, although it can be kept warm in its infancy through sympathetic care and attention.

After the war, Elsie de Wolfe also returned to active business. She has developed in knowledge and taste, while each year is now divided between America and Europe. She has found inexhaustible opportunity for combining the practical expressions of business with a pursuit of nomadic pleasure. While playing she is working, and often while working she gives an impression of bubbling gayety.

Anne Morgan until very recently has been engrossed upon her enterprises in France and for France, although I am quite prepared any day to hear that she is heading some vast industrial undertaking in her own country, for I know of no one who could be a more dynamic director of forces or a better organizer and administrator. She has inherited qualities which have been so enriched and multiplied through her own experiences and accomplishments that I cannot but feel that with her the psychological moment of real and final achievement is still ahead, and that it is in America and not in France where her life's work will be found.

Opportunity Always Knocking

SHE has in later years amply justified her early independence of spirit, for there is no woman in our country of finer fiber, of higher vision, of more disinterested conduct or of more persistent achievement than herself.

Anne Morgan has never been spoiled by flattery nor inflated by praise. And yet despite her forceful quality of brain her heart has retained the simplicity and the sincerity of a child.

How often I have been asked to voice some opinion as to the relations between employers and employes, to state the causes which I thought were either favorable or unfavorable to that mutual harmony which should exist! This is a problem to which I have given much thought. I have at request spoken very often to groups of young people on the subject. I have in a spirit of helpfulness pointed out many things for their consideration.

There are truths which should be brought home, and I have said repeatedly that instead of looking for a next job we should see to it that we are filling the one we have.

There is no barrier to advancement equal to that of the time clock, for thereby employes are too often tempted to line up ahead of the hour in order to be on hand when the clock indicates their release. This visible desire to quit work is a poor route by which to reach the upper level.

Highly paid positions are frequently vacant because the qualities demanded for them are hard to find. Perseverance, industry, a retentive memory, good manners, gentle appearance, a trained intelligence, an absence of egoism, a spontaneous imagination, a prompt initiative—all these form the surest equipment for the earning of high salaries. In clerical and secretarial employment mediocrity cannot hope for much advancement.

People are not giving away anything these days, as capital already complains of overpaid labor. If, through shortage of the latter, employers are forced to tolerate inefficiency, as conditions become more normal, the supply increasing while the demand is decreasing, the indolent and the incapable will soon be dropped by the wayside.

Sometimes I wonder why a little more common sense isn't taught in our business colleges. The mutual relations between those who employ and those who are employed seem to me a proposition radiant with simplicity. It should be a fifty-fifty partnership, but as a rule this is far from being the case.

I have but little patience with that fatal slogan that has come down to us through the ages—namely, that the failures in life are due to a lack of opportunity.

My experience shows me that opportunity is always clamoring for admission. It knocks at our doors, it even bombards them. But the trouble is that our ears are deaf, our eyes blind, our conceit overwhelming and our self-confidence overmastering. Deceived by sophistry, insisting that the world should take us on our terms—which are apt to be exorbitant—refusing to regard our often commonplace wares as mere commodities in an open market, looking within instead of without, it is only natural that

Continued on Page 89

Buick Four-Cylinder Touring Car
The Standard of Comparison

EMBODYING the many advancements and refinements that have made the 1924 Buick the subject of universal comment, Buick four-cylinder motor cars set a new standard of value. Striking body designs not only add to their distinguished appearance, but also provide greater comfort and a higher degree of motoring satisfaction. Significant among their many distinguishing features is the fact that they are the only four-cylinder cars in America with four wheel brakes.

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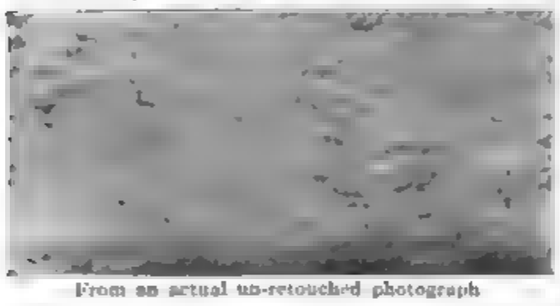
Goodyears Hold the Road



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GOODYEAR

The right tire for your hauling is made by Goodyear—Cords, Cushions and Solids with the All-Weather Tread, and smooth-surfaced Solids, also. Sold and serviced everywhere by Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealers

THE BLOOMING ALOES

(Continued from Page 13)

"Tenpence a hundred in England, and fifty cents in the States; money is more plent.ful in New York."

"You'll never be ruined," said Lew, regretful; "and, talking about ruin, I had a queer experience in London. Met a Russian prince—one of those guys that used to be a millionaire—had a vodka concession or sumpin—and he was actually starving! And the queer thing was that he carried about in his pocket three diamond rings worth a fortune. Look at this!"

This was in the slack hour between the first and last dinner bugle, and I was relieving the smoke-room steward. There was only Lew and Mr. Denman in the room.

Lew took an emerald-and-diamond ring from his waistcoat pocket—a beauty.

"The worst of having too much money," he said, "is that you don't know the value of things. What do you think I paid him for this? Guess pounds."

"Three hundred?" said Mr. Denman.

"Fifty!" said Lew, very solemn. "Why I bought it I don't know. It is no more use to me than a boudoir cap. It's worth twenty-five hundred dollars in New York. You can have it for sixty pounds."

"It would be robbing you," said Mr. Denman; "and besides, I've no use for jewelry. It is against my religious convictions."

Lew sighed very heavy.

"Do you play marbles?" he asked.

"I used when I was a boy," said Mr. Denman, "but I'm afraid that I'm out of practice."

Mr. Denman was a youngish kind of man, rather bald and nearsighted, and, being a simple, nervous kind of fellow, rather shy. The kind of fellow that is usually molasses to chaps like Lew; but so far as I know he was never caught for more than fifty dollars, and he lost that playing whist, to which he was very partial. Nobody would dream that he was the kind that Connie's crowd would go after. In the first place, though he was well off he didn't appear to me to be so rich that he'd be worth while. The blooming aloes go for big money—tens of thousands—and he didn't seem to me to be in the six-figure class.

Anyway, Mr. and Miss Mortimer and servant got acquainted with him before the ship had left Cherbourg, and two days out he was carrying books from the library for Connie, and wrapping her up in her traveling rug. Which is always what I would term a sign.

The very next morning Mr. Mortimer called me back after I'd taken him his morning coffee.

"What sort of a day is it, steward?"

"Looks like being a fine day, sir," I said. "We've run out of the rain."

"You've got a big passenger list, steward. Anybody important aboard?"

I told him there was nobody except two movie stars.

"They're important enough for one ship," he said, smiling. "It's curious, but I thought Mr. Denman was a movie actor the first time I saw him."

Having brought the conversation round to Mr. Denman, it wasn't difficult to get out of me as much as I wanted to tell. Which wasn't much.

The same afternoon I heard voices in Mortimer's cabin, and one of them was Connie's. The door was shut, but the next stateroom was empty, and I went inside and, stepping up onto the bed, I got as near the top of the partition as I could.

A ship's the noisiest thing in the world, and you get so used to talking against the turbine and trying to drown the wind outside and the creaks inside, that you raise your voice more than you do anywhere else. Ever notice how you get a sore throat at the end of a voyage? It's speaking on the strain. That's why sailors always seem to be shouting when you meet 'em ashore.

"Not dollars, pounds," Mortimer was saying. "A hundred and twenty thousand."

I didn't hear what Connie said, but after she had finished talking Mortimer went on: "He's buying the block; corner of Green and Regent streets."

I didn't hear any more, but I knew they were talking about Mr. Denman.

Now it's a point I've raised before—should the steward tell? We've had this question out many a time in the stewards' mess and we've always come to the same decision. If you see a passenger walk into another passenger's stateroom and lift his links and his wallet it's the steward's duty to pinch him. If you see a gangster with his hand in another man's pocket you take him up to the captain. But that's where the steward's duty ends. To put paragraphs in other people's tales is no business of yours unless you've got a better tale to tell.

We were passing Fire Island Light on the Wednesday afternoon, and I was trying to help Mr. Denman pack his grip, when he save me a whole lot of trouble.

"What a nice man Mr. Mortimer is!" he said.

"Very nice, sir," said I, "though it's my experience, after serving twenty-five years, man and boy, on ships and torpedoed twice in the war that you can't judge shipboard friends till you meet 'em ashore."

"But Mr. Mortimer is so different," he says, wagging his baldish head and looking like an owl. "I was to stay with him at his home in Hertford, only unfortunately I am returning to England by this ship."

I didn't say anything to this. A gangster usually says he has a home in Georgia or Sacramento or some other place where you're not likely to drop in on him if you're staying in New York. Or else he's got a fruit farm in New Brunswick or a ranch next the Prince of Wales in Alberta.

Mr. Denman sighed.

"The worst of making friends on board ship," he said, "is that they pass, as it were, into oblivion. You never see them again. It is one of the sadnesses of life!"

"I dare say you'll see them again," I said.

I might have been a prophet, for when we'd turned round and I was sorting the baggage of homeward-bound passengers, and dealing out the flowers and fruit, I saw Mr. Mortimer.

I might say in passing that this say-it-with-flowers movement doubles a steward's work the first day out. Especially if there are a few actresses on board.

"I never expected to see you again so soon, steward," he said. He had a wonderful smile, one of those smiles that made you feel good to see. "I had a cable calling me back to England," he said. "It's a nuisance."

There are some things that are pathetic to see in a grown man, such as a taste for condensed milk or the idea that some men get that they can sing or do conjuring tricks. It made me properly sad to see how overjoyed Mr. Denman was to find "Miss Mortimer" was aboard. He clucked about like a young hen, fixing her chair, finding her rugs, and was in the library half an hour before the books were issued, to get her the books she wanted. I don't think he left her side all the voyage except for sleeping and changing purposes.

One night, when I was helping him find a collar stud that had rolled under his berth, he told me that some men in the smoke room had tried to get him into a no-limit poker game. He could hardly tell me for laughing.

"I always pretend that I'm ignorant of ship sharks," he said. "It saves a lot of bother and doesn't offend these fellows. But I'm too old a passenger to be caught, steward."

"I'm sure, sir," I said.

Poor soul! I took his baggage ashore at Southampton, and he was so much taken up with "Miss Mortimer" that he nearly didn't tip me; and it was only after my hanging around for half an hour, asking him if he was sure he'd forgotten nothing, that he remembered and slipped me a fiver. And when a cautious man like Mr. Denman breaks the habit of years and puts a hundred and fifty per cent onto his usual tip, he's pretty far gone.

In a month we were taking him back again to New York, and sure enough, there was Mr. and Miss Mortimer. But now they were "Harry" and "Connie" to each other, and used to spend the evenings leaning over the rail, shoulder to shoulder. I had a little talk with the purser and asked him what he thought ought to be done, and he gave me a choking off for my pains.

"Your job is steward," he said, "not policeman!"

So I let the matter slide.

On this trip I had Miss Mortimer's cabin to look after, though naturally I saw very little of her, the stewardess doing most of the fetching and carrying. But four days out we struck a sou'wester, a rip snorter, and the Crenic is one of those ships that was originally intended to be a breakwater. She is one of those stiff, break-but-never-bend packets, with not an ounce of give in her. We hadn't been in the storm for an hour before we had all the dead lights down over every port, and the upper-deck passengers down below. By night the main dining saloon was flooded, owing to her taking a sea through one of the new-fangled stormproof portholes. It was a busy time for the stewards, for all the passengers who didn't get religion were ill; and even Miss Mortimer, who was a bit of a traveler, joined the passengers who took to their beds and waited for death. If they'd only waited without ringing for it it wouldn't have been so bad.

In the early morning we broke into a calm patch, and as the stewardess had gone down with the other women, I had to take Miss Mortimer's breakfast to her a biscuit and a glass of ice water.

"Come in, steward," she said when I knocked at the door.

She was lying on her bed in a velvet dressing gown, and I could not help but admire her, for, in spite of the bad night, she looked as beautiful as a picture.

"Will you give me that ring, steward?" she said as I was going out.

She pointed to the dressing table. She had fastened the ring by a safety pin to a little bag that hung on the mirror. As I unfastened it I had a good look. It was a new ring, with four big diamonds, and as she slipped it on her engaged finger I guessed how the land lay.

"That's a nice ring, miss," I said.

"Yes, isn't it?"

She held out her finger and looked at it with a kind of frown.

"Engagement ring, miss?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, but she didn't tell me who the lucky man was, and I didn't want to know. If Denman had been written on the inside I couldn't have been more sure that he was the owner.

"Steward," she called, as I was going, "when people travel with a lot of money, how is it taken care of?"

"The purser puts it in the safe, miss," I said, somewhat surprised for a minute, for there isn't a passenger traveling who doesn't know that valuables are put away in the purser's safe the day the ship leaves port.

I found out what all this meant the same day, because Mr. Denman was unusually talkative. He'd never spoken to me about his business before, but I suppose being in love makes a man indiscreet. I've noticed that very often. A brother-in-law of mine told me more about himself the week before he got married than my sister has found out since.

It appeared that Mr. Denman, as well as being in the insurance business, bought and sold property, and he was buying a big business block in Regent Street on behalf of some man in New York.

"I am going to bring the money across in hard cash," he said. "It is too important a deal for me to take any risks. Mr. Yonks is an eccentric man, and might stop a check or cable his London agent to withhold payment of a draft; and it is much too important for me, since I've practically bought the property, to allow such a thing to happen."

"If the ship went down you'd lose it all, sir," I said.

"What a perfectly horrible idea!" said Mr. Denman. "Don't talk about it, steward. I should lose something more valuable than my money. And besides, it is not so stupid as you think. Mr. Mortimer frequently brings over large sums in cash. In fact, when he returns with me, he is bringing two hundred thousand dollars with him."

To me it was as plain as a pikestaff, and I could see, looming ahead, one of the grandest little confidence tricks on the big scale that had ever been worked on the Western Ocean.

"You'll excuse me saying so, sir, I don't think you're wise to bring that amount of money on board," I said. "I don't know much about banking, but it seems to me that if you sent the money through your own banker, Mr. Yonks couldn't either stop the check or play any monkey tricks."

(Continued on Page 38)

An Attractive Kitchen Makes Cooking a Pleasure!

The turkey must be browned to a turn—the plum pudding smoking hot—and so many things to do at the last minute! What a world of work an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner means to the hostess! But the task loses all its drudgery when the kitchen is bright and cheerful—and spotlessly clean.

With a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug on the floor it's so easy to keep the kitchen immaculate. No matter what is spilled, a few strokes of a damp mop will make the rug as fresh and clean as new.

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It's no wonder thousands of women are making their homes attractive with *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs. For these sanitary rugs are tremendously durable, labor saving and surprisingly inexpensive.

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There is only one guaranteed Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of every guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug. It is your protection against imitations. Be sure to look for it when you buy.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

6	ft. x 9	ft.	$ 9.00	The rug illustrated is made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with it.	1½	ft. x 3	ft. $ .60
7½	ft. x 9	ft.	11.25		3	ft. x 3	ft. 1.40
9	ft. x 9	ft.	13.50		3	ft. x 4½	ft. 1.95
9	ft. x 10½	ft.	15.75		3	ft. x 6	ft. 2.50
9	ft. x 12	ft.	18.00				

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

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Why does a hen cackle ?

—because Mother Nature makes her children "feel good" when they have done what she wants them to do. Hence the hen, relieved at having laid an egg, raises her voice in song. The pleasant soothing of

Puretest
Glycerin and Rose Water

on sore chapped hands or face brings happy relief to the skin that is cut by raw winds.

Puretest Glycerin and Rose Water is genuine Puretest Glycerin, with its healing properties increased by balmy Puretest Rose Water and six per cent of alcohol. It is delicately fragrant with rose bouquet.

Puretest Glycerin is the finest glycerin obtainable, made just a little purer and clearer by the first real improvement in many years.

Two of the 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every item the best that skill and conscience can produce.

SOLD AT 10,000

Rexall
Drug Stores

There is one in your town.

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(Continued from Page 36)

But he shook his head. There is something in human nature that makes good advice sound like an alarm clock on a cold raw morning; the louder it rings the more you want to turn over and go to sleep; and I guessed that that was how Mr. Denman was feeling, so I shut up.

Before we reached New York I had the chance of a talk with Lew Baker. Now, Lew is a straightforward card man, without an ounce of vice in him. He's got a nice home in Brooklyn and a girl at the high school. I'm not defending Lew, or saying that I should care to get my living the same way as he does, but that's neither here nor there.

"There's an old saying, Felix," he said. "Never interfere between husband and wife. It's not your business, and I'm rather surprised that you think of butting in. I don't know Connie Barthurst, but I've heard of her graft, which is too slow for my liking. She's not the only aloe in the forest. There's a man named Price that works the Mediterranean—Port Said to Marseilles. They say he goes six months before he touches. There's another man named Tom Bones; he's on the Indo-China route. But Connie is cleverer. Why, she dropped into Tom's private hunting ground when he was down with fever at Singapore and took hold of a fellow he'd been after for years, and shook twenty-eight thousand out of him. I don't know either of the parties, and maybe it's all lies. Gangsters have always got some queer story of things that happen on the other side of the world. But that slow business doesn't appeal to me. You've got to have capital, for one thing. Tom was always shadowed into his home port by a motor launch in case he had to make a get-away quick. Which costs money. Gimme quick profits, big enough to count, but not painful enough to squeal. I don't think this man Denman will fall, because he's one of those mean and cunning men who count their change. A fellow who thinks he's going gay because he plays bridge at fifty cents a hundred isn't likely to fall for half a million dollars."

"He's fallen, Mr. Baker," I said. "He'll land at Southampton completely minus."

Lew Baker had a good look at his cigar and then said: "If he does, I shall have a higher respect for Connie than I've got now. But those things don't happen except in books. Suppose he lost his money on the voyage home, what sort of a squeal would he raise? It might have been worked in the old days before radio was invented, but to try it now would bring a tugful of bulls at the ship's side before she passed the Nab Lightship. Leave them to it, Felix."

I've never been quite sure how much Lew Baker knew; he was the sort of man who told just as much truth as was necessary in the way of business. But, as the poet says, a yarn that is half the truth gets you guessing.

Baker's opinion of Mr. Denman was considerably supported. The day we left New York I was on the upper deck, watching the gangway for my passengers, and about half an hour before the ship was due to sail, along came Mr. Denman with a big bag in his hand and three detectives shadowing him. He was the sort of fellow who'd take no risks. Behind him came Mr. Mortimer, and he had a bag, but no detectives. And then came Miss Mortimer in black, with a maid carrying her grip. I've never known whether the servant was in the swindle. She looked too stupid to me, but perhaps that was her long suit.

As soon as he saw me, Mr. Denman beckoned.

"Come down to my cabin, steward," he said, and when I offered to take the bag he shook his head. "I can carry this very well," he said with a little smile.

He had 112 on C Deck, a bigger stateroom than usual, with a small sitting room attached, and I followed him in.

He settled with the detectives, and then: "Will you ask Mr. Mortimer to come in?" he said.

Apparently Mortimer was expecting to be sent for, for he was sitting on the settee of his cabin with his bag on his knees.

"Mr. Denman wants to see you, sir."

Mortimer glanced at Connie, and she nodded.

"I think it will be safer, father," she said sweetly.

I didn't know what would be safer, but I soon found out. When I got back to Mr. Denman's stateroom he had opened the bag and taken out a big wad of yellowbacks, they were lying on the table, and I saw Mortimer's eyes drop on them instantly.

"I want you to be a witness to this, steward," said Mr. Denman. "Mr. Mortimer is taking a large sum of money back to England, and he wishes it to go with mine."

Mortimer took out two wads of notes and a sheet of paper and, making a little parcel of the money, tied it with string and dropped it into the open bag, which was locked and sealed under my eyes.

"I'll carry this," he said, with that lovely smile of his. "You go ahead, Denman."

The alleyway toward the main companion was very narrow, and for some reason the deck lamps were not alight. Though several of the cabin doors were open, they were mostly either curtained or, the ship being against the pier, were so dark as to give no light at all.

I followed in the rear and saw nothing unusual, and was present when the sealed bag was placed in the purser's safe and the receipt pocketed by Mr. Denman.

And, mind you, I was looking for something funny. The only thing I noticed unusual was, about ten minutes later, seeing Miss Mortimer's maid running up the companionway to the deck, which was strange, because I'd never seen her out of her cabin before. It puzzled me all through the voyage how the swindle was going to be worked. It would have been simple enough if the money hadn't been handed to the purser, but there was the bag in the safe, and I'll swear that Mortimer did not ring the changes, for I watched the packing of that grip like a hawk.

They were thicker than thieves throughout that voyage, practically living in one another's cabins. At night Mr. Denman and Mr. Mortimer used to play piquet in his stateroom, with Miss Mortimer doing her needlework, as innocent as a lamb, and more so. I don't mind admitting that I did more listening at doors, more peeping and prying under sofas, that voyage than I've ever done before or since. And there was no solution to the mystery. All I knew was that poor Mr. Denman was heading straight for bankruptcy, and was enjoying the experience.

I was tidying up Mortimer's cabin the day we reached the English Channel, when the door was flung open and Connie came in.

"This damned boat is not going into Cherbourg, Jack," she said before she saw me.

"Moderate your language, my dear child," said Mr. Mortimer, with a quick look at me.

"Oh, but, daddy, isn't it too tiresome? I did want to get some picture postcards. You remember I promised Maisie I would send her some," she said, in an altered tone of voice. Then, with a smile at me: "I'm afraid, steward, you think I use strong language?"

"I didn't notice any, miss," I said, and got out of the cabin as soon as I could.

Now, if there's one thing more certain than another, it is that passengers homeward bound do not go ashore in Cherbourg to buy picture postcards; and, what was more, the Mortimers' baggage was labeled for Southampton. The whole thing was as clear as daylight: They were going to jump the boat at Cherbourg and leave poor old Denman to collect his bag from the purser at Southampton.

The changes had been rung! Right under my eyes, I thought—and yet it didn't seem possible.

I didn't get a chance of hearing their conversation; I was too agitated, so to speak. For a second I'd a mind to warn Mr. Denman—but only for a second.

Taking in Lew Baker's shaving water—he always shaved in the afternoon—I must have shown my feelings, for he looked very hard at me.

"What's on your mind, Felix?" he asked.

I didn't tell him, but he guessed.

"Connie's graft is getting into your head and disturbing your mental equilibrium," he said. Lew was a class talker and used educated expressions. "Now cut it out, Felix! To every dog his bone, to every hen his rabbit. Denman is on the knees of the gods—I wish 'em joy. Personally, I'd sooner nurse almost anything."

I went up to the boat deck for my pipe that night, and I stepped carefully, knowing that it was even money on Denman and Connie being there, for it was a bright, starlit night, and stars are highly attractive to people in love.

And there they were. Eavesdrop? That means listening? Why, of course! Didn't I feel, in a manner of speaking, Denman's guardian angel?

She said, in a far-away voice: "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could go on and on through all eternity—only you and I, dear?"

"It would be wonderful," he said, "but I've got to be in London tomorrow evening. But after that ——"

"And, dear"—this was her talking—"you must open the bag—you know, the bag with daddy's money—in London. We will come round to your hotel after dinner. Daddy says he can't be bothered tomorrow morning, and he is quite willing to trust the money to you."

"His confidence in me," said Mr. Denman in a shaking voice, "is amazing. He doesn't know anything about me, either."

I heard her laugh softly; I was smiling myself. The picture of poor Denman waiting at his hotel for them to call was a sad one.

I had two hours' sleep that night, for a steward has to be up with the lark on the day a ship makes port. It was a gray morning when I turned out; a dull line to port showed the English coast. I was taking a couple of whiffs from my pipe when I saw a big motor launch moving abeam and on a parallel track. She was standing into the ship and I thought at first it was the pilot, till I heard the chief officer shouting through his megaphone to ask what in hell the driver was doing. Then suddenly it swooped in under our side, keeping pace with the ship.

As I looked over the rail I saw a rope thrown down from the lower promenade deck, and at the end of the rope was a bag. I recognized it at once.

It was the sealed bag that I'd seen put into the purser's cabin, only I couldn't see the seals.

In a second I was racing down the companion and flew out on to the lower promenade. A man was sitting astride the rail, ready to slip down the rope.

It was Mr. Denman!

"Stand where you are, Felix," he said, and when I saw the gun in his hand I naturally stood still.

"You'll find a tenner in my cabin; the clothes I left behind, you can have. Tell Connie Barthurst, with Tom Bones' compliments, to keep clear of the Indo-China line. That's my beat. And tell her I've been waiting four years to meet her."

With that he disappeared from view, and by the time I'd reached the ship's side he was in the launch and casting off the loose end of the rope.

I heard the first officer yell for him to come back, and then the nose of the motorboat turned to the open sea, and that was the last I saw of Mr. Tom Bones.

After I'd been cursed by the chief for not heading him, I went down to Mr. Mortimer's cabin and knocked at the door. He was up and dressed, and Connie was with him, sipping a cup of coffee that the servant had brought.

"Your friend Mr. Denman's gone over the side, taking the bag with him," I said.

Mortimer's eyebrows went up.

"Indeed? He is in a hurry. Did he wake the purser up to get it?"

I'd seen the purser.

"No, sir; the bag you put in the safe is still there. And he asked me to present Tom Bones' compliments."

The girl went white.

"Tom Bones!" she said, and then hissed: "Look at the bag, you fool!"

They didn't take the slightest notice of me, but, jerking open a trunk, Mortimer pulled out a bag. I actually gasped. If it wasn't the same bag that had been put in the safe, it was its own brother. Sealed and tied.

He broke the seal and pushed a key into the lock. There were six little packages, and he tore the paper from one.

"Blank sheets!" he almost screamed.

There were three bags, according to the purser's theory. There was the bag with the money in it, and the bag that was substituted in the dark alleyway by the servant, who stood in the doorway of one of the cabins as Mortimer passed, and the bag that Denman put into the servant's cabin in exchange when his confederate and pal lured the servant to the upper deck with a message.

I've never known who that confederate was. All I do know is that Lew Baker never played cards all that trip, and bought a new automobile when he got back to New York.

THE "B" BATTERY is the life of Your Radio Set

THE only function of your Radio set is to produce sound-waves—those mechanical disturbances in the air caused by some rapidly vibrating body. So far as the Radio set itself is concerned the actual source of the sound is the "B" Battery. It is not an exaggeration to say that the "B" battery is the "life of your Radio"; for the set itself is simply a device to reproduce sounds, and the sounds all have their origin in the "B" Battery.

The "B" Battery is simply a box full of electrical energy; harnessed for you by experts. Without the Radio wave the flow of energy from the "B" Battery is smooth, steady and *silent*. It is the final aim and purpose of all the many parts which go to make up a Radio receiving set, to convert the otherwise steady flow of electrical energy from the "B" Battery into a rippling, vibrating, throbbing, audible current.

As the sound waves—whether caused by the human voice in talking or singing, or by musical instruments—are modulated up and down—now high—now low; so does the current from the strongly vital "B" Battery follow the modulations and the variations, so that the original message, in all its delicacy of tone and vibration, comes clear and distinct through your Radio set.

Not a mere adjunct to the pleasure-giving quality of your Radio set is the "B" Battery—it is the vital, life-giving part—the heart of your Radio set. Do not slight this vital part—give your Radio set the advantage of the best—use Eveready "B" Batteries.

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The *New* Metal Case Eveready "B" Battery
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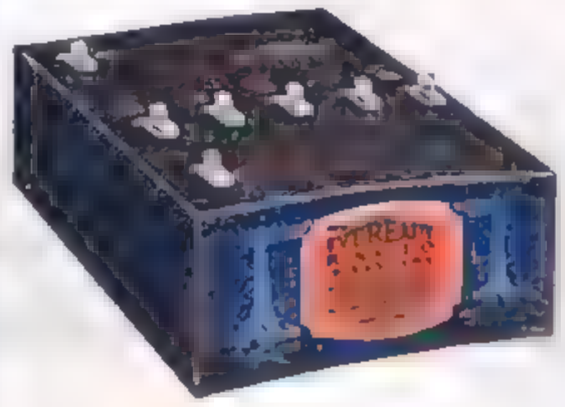
The same popular 22½ volt Eveready "B" Battery in a new, handsome, durable, waterproof, metal container. Eveready quality throughout. At all dealers', $3.00.

The "B" Battery is the vital part of any radio receiving set. Eveready Batteries especially made for Radio serve better, last longer and give better results.



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The Standard 45 volt "B" Battery.

The cells in this battery are the same large, powerful Radio cells as in the No. 766.

The No. 767 is in reality two No. 766 Batteries in one box. Its price, $5.50, is less than twice the price of one No. 766.

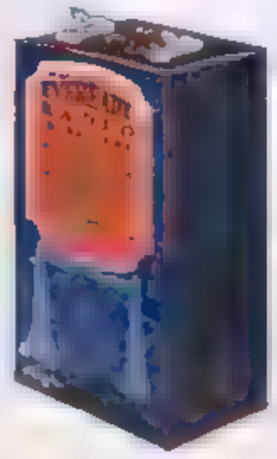
It is therefore the most economical "B" Battery where 45 or 90 volts are required.

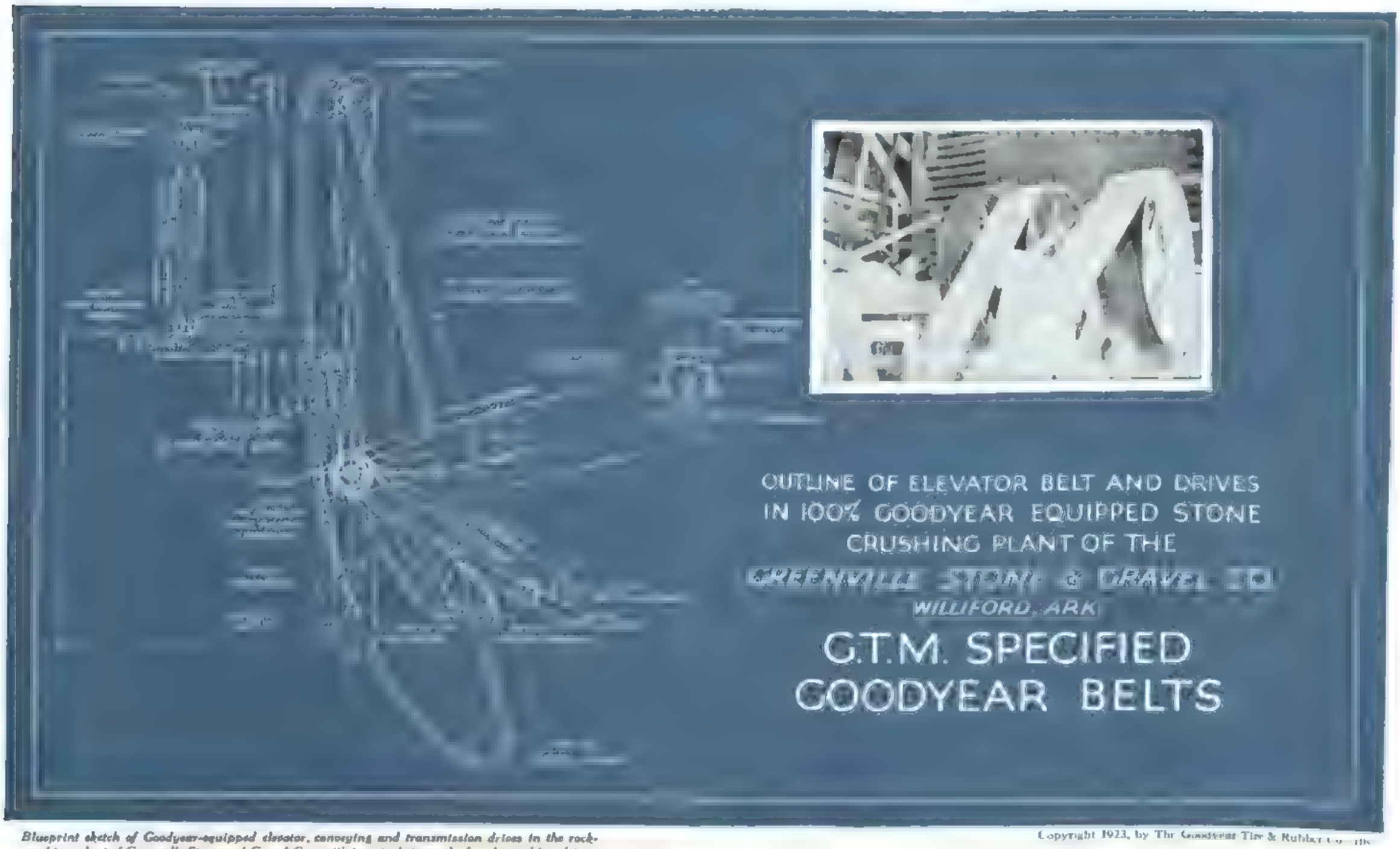
Eveready "B" Battery No. 764

A powerful, compact, vertical type, 22½ volt "B" Battery.

While occupying practically no more table space than the usual midget 22½ volt "B" Battery, it has more than twice the service capacity of such batteries.

The price of this battery is $2.25, which is only slightly more than that of the usual midget "B" Battery, and it is therefore more economical. It is especially suited for use where table or cabinet space is limited.





Blueprint sketch of Goodyear-equipped elevator, conveying and transmission drives in the rock-crushing plant of Greenville Stone and Gravel Co.; with insert photograph of rock-crushing drives.

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The Rock Crusher's Belts—and the G. T. M.

The trouble-free performance of the only Goodyear Belt they had, pointed the way to freedom from all belt troubles in the rock-crushing plant of the Greenville Stone and Gravel Company at Williford, Arkansas.

The plant superintendent noticed that this Goodyear Belt was the only one of all the belts in the plant that was giving constantly powerful service. The others were continually causing costly delays and shutdowns, with serious loss of production. The heavy, intermittent loads and overloads, and the atmosphere thick with abrasive limestone dust, were simply too much for them.

"I'll call in the G. T. M."—Goodyear Technical Man—said the Superintendent, Mr. W. E. McCourt. And he got in touch with that expert on belting and told him he wanted a complete survey of the plant, according to the Goodyear Analysis Plan.

The G. T. M. did the job, carefully noting the duties of the different transmission and conveyor drives, on the crushers, the screens, the conveyors and the giant elevator. He computed dimensions, horsepower, loads and speeds. He consulted with Mr. McCourt about the working conditions peculiar to the plant. Then he recommended a complete equipment of Goodyear Belts, each belt specified to its particular task.

"That was in 1919," says Mr. McCourt, "and in the four years of perfect service these belts have given us, we have almost forgot what our old-time troubles were. The plant is never shut down now because of belts.

"The big 18-inch, 6-ply Goodyear on the elevator drive is our particular pride. It carries a heavy load, on a vertical crossed drive, where former belts always slipped and broke. It has lifted more than 250,000 tons of rock in the last 16 months without a sign of slippage. Where we used to have a costly and troublesome rope drive we now have a powerful 24-inch, 7-ply Goodyear pulling a No. 27 gyratory crusher—thanks to the G.T.M."

If you are having belt troubles, call in the G.T.M. He knows belting, and he knows the transmission and conveying problems of many industries. His analysis may help you greatly. You can depend on any Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods he recommends—Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing—to give you efficient, trouble-free service. To get in touch with the G.T.M., write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

BELTS · HOSE · VALVES · PACKING

THE ACCOUNTINGS OF A REAL-ESTATE MAN

(Continued from Page 6)

A few years later came the moving picture, bringing as remarkable a transformation in theatrical real estate as it has brought in other ways, and my knowledge of the theater from the standpoint of an owner as well as an impresario made it possible for me to anticipate the changes that were coming.

The whole story of the moving picture's babyhood, the amusement need that it filled for the masses, the blindness of theatrical producers to its possibilities, and the stupidity of the first moving-picture manufacturers, too, make almost a fairy tale, and one that has not been told so far as I know.

I was born in Philadelphia, in a district known as Northern Liberties, around Third and Poplar Streets. Close by there was, and probably still is, a theater once known as the Germanic Theater. It had some connection with a brewery, which was then part of the same building. A wonderful treat for me was to have my parents take me to this theater occasionally when the performers spoke English.

One of the actors was a man named Sigmund Lubin. Mr. Lubin told me that his salary mainly consisted of what meals he could obtain and as much beer as he could drink. Today many actors and actresses would be willing to work for the same salary.

Years passed, and one day while still with my old firm Mr. Lubin came to me with an explanation of a wonderful discovery. Photographs had been arranged in such a manner that reproduction of action was possible. I saw a performance. Viewed from the present standard, it was pitiful. The photographs were thick; the action was faulty; the projection was atrocious; the performers were worse; the flickering was painful; the combination wrung an appeal from the gods for mercy; but underneath it was something big that gripped and held. Then and there I became interested in motion pictures.

Possibilities of the Pictures

Lubin, at that time, together with his wife, conducted an optical establishment on Eighth Street in close proximity to the department stores, and the roof thereof was the moving-picture laboratory. Mrs. Lubin stated to me that she had but little faith in the permanency of the motion-picture business. I remember seeing him stage, the day following a prize fight that had taken place in one of the Far Western States, a reproduction of the fracas; Charlie—Kid—McCoy wearing one mask and Con McVeigh, a pugilistic ex-policeman of Philadelphia, impersonating another of the contenders. Lubin had the airplane beaten many ways. The picture was shown the day after the fight occurred—a record for speed not yet equaled the world over. This must have been around 1900, as Lubin tried at that time a feat of the same description with the Passion Play, then being produced at Oberammergau. While making this picture he came to me greatly disturbed because that morning at rehearsal the Anton Lang of the production had failed to appear. I went with Lubin to a small hotel where the person lived. We were informed that he had been out on a jamboree the night before and had not yet presented an appearance downstairs. Lubin sent a message that he was in attendance and a message came back which, had it been sufficiently authoritative, would have enabled Mr. Lubin to have passed the different states of purgatory without stopping.

I saw in Lubin's flickering film something that has since been developed, but not to the logical limit by any means. That was the possibility of producing theatrical entertainment by quantity methods, as cheap automobiles are produced, and merchandising it to the masses on a scale far beyond anything possible in the theatrical business up to that time.

For instance, one is absolutely limited by space and cost on a stage, but the picture has all the great outdoors, doesn't have to pay for that kind of scenery, and if it desires to show the interior of a multimillionaire's home it borrows the use of it—the Billings house on Riverside Drive has been used very often.

This cannot be done on the stage; cost and space prohibit it. Then again, the picture can be stopped at any time; when you see it there is continuity, but months may intervene between scenes, and whatever weakens the story can be eliminated. This cannot be done with the spoken drama. Imagine stopping David Warfield, William Faversham, Mrs. Fiske, Mary Garden or other stage folk with a pair of shears; but that is what happens in the motion-picture industry.

In those days, remember, there were only two general kinds of theatrical entertainment available to the public. Well-to-do folks and the young man courting his sweetheart paid two to three dollars a seat for high-class drama and light opera. For the family in moderate circumstances, not able to afford the high-class theaters, there was only entertainment of the kind then offered at popular prices by the Stair & Havlin circuit, which then reigned supreme. The class of attractions in the main—Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl, No Wedding Bells for Her, Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model, and their like—were, to say the least, not elevating; and if one could not afford the highest-priced seats he was compelled to rub shoulders on one side with the newsboy and on the other side with the bootblack and have one's children's ears filled with profanity. About five years after the advent of popular motion pictures the Stair & Havlin circuit became a thing of the past.

Now unquestionably Americans would welcome any low-priced form of amusement where the prices would be within the range of all and where there would be no necessity for classification. By that I mean a standard price for admission to all, within easy reach of the masses, and where individuals could patronize one box office and go in by the same front entrance. You will remember that the balcony entrance was on one side of the theater and the gallery entrance generally on the side street, so that the highest-priced seat patrons would not be compelled to mingle with us common folks. That is what I mean when I say "Americans would welcome ——"

I had in mind from the first a real moving-picture show. The first films, remember, told no story, but were short action pictures. Under the name of William Gane, who was associated with me, I opened the first motion-picture theater the world has ever known. Afterwards I produced for the first time in any theater in the world the first vaudeville in connection with motion pictures. The theater was located on Broadway near Thirty-third Street and known as the Manhattan Theater. It had been presenting first-class productions for many years, was a first-class theater in every respect and my recollection is that Harrison Grey Fiske, the husband of Minnie Maddern Fiske, was the lessee prior to my taking over the lease which my friend, William G. McAdoo, afterwards Secretary of the Treasury, gave to me, he representing the owners. I explained to him the mission of the motion picture. It seems strange, but I was probably the first person who ever acquainted Mr. McAdoo with the possibility of motion pictures. Today he represents, or did represent, such pikers in the business as Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, William S. Hart and many others fairly well known to the motion-picture world.

Early Struggles

The movie had to struggle through numerous baby troubles that have been outlived and forgotten.

There was a well-settled impression in the minds of everyone that motion pictures were harmful to one's eyes, and not unreasonably had this impression been created. One's eyes did smart from strain after looking at a picture—poorly projected and interrupted by numerous blazes of light, called flickering. Then the picture would wabble in the projector. There were also numerous breaks. We knew—but it was hard to convince the public—that one's eyes were being used in the same manner as though taking exercises and bringing into play unused dormant muscles which smart, but that the eyes and the muscles would be better for the exercises and that the strain was decidedly beneficial.

As the demand for pictures increased, the length of the projection, or throw, became of great moment. In a small store show one had about fifty feet to contend with, but when I built one 190 feet in depth it was declared impossible to project that distance. But there was no trouble in doing so.

Then the question of finding one's seat and lighting the aisles became an important item. This was solved by cutting out a part of the floor concrete and inserting electric-light bulbs, which one now sees in all motion-picture houses. I have often regretted that I did not apply for a patent on this invention of mine, as it has been used everywhere, and the same thought has been patented in the rows of little electric-light bulbs which are placed in the floor of an elevator car.

There was a great hullabaloo about the darkness. It was extremely painful to many people who had forgotten or regretted their lost or past youth to find that some loving couple were holding hands, and motion-picture houses were branded in many puritanical minds as the abode of immorality and conducive to the propagation of sin and vice. They never realized that God Almighty rarely lit the heavens at night and that those who wanted to show their affection were not compelled to frequent the establishments. It was discovered, however, that dim lights sufficient to see could be used all over the house without harming the showing of a picture. Even this did not repress normal public expressions of ardor. Nothing ever has; nothing ever will—thank God.

Ancient Movie History

I discovered that it was much easier to own theaters than to procure pictures for them. Six of the largest producers claimed a patent on the making of motion pictures—namely, Edison, Lubin, Vitagraph, Selig, Kalem, Essanay, and afterwards Biograph. You had to take out a license from them—so much a week; they told you exactly where you got off; what pictures you could and could not have, mainly the latter; refused to permit you to open new houses under penalty of taking the pictures away from the houses you had and refused to permit you to take on independent pictures, claiming that they were infringements; compelled you to show any picture they furnished and pay their own price—in short, did everything possible to place themselves in the Kaiser Wilhelm class.

Here and there were independent feature pictures, such as Quo Vadis, Dante's Inferno, Reinhart's Miracle—the music for this picture was composed by Humperdinck, who wrote the operas Königskinder, Hänsel und Gretel and others, and this was the first time a composer of great note had ever written expressly for the accompaniment to the presentation of moving pictures. Zukor's Prisoner of Zenda, Bernhardt's Queen Elizabeth and many other feature pictures taught the exhibitors that the day of the two, three and even four reeler was to become of secondary importance.

The trust persisted in making these short-length pictures which the public was outgrowing. It aimed to obtain the cheapest books and the most available talent, disregarding the plain trend toward a full evening's entertainment built around an interesting story, like the feature picture as we know it today. I do not mean to say that the public doesn't care, or did not care then, for many subjects under five or six reels; but its big preference has been conclusively proved to be that of the feature picture.

For logical reasons, because the French have been recognized as the great pantomimists of the world, it looked as though the exhibitor must obtain all his results with foreign films. It was not until we began getting a limited number of French feature pictures that actually told some sort of story, made by French pantomimists, that the motion picture began to develop some of the possibilities I had seen in it from the first. No one sensed the latent power of the American people to produce. It is needless to say that within a few years the recognized talent of the world in this direction was within the borders of the U. S. A

When the trust did eventually start to make feature pictures the market had been taken away from it. It had alienated the good will of many of the exhibitors when that time arrived. The United States Government eventually prosecuted the trust

The Odds Are 199 to 1

Only one American man in every 200 has skin that is really white.

That fact was determined through exhaustive research by a member of the Smithsonian Institution's scientific staff. It was announced in the Institution's last annual report.

The ratio of 1 to 199 tallies exactly with the findings of the Mennen Laboratories, based on fifty years of study devoted to skin structure

That explains why the Mennen chemists experimented until they produced a neutral tint for talcum that blends suavely with the hue of your skin and does not look chalky. This invisible protection is known as *Mennen Talcum for Men*.

The first effect of this he-talcum is to remove the facial shine due to an excess of oil in the skin.

Then each fleck begins absorbing hidden moisture from the pores. Towels can't reach this moisture, but it irritates the skin if allowed to remain.

The silky film of Mennen Talcum for Men protects the face from roughness and chapping—the ravages of winter winds.

The high absorbency of this special talcum (equivalent to the action of millions of tiny sponges) is most beneficial after bathing. By helping you to get *really dry* Mennen Talcum for Men aids in preventing colds and chapping.

Invest a quarter in this remarkable talcum made for men. You'll thank me for recommending it.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

"ANNA CHRISTIE"
— the outcast
HOW HAS HER STORY BEEN SCREENED ?

ARE motion pictures big enough to tell this story of Anna Christie, the outcast girl on the barge, her one hope of happiness blocked by the father whose faith in her was blind?

The whole world hopes so.

Can this dramatic classic—Eugene O'Neill's Pulitzer Prize Play, bold, turbulent—sweep to the screen with all the power that made it the stage revelation of America, England and the Continent?

While critics have wondered—

Thomas H. Ince whose perception of a New Screen made possible the filming of "Anna Christie," which was directed by John Griffith Wray from an adaptation by Bradley King

Thos H. Ince has done it.

WATCH NEXT WEEK FOR LIST OF BIG THEATRES WHICH WILL PRESENT "ANNA CHRISTIE" SOON.

Blanche Sweet as Anna Christie
William Russell as Matt Burke

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and thereafter dissolved it. The attacks upon the trust were persistent, well timed and fought with great strategy. They had the whole-hearted aid of the vast majority of the exhibitors and the complete cooperation of the entire public, and these conditions were taken advantage of to the utmost by the independents.

Mr. Lubin had built a number of picture houses on the main street of Philadelphia. He desired to dispose of them, and I purchased them in partnership with Mr. George H. Earle, a very prominent Philadelphian, one of the first men I had interested with me, a man of great courage and ability, whom I have never known to be afraid to act on his own judgment and who was always able to withstand the criticism of the public. We had other associates. The late Stanley Mastbaum saw very clearly what was to happen in the motion-picture field; and, with the backing of the houses controlled by Mr. Earle, Jules E. Mastbaum, Wolf Brothers, the Philadelphia bankers, sundry others and myself, gathered together, under the name of the Stanley Company, the Philadelphia agencies for the different filming companies manufacturing pictures as they became of importance.

With the sale of the theaters Mr. Lubin branched out into a producer of magnitude, and his laboratory at Betzwood, near Philadelphia, became a recognized model moving-picture manufactory in everything excepting feature pictures. There was a certain reason in attempting to regulate the demand and the supply of motion pictures to not over four-reel subjects. There are many stories to be obtained for small sums which could be used for that length of film, whereas a feature picture of six reels or over requires a full book. Then again, it is not so difficult to obtain many comedy pictures up to four reels. Successful comedy pictures of six reels and upwards that have been made since the discovery of the art can almost be counted on the fingers of one's two hands.

Despite Mr. Lubin's position in the motion-picture world, Mrs. Lubin still kept her optical store. A few years after Lubin had started his Betzwood establishment it caught fire and was destroyed. Financial difficulties were encountered and Lubin went out of the motion-picture field. He joined Mrs. Lubin in the optical business. I have made repeated references to Mrs. Lubin's optical store—it is the greatest example of woman's intuition I have ever known and is worthy of being recorded.

New Business

The advent of the motion picture created a revolution in theatrical property and theatrical investments. Houses which were used for many dramatic purposes were worth very much more for the cinema, and many of them were taken from the old lines and placed in the new one. We are speaking now of about 1912.

The greatest enemy liquor ever had was the motion pictures. People went to saloons or lounged around the streets because they had no other place to go. With a form of entertainment interesting, instructive and amusing, the majority were quick to take advantage of the opportunity and forsook their old haunts.

When the moving picture became important it brought the chain-store principle into the theatrical business. The movie was new business. It is almost impossible to calculate the tremendous influence which new business creates in real-estate values. It was but yesterday that there were no orange-juice stands, while today they are competing for the best locations with the tobacco companies—and the latter only started about twenty years ago. I doubt whether twenty-five years ago the word "garage" was in American dictionaries. Consider how much space has been taken out of the available supply by reason of all this new business.

Before the movie came, theatrical property was acquired and managed something like department-store property. That is, a store succeeded in one city, and its proprietors established single stores in other cities; and with theaters it was the same. But the movies first started in stores in a humble way, moved to real theaters that had been outgrown for the first-class purposes of the theater stage, or were left behind in the shifting of the theatrical district. Then real theaters were constructed for motion-picture use in the theatrical districts, and these in turn spread out to smaller centers, the community theaters. So that where yesterday a theater owner might have an impressive national circuit of houses or one covering a group of states, today he may own an impressive constellation of moving-picture theaters in one large city.

The mission of the motion picture, to my mind, is on its way, but has a long journey to go before fulfilling its destiny. A moving-picture performance given in a house of 3000 capacity costs but little less than if it is given in a very much larger theater. Give the public the benefit of the saving; that will insure capacity audiences. Therefore a house of 9000 capacity would permit managers to reduce the price of admission at least two-thirds. I look forward to the time when there will be houses of 8000 or 10,000 seating capacity, with a maximum admittance fee of not over twenty-five cents, which will present a perfect motion-picture program, acting in complete accord with the spoken drama, with operatic and concert accompaniment, with the greatest music it is possible to obtain. Radio in its infancy is its forerunner in this respect.

To come back to the theater as real estate. I can cite to my readers a very prominent example of a man who played the game of theatricals and real estate combined. Oscar Hammerstein, whom I knew well for many years, did so to perfection. He had a perfect real-estate mind. His son today is on the tail end of a leasehold at the original price which Oscar made, upon which the old gentleman had erected the Republic Theater.

Arthur Hammerstein, the son, is still paying $5000 a year rent for the lot, owing to his father's foresight. His father also had a lease on the corner of Forty-second Street and Seventh Avenue and erected thereon what was known as the Victoria Theater, now known as the Rialto. My recollection is he paid around $30,000 a year rent for the lot. Today it would bring at least $125,000 a year.

The Reign of Prejudice

Oscar Hammerstein also owned the lot upon which the New York and Criterion theaters were erected. He paid about $900,000 for it to one of the large New York life insurance companies. The property sold about two years ago for $3,250,000.

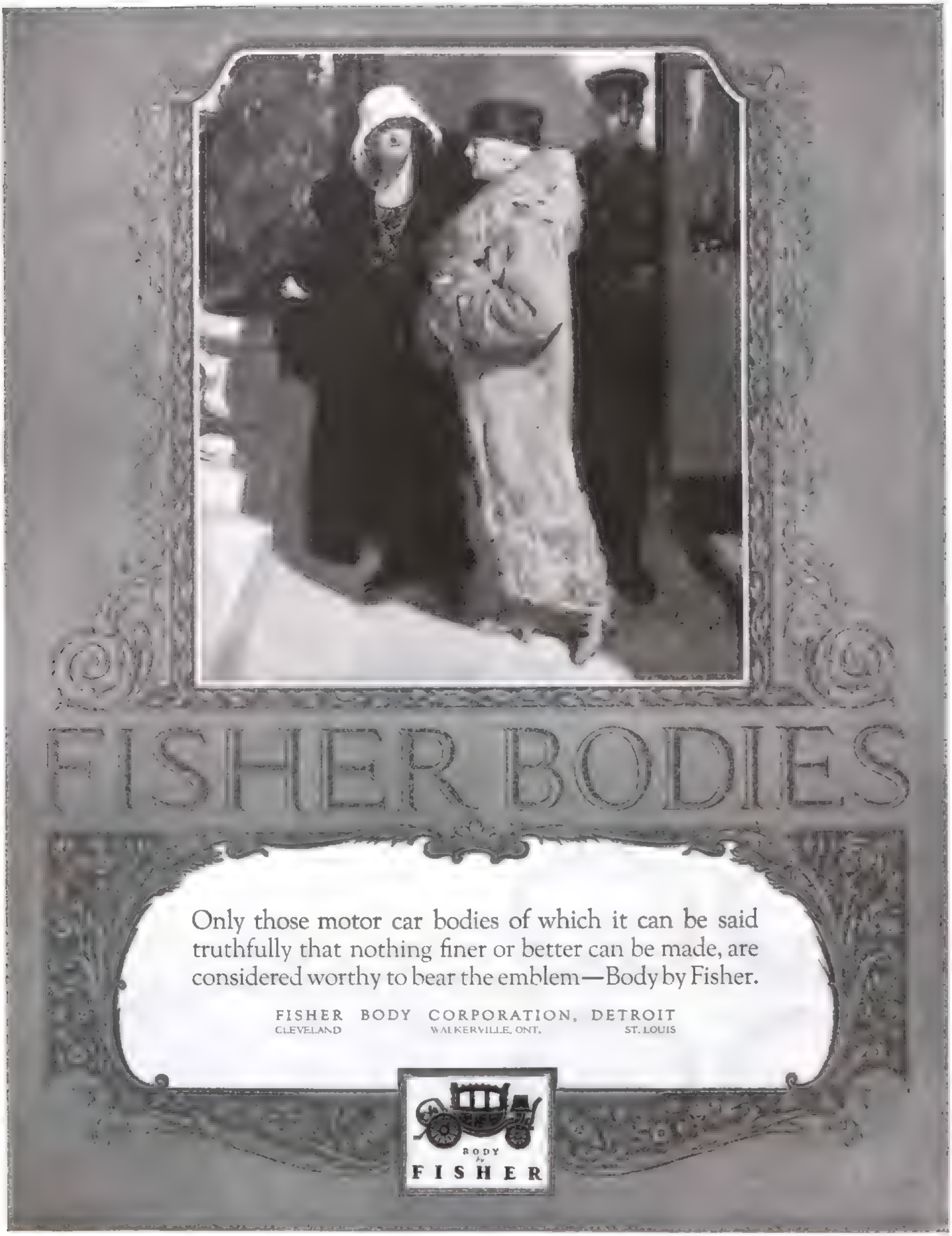
Perhaps my readers by now are saying, "Well, this is all very interesting" you will notice I have said perhaps "but what has all this to do with real estate?"

A great deal. You cannot go along any main street in any large city and fail to find a great deal of property which has been taken for the motion-picture industry. When you take a certain amount of property out of the market particularly to be used for a purpose hitherto unknown, you lessen the amount of property which can be placed on the market and values increase accordingly.

If the purpose for which the property is used in the new field of endeavor is successful, that property also increases tremendously in value, and that is one of the big factors in the motion-picture game which has made me become so seriously interested in motion pictures. Then again, there is another and very important factor connected with the amusement business. There is nothing that has ever helped to create value more than theatrical real-estate enterprises. They bring the masses, and where the masses congregate the values are highest. Generally they make the locations—the locations could not make them, because the price of real estate for that purpose until recently would have been prohibitive. In fact, theaters make location to such an extent that many of them go out of business because the real estate can be used for purposes not more profitable perhaps than amusement enterprises but because the houses become antiquated and wear out.

Realty needs a Moses. It shrieks aloud for a teacher; someone to make the masses realize that it has been following blind leadership; that the dicta of the narrow and the prejudices of the few should no longer hold sway. Realty is a comparatively new field of endeavor. Apply the same acid test to it yourself that you would to any other business. Reason out for yourself the whys and wherefores and then act. The age of inquisitional realty criticism is past; the renaissance is at hand; great progress, with resultant profit for the thinker, is in the making.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Iuman. The eighth and last will appear in an early issue.



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CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

BODY BY FISHER

follow the ARROW and you follow the style

MALL

ARROW
WING
COLLARS

There is nothing smarter than a well adjusted wing collar and a smartly tied bow. The combination is the favored neck dress this fall both for day and evening wear. It might be very properly termed the distinguishing mark of the smartly turned out man —of the man who cares enough about his appearance to inject into it something of his own discriminating personality.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., *Makers*, TROY, N.Y.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

are futile and corrupt and that nothing may be expected of them frequently is made. Often it is received with a good deal of approbation. Many men wish to be regarded as serious thinkers entirely free from party chains. But, so far as it is possible for a political party to accomplish anything, everything that has been accomplished in this country since 1860 must be credited to the two old parties. In the period indicated the serious thinkers have organized more than fifty political parties with the object of getting something done. Fewer than a dozen of these survived the campaigns in which they had their genesis. None of them succeeded in enacting a single piece of constructive legislation. With two or three feeble exceptions, they are all dead and forgotten. Neither the Republicans nor the Democrats are any better than they should be, but the indications are that for the next twenty-five or fifty years the country must depend upon them to do whatever gets done.

The theory of a noted scientist that a hundred years hence everything will be done by electricity has been well received. But those who have been at pains to study the question carefully are convinced that he has forecast a makeshift millennium. Likely it will be as unpopular as the present system. In the nature of things, somebody must turn on the electricity. To a man who has nothing else to do, turning on the electricity speedily will become an onerous and annoying task.

The best way to get money is to earn it. The second best way to get money is to establish a reputation for honesty and integrity so firmly as to be able to borrow it at the bank.

The barber shop has more members than any other social organization in this country. The failure of the attempt to establish a men's club in our town three years ago largely was due to the fact that nine-tenths of those eligible to membership already belonged to one or more of the three barber shops. —*Jay E. House.*

The Tales the Barbers Tell

AFTER the day is over
And the passers-by are rare,
The lights burn low in the barber shop
And the shades are drawn with care,
To hide the haughty barbers
Cutting each other's hair.

And dreadful tales they whisper
To the music of the shears,
How even the deftest razor slips
And cleaves the client's ears;
And here is the dreadfulest story
The seated barber hears:

"A customer came to the parlor
And sank in the barber's chair
As a tired child sinks in his mother's arms
And rests and huddles there;
His beard was lank and tangled,
And burs were in his hair.

"'A shave!' I heard him mutter
In accents soft and low;
I shaved him twice; and then I said,
'A haircut, sir, also?'
A red-hot towel enswathed him,
He could not answer no.

"I used the shears and clippers,
The whisk and air blast too;
And then I whispered in his ear:
'Excuse me, sir, but you
Urgently need our Special
Egg Gasoline Shampoo.'

"I think I heard him murmur,
I think that he agreed;
I soaped and beat and ground his head
Till it began to bleed;
'A face massage?' His silence
Signified 'Proceed!'

"I cured his hair of dandruff
With all the cures there are,
I rubbed his scalp with alcohol,
I scrubbed his face with tar,
I singed his hair and dressed it
With oil and vinegar.

"All of my art I lavished
On that unworthy head;
'Rise up, rise up, go kingly forth,
For I have done!' I said.
But never a word he answered;
My customer was dead!"

This is the dreadful story
That barber tells whene'er
The shades are drawn in the barber shop
And the midnight mazdas flare
On the hushed and haughty barbers
Cutting each other's hair.
—*Morris Bishop.*

Uplift Lady—"My Good Woman, Have You No Ambition to Rise Above Your Present Station?"
Scrub Person—"Yes, Madam, but I Find it Difficult. I am Princess Romanovitch"

Why, Without Realizing It, You May Need

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

There are three main groups of prospective buyers of Chevrolet automobiles and commercial cars.

First, are all who know from comparisons or through the experiences of friends that Chevrolet provides the utmost dollar value in modern, economical transportation of people or merchandise. This group constitutes our spontaneous market; its members walk right into our dealers' places of business and buy Chevrolets.

Second, the large group of people with modest incomes who have the false impression that so good a car as Chevrolet is beyond their means.

They do not realize that, due to engineering excellence and full modern equipment, Chevrolet operating and maintenance costs average so low that during the life of the car it delivers modern, comfortable, fast transportation at the lowest cost per mile, *including the purchase price.*

The tremendous growth of our business during the last two years has been due to the shifting of thousands from this group to the first group.

Third, the smaller but very important group of people of ample means, able to buy the highest priced cars, only a small percentage of whom as yet realize that Chevrolet combines quality features of much higher priced cars with such operating economy that as an extra car it virtually costs them nothing, due to the reduction in their transportation expenses effected by it.

Every 2- or 3-car private garage in the country should have at least one Chevrolet for daily use going to and from work or for milady's shopping, neighborhood calls, taking the children to school, etc.

This message, then, is addressed to all in the second and third groups. We respectfully suggest consideration, investigation and comparison of Chevrolet with any other car at any price. The result will be to our mutual benefit.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

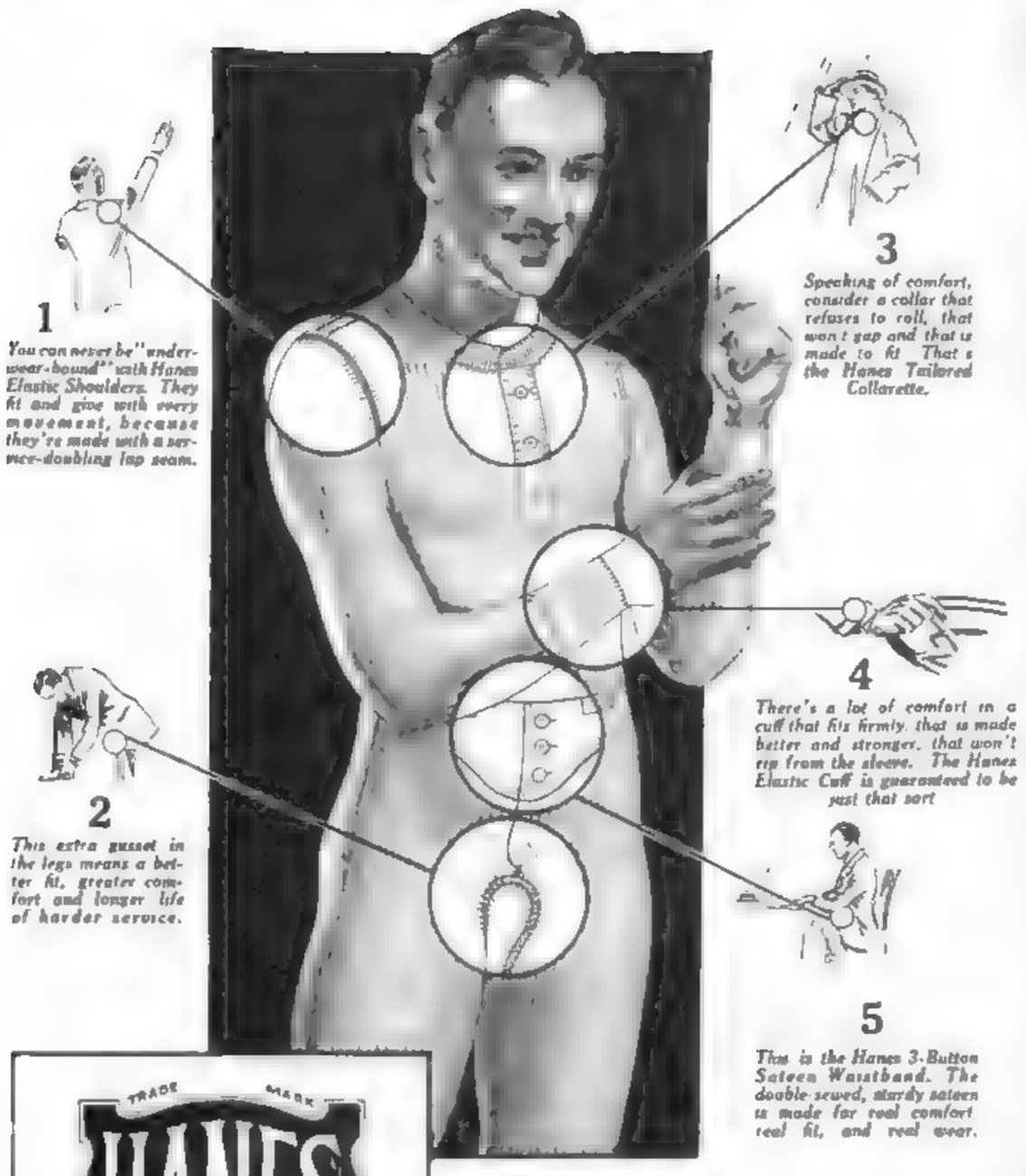
Division of General Motors Corporation

Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give Chevrolet the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.

Chevrolet Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

Prices F. O. B. Flint, Mich.	
Superior Roadster	$490
Superior Touring	495
Superior Utility Coupe	640
Superior Sedan	795
Commercial Models	
Superior Commercial Chassis	395
Superior Light Delivery	495
Utility Express Truck Chassis	550

Superior Sedan
Now Only $795
f. o. b. Flint, Mich.


1
You can never be "underwear-bound" with Hanes Elastic Shoulders. They fit and give with every movement, because they're made with a service-doubling lap seam.
2
This extra gusset in the legs means a better fit, greater comfort and longer life of harder service.
3
Speaking of comfort, consider a collar that refuses to roll, that won't gap and that is made to fit. That's the Hanes Tailored Collarette.
4
There's a lot of comfort in a cuff that fits firmly, that is made better and stronger, that won't rip from the sleeve. The Hanes Elastic Cuff is guaranteed to be just that sort
5
This is the Hanes 3-Button Sateen Waistband. The double-sewed, sturdy sateen is made for real comfort real fit, and real wear.
TRADE MARK
HANES
ELASTIC KNIT
UNDERWEAR

You can't over-rate HANES value

JUST look over the five points that make every Hanes garment fit and feel like the most expensive underwear you ever had on. Then you'll know why there's a heap of winter comfort in Hanes. The silky cotton next your skin is down-soft—not a scratch in it—and as snug and comfortable as a kitten's coat.

And wear! Hanes is guaranteed absolutely down to the last stitch and button. Seams are non-irritating and never rip. Buttonholes last as long as the garment itself. Buttons are sewed on to stay. The tub holds no terrors for this guaranteed underwear.

Did you ever hear of such underwear value? For money well spent there is no underwear made that can surpass Hanes. Look a garment over—wear it and you will agree with us that the prices are absolutely sensational.

You can get Hanes union suits, as well as shirts and drawers, in light, medium and heavy weights. If you can't buy them near you, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Put the boy in Hanes: They are the same hard wearing quality, the same comfort, warmth and perfect fit that go into the men's. Two weights—medium and heavy. Sizes 2 to 16 years (sizes 20 to 34). 2 to 4 year sizes with drop seat. Made also in knee-length and short sleeves.

HANES GUARANTEE: We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

P. H. HANES KNITTING COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Next summer wear Hanes full cut athletic Union Suits!

AMERICA IN TURKEY

(Continued from Page 15)

is better off because of her magnificent chain of rivers. It is because of this lack of railway facilities that the Chester concession, which calls for the construction of 2500 miles of track, is so valuable. All the details of this concession will be discussed in a subsequent chapter.

As a consequence, the cost of transport of merchandise in Turkey is so high as to be almost absurd. An American formerly in the consular service, who is now engaged in the export and import business at Constantinople, told me this story, which provides an apt illustration: He bought 275 cases of apples which were packed in boxes, each one weighing 100 pounds. The cost of carrying them eighty miles overland from the interior to Samsun, the port from which they were shipped, was exactly $350, or more than the total freight cost of similar freight from Minneapolis to Constantinople. With such an overhead as this, you can readily see that Turkey must have an improvement in her transport before any importer can do business on a profitable basis.

To round out the cycle of handicaps that invest Turkey in this economic transition, it is necessary to say that after twelve years of continuous warfare a considerable area is devastated; that the native population, which now constitutes all the workers, is greatly reduced because of casualties; that the abolition of the capitulations, and the failure so far to engage foreign financial advisers, will check the inflow of alien capital; that amid a new nationalism almost gone mad the much-advertised self-sufficiency is a theory that will encounter many difficulties before it is translated into reality.

With this background, we can now disclose what America has done in Turkey, and what she can do. Save for the mobilization and distribution of the bulk of the tobacco crop and a capable development in the oil business, which represent our best achievements so far, our general record in the past is not particularly gratifying. We have made some praiseworthy attempts to get our hooks in general Turkish business, but have not succeeded. In the account of the two most conspicuous failures that have been registered there may possibly be a constructive lesson for future venturers in the field.

Unlucky Ventures

The first concerns a foreign-trade corporation which set up shop under the most favorable auspices. The idea was to buy and sell any kind of commodity, but with special reference to motor transport, accessories, benzine and oils. So far as the automobile end was concerned, the judgment was excellent, because, as I have already pointed out, one of Turkey's acute needs is for transport, although the roads are not particularly good. A school for chauffeurs was organized and lectures were given in the Turkish language by competent engineers.

The whole idea was admirable; but it did not work out, and for many reasons. As has been the case of American foreign-trade attempts in nearly every other country in the world, the American pioneers in Turkey started in to try to sell the people goods that they did not want. To illustrate: A shipload of high Arctic rubbers was unloaded at Constantinople. Most of the Turks had never heard of this kind of footgear, and, unlike the Japanese, they are not easily excited about foreign innovations in attire. As a result, these shoes were a drug on the market.

This particular company had been largely financed by a group of tobacco magnates in New York who got the idea that they could tie up the purchase of the Turkish tobacco they needed in the manufacture of cigarettes with general merchandizing. Part of the scheme was to use the tobacco buyers at the ports and in the interior of the country as selling agents for goods. The tobacco men knew their tobacco job, but they naturally were not trained salesmen of automobiles and clothing. What might have been a highly advantageous consolidation of interests failed utterly.

Despite all these errors in judgment, the company finally struck its stride, and then the inevitable American thing happened. The promoters shut up shop just when they were beginning to turn the corner. I use the phrase "the inevitable American thing happened" because the experience of this corporation in Turkey is precisely like the experience of scores of other American enterprises in China and South America, where cold feet have been responsible for a great deal of our lack of commercial prestige. Unlike the Englishman or the German, who takes root in a foreign soil and sticks there through adversity, the American business man abroad is inclined to be discouraged easily, and in many instances quits when he is about to make good. As is the case in negotiations with the female sex, a faint heart never wins in the struggle for foreign trade.

More deplorable was the inability of a certain great trust company to get over its branch in Constantinople. Here was a failure that was a direct blow at American prestige in the Near East; and, like the case of the foreign-trade corporation to which I have referred, is not without its moral.

This bank was established with a great blare of trumpets. In honor of its opening a great banquet was given by the managers at the leading hotel in Constantinople, to which many Turkish dignitaries and the whole American colony were invited. The resident manager made a speech in which he declared that America had unfurled its financial flag in Constantinople and there it would remain. Of course, all this was heartening to those Americans who had long hoped that just such a consummation would come to pass. No concern could have been inaugurated with a greater good will.

Western Methods in the East

Moreover, the establishment itself was on a par with the spectacular pronunciamento of what was to be accomplished. Private wires to brokers were installed. This very fact was one of the causes of the undoing, because this bank tried to do business in Constantinople on the New York lines. Once more you have the universal American weakness in the invasion of the foreign field. The German and the Englishman does business with the South American, for example, in the way that he has been accustomed to do business. We, however, seek not only to impose our ideas of merchandise on the alien buyer but our methods of selling as well.

This bank had been accustomed to doing business in America on a small margin of credit, because the turnover is usually quick. It tried the same thing in Constantinople, only to discover that the turnover sometimes takes four or six months, and many things can happen in that time, especially in a part of the world where transport is so inadequate and peace is precarious. Heavy losses at once developed. Then, instead of specializing in straight business, the bank began to deal heavily in foreign exchange, always a hazardous proposition in Oriental countries. The Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank can afford to indulge in this activity, first, because it controls foreign business in China and second, because it fixes the rates for exchange every day.

When a certain Armenian firm failed, the American bank that I am describing suffered a loss overnight of more than $1,000,000 gold. Apparently no consideration of the results of the war between Turkey and Greece was taken. This loss was the last straw. The bank was closed and what business and good-will it had on hand were sold to a Greek institution.

Even with the losses that I have enumerated, the bank might have made good with proper retrenchment, because there is a definite field for an American concern of this kind in Constantinople. When the matter was put up to the directors of the parent company in New York they voted for a liquidation, and the outpost of American money authority which had been inaugurated with so much eclat went into eclipse.

There was more to this failure than the mere closing down of a branch bank. So much spectacular publicity had been indulged in at the inaugural that the institution was looked upon by Turks, British, Germans, Italians, Belgians and Greeks as a symbol of American enterprise that would be the forerunner of a larger American expansion. When it quit, all American

(Continued on Page 48

PIERCE

Tonight, the *correct* car for the formal evening function—its dignity, its distinction, setting it apart from all others.

Next summer, the *sensible* car for the three-day run to mountain or seashore — its responsiveness, its eagerness, exhilarating those who love a high-spirited engine.

For any season, for any purpose, the Pierce-Arrow Enclosed Drive Limousine affords luxurious comfort—grateful protection in winter; open car airiness in summer. A turn of the handle converts it *completely* from a formal, chauffeur-driven car into a companionable, owner-driven Sedan.

It is a pleasure for any Pierce-Arrow distributor to demonstrate this or other models. All are powered by the Pierce-Arrow Dual-Valve, Dual-Ignition Engine.

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MAGNAVOX
Radio
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Continued from Page 46

endeavor got a jolt. But for the establishment of the branch of a well-known express company we should be without a single financial agency in Constantinople today.

I have dealt with only two major examples of our failure to capitalize opportunity. Let me now give an entirely different type. The key to transportation in present-day Turkey is the Anatolian railway, built by the Germans, which was part of that kindling dream of a Berlin-to-Bagdad system which would help to make the whole Near East an economic dependency of the German Empire that was. Conceived in the brain of George von Siemens, the financial genius who made the Deutsche Bank part of the German Foreign Office, and developed by Arthur von Gwinner, his no less efficient pupil and understudy, it had become a profitable concern when the World War broke. It was also a sort of spearhead that Germany aimed at the heart of India, which was also to be included in the vast scheme for commercial and other assimilation, because, once completed, it would have brought German armies to the gates of Delhi before a British fleet could reach Bombay.

With a foresight that was almost uncanny, the Deutsche Bank tied up the control of the Anatolian railway with the control of the Bank for Oriental Railways at Zurich. In other words, the ownership of the bank stock meant the ownership of the railway. When the war ended the Anatolian railway escaped being dumped into the jack pot of reparations. A wise piece of business precaution this, you may well say.

When Europe began to pick up the threads of trade after the Armistice the Deutsche Bank had a distinct asset in the Anatolian railway. The bank made it safe from confiscation by the procedure I have just described. I am betraying no confidence when I say—and I speak from actual contact with the men who sought to put this deal through—that on two occasions the option for the purchase of the Bank for Oriental Railways was put up to American financiers and in each instance it was turned down. So far as I know, this fact is disclosed here for the first time.

Economic Penetration

With control of the Anatolian railways, plus the advantages of the Chester concession, the United States could be the economic master of Turkey today. It is not only a going and money-making concern, and as such more valuable than a concession to be built, but it has valuable mineral rights. The Bank for Oriental Railways has lately been acquired by a powerful British banking group, and even if we succeed in realizing a part of the Chester project, it will be a dangerous competitor, economically and politically, of our most pretentious enterprise in Turkey.

This reference to the Anatolian railroads brings us to the one-time German economic conquest of Turkey, which was the most interesting of all the prewar commercial achievements in the Near East, and which may be resumed now that the ban on the Teuton in that part of the world has been lifted. Until the evacuation of Constantinople by Allied troops was completed on October first, the German was not permitted to do business on his own in Turkey. He did so, however, under the camouflage of being a Swiss or Scandinavian national. In scores of shops I saw unmistakable German products that bore an alien label.

Because the German program was a model of economic penetration—the political aspect with which it was intertwined was no less complete—it may be well to rehearse it briefly for the many lessons to us that it conveys. Curiously enough, the Turks have always despised the Germans; but they did not hesitate to use them. On the part of the German, the same attitude and result obtained. In the end each undid the other. Germany lured Turkey into the mess of a world war and both suffered a common defeat. The Turks, however, have been reborn politically, and now face the task of commercial regeneration, while the Germans are nearly down and out nationally, but still retain their immense productive machine.

The capture of Turkish commerce by the Germans in the Near East was due to two specific things. One was the careful conduct of the German merchant, and his capacity to meet the wishes of the client with regard to the quality of the goods, and the form best suited to the needs of the country and the customer, which was in sharp contrast with the well-known and costly take-it-or-leave-it attitude of the average American and in many cases British—producer. The other was the perfect support rendered the Teutonic exporter by the German Government.

When the former German emperor and his advisers determined on the capture of Turkey they meant to do so both commercially and politically. You have seen how the Berlin-to-Bagdad railway was a spearhead aimed at India. German diplomats aided the Berlin Foreign Office in trade matters, and the Deutsche Bank, with its world-wide connections, backed them up. As I have already pointed out, the Deutsche Bank began in Turkey through the medium of the Anatolian railway. This was soon followed by a group of German or German-controlled banks which not only did a regular banking business but acted as clearing houses for commerce. The bank not only obtained agents in Turkey for the German producer but financed him as well. It would advance as high as 80 per cent against the bills of lading. Having a big branch on the spot, it was able to appraise every transaction at first hand and keep in close touch with the transaction. This is why it is so vital for us to have an American bank in Constantinople if we are to go in for any kind of trade exploitation.

German Methods in Turkey

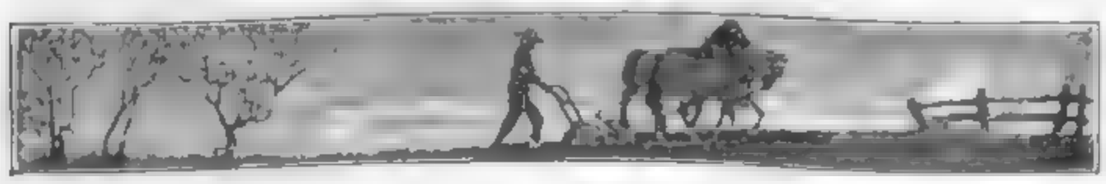
The organization of the Deutsche Bank at Constantinople represented the last word in the machinery for commercial mastery. It mobilized a host of experts who might be useful in the development of railway, dock, drainage, mining and other productive schemes. Every German consul or vice consul was an unofficial agent of the bank. The vice consuls and even the consul general did not hesitate to pay personal visits to the smallest firms or the humblest individuals to obtain grist for the big German mill that was grinding out business. The Germans went on the theory that accurate information was an essential to overseas trade and they gathered it in gobs. The result was that at the Deutsche Bank Building in Berlin was a sample room and library where German manufacturers could find out all that there was to be known about Turkey and her requirements.

A veteran observer at Constantinople gave me the following line on the old German procedure:

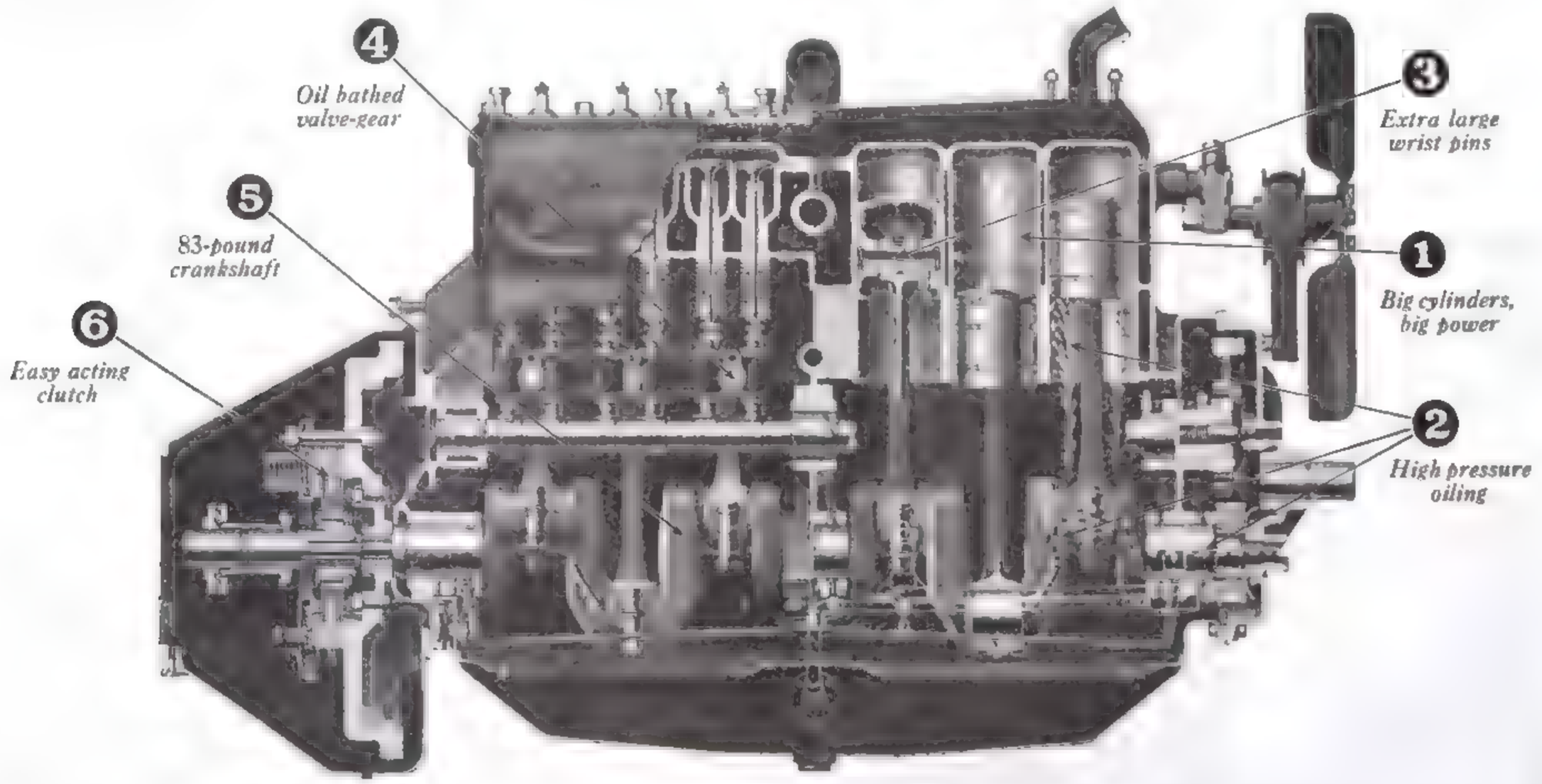
"Successful business concerns carried on by subjects of other nationalities in the Near East were marked down by the consuls and their methods investigated. If the German consuls could not get the information they wanted, they enlisted one of the German-controlled banks, and with its assistance the system adopted by the concern in question was bared. To attain this object the banks would approach such businesses, offering high interest on current accounts, facilities for overdrawing and other financial advantages. The acceptance or even provisional entertainment of such offers enabled the bank to make a careful study of the resources of its clients, their manner of business and the character of their customers, with the result that one day either a German competitor would appear on the market under the auspices of the bank, or German participation in the concern would be suggested. In a short time the principals would be bought out, or the firm would be compelled to come to some arrangement with the German competitor. Otherwise a cutthroat competition would ensue which would often entail ruin."

In addition the German Government promoted what we call trade excursions from Germany to Turkey every year. Manufacturers, exporters and importers by the hundred made these trips on special trains which were elaborately advertised and which were distinct events. This spectacular procedure made a great hit with the

(Continued on Page 50)



THE FAMOUS JEWETT SIX MOTOR—PAIGE BUILT



The Heart of Jewett's Spirited Performance

Perfected Through Two Billion Miles—Seven Years' Service

HERE'S the motor that has made Jewett Six winner in a hundred hill-climbing contests. The motor that accelerates Jewett from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds, in high gear. The motor that pulls Jewett ahead first when the traffic whistle blows. It is the BIGGEST motor ever put into a car in the $1000 class—and the best proved! The Jewett buyer is not experimenting.

When Paige engineers first created this Jewett Six motor in 1917, it was for the Paige 42—a $1900 car. It was greatly improved and continued in the Paige 44, with ever-increasing success. In 1922 this Paige-built motor with many betterments became the heart of the Jewett Six. More than 2 billion miles of service in 110,000 cars have proved Jewett's motor! Constant refinements have kept it the leading motor in its field.

1 ***Big cylinders, big power.*** Extra cylinder size gives Jewett amazing power—actually 50 horsepower. Each cylinder is 3¼-inch bore, 5-inch stroke—giving the motor 249 cubic inches piston displacement. Piston displacement determines power. Don't be misled by claimed "horsepower." Figure piston displacement this way (for example using Jewett bore and stroke):

Bore	Bore	Constant	Stroke	No. of cylin.	
3.25 in	× 3.25 in	× 3.14	× 5 in.	× 6	= 249 cu. in
4					

Prove to yourself Jewett's extra power by figuring this for any $1000 car.

2 ***High pressure oiling.*** Jewett Six motor is oiled like the big Paige and other top quality cars. Jewett's oiling system isn't just a "splash" system or a "pressure" system to main bearings. It's a HIGH PRESSURE, hollow crankshaft system that forces 2 gallons of oil per minute through main bearings—AND CONNECTING ROD BEARINGS—and sprays the entire internal mechanism. Metal never rubs metal—always a thin film of oil between. When you drive for miles at high speed or at slow speed on bad hills or through soft going, there is always enough oil forced under 20 to 40 pounds pressure, to lubricate all working parts thoroughly. Hence Jewett's long motor life—smooth, quiet, "peppy" performance. Overhauling need is long postponed. No better oiling anywhere than in Jewett's time-tested motor!

3 ***Extra large wrist pins.*** Wrist pins are hidden, but vital to a motor's success. The power blow at each explosion is transmitted through the wrist pin in each piston. Jewett's pins are large—much larger than the pins used in other cars in its class. A Jewett wrist pin is the size of a quarter, others the size of a dime. Extra strength of Jewett's wrist pins contributes to Jewett's long motor life and continued sweet-running harmony and silence.

4 ***Oil bathed valve-gear.*** The oil sprayed by the high pressure system reaches the camshaft and pushrods of Jewett's valve assembly. They are bathed in oil. Small wonder at quiet operation! Valves are 1 9/16 inches in diameter. Valve springs are made of expensive electric furnace vanadium steel. The entire valve assembly is utterly accessible. Adjustments are easily made, so there need never be noise through wear. Truly, a marvel of mechanical ingenuity.

5 ***83-pound crankshaft.*** That's a heavy shaft—much heavier than is used in comparable cars. Jewett engineering standards require a crankshaft material that tests to an elastic limit of 70,000 pounds per square inch. It's an immense shaft to handle Jewett's immense power. In precision of manufacture, in composition of metal, in care in inspections, in balance—Jewett's crankshaft compares point by point with those in far more costly cars.

6 ***Easy acting clutch.*** With the new Paige-type clutch, however fast you lift your foot you can neither stall the motor nor jerk the car. The reason? A light-weight driven clutch member, weighing less than 3½ pounds, has one-third the usual weight, and with one-third the momentum, quickly adjusts itself to speed changes. Jewett's clutch positively amazes those who are accustomed to pause to avoid clash or "missing." Having six springs instead of one, it engages smoothly and releases under the gentlest foot pressure.

Now you understand why this veteran Jewett Six motor performs so well and stays so good! Among all $1000 cars—yes, including cars up to $1500—Jewett welcomes expert comparisons as to power, performance, ruggedness and HISTORY! Your demonstration in a Jewett Six will open your eyes to the advantages of buying this proven motor—will show you, when you sit at the wheel and drive—why Jewett Six tops the $1000 field. (606)

Touring $1065
Brougham $1325
Sedan $1495

JEWETT SIX

PAIGE BUILT

Special Roadster $1195
Special Touring $1220
Special Sedan $1695
Prices at Detroit. Tax extra.

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

The Corbin Unit Lock —the best lock made for a door.

The best place for a keyhole?

In the knob, of course

WHY fumble around in the dark for an elusive keyhole? Grasp the knob of a Corbin Unit Lock and the keyhole comes to meet you

Economical—5 to 8 Corbin Unit Locks can be put on in the time it takes to install one of any other type of lock. Can't be put on so they won't work their best.

Substantial—the first ones made, more than 20 years ago, are still in service. Made of solid bronze and brass only

The lock—for outside doors of your home—and for office, store or factory doors. Wide variety of designs and finishes. Your architect will tell you that the Corbin Unit Lock is a great lock and that Corbin is a name that always means Good Hardware

Illustrated literature describing Corbin Unit Locks sent on request

P. & F. CORBIN

The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA

Continued from Page 48

Turks, who love display and who like to be coddled.

No less complete was the organization for the export trade from Turkey. If a Turk wanted to ship his goods to Germany, America or elsewhere, the Deutsche Bank at Constantinople, or some other German financial institution, made inquiries in Berlin for the most likely market and the customer or customers found. You may be sure that at no stage of the game was the German intermediary overlooked.

There is no need of referring to the political intrigue by which Germany forced the Turks to enter the Great War on the side of the Central Powers, because our interest just now is purely economic.

There is a by-product of this, however, that bears on future German commercial interests in Turkey which must be pointed out

The principal German liaison officer between the German Great Headquarters and the Sublime Porte at Constantinople was a certain Captain Humann. He is the son of a famous German archæologist who has spent many years in Turkey, was born near Smyrna and speaks Turkish as well as any native. In some respects he is more Turkish than German. He had served in the German navy under Prince Henry, the former Kaiser's brother, before the war, and when hostilities broke out in August, 1914, was sent to Constantinople to help to get Enver Pasha and Talaat Pasha to do the German bidding. As everybody knows, he and his colleagues succeeded.

Now for the aftermath. When I had my second interview with Hugo Stinnes in Berlin last year, Captain Humann was present. At that time I had no idea of going to Turkey, but he dilated on the economic advantages that the country held out. The important fact that I want to emphasize is that Humann had become the Stinnes agent for Turkey. Last August I learned at Berlin that he is now the chief lieutenant of the Teutonic Crœsus. It means that in the new deal Germany will make every effort to come back in Turkey. Whether the Turks continue to dislike the Germans or not, they will yield to that inevitable advantage that comes with the best terms and satisfactory service; this, too, despite the fact that Kemal Pasha assured me at Angora that he would check any attempt on the part of the Germans to redeem their vanished prestige.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

OUR MISS KEANE

Continued from Page 18

whit worse off, and her going on with her job would benefit the world not at all.

Miss Keane examined this thought with dismay and protest, but she knew that she was seeing the truth. And having accepted this new viewpoint on her job, she dismissed it, for with characteristic common sense she knew that there was nothing immediate to be done about it. She had spent the best fifteen years of her life building up her job and she could not change it now

Then how make up for what her job lacked? Wider friendships? She shook her head. Friendships were not enough. Charity? She sent checks at Christmas to various organizations, but now this sort of charity seemed cold indeed.

She walked restlessly and wearily back to the window. The sky was rapidly lighting, and already she could make out in her room the pattern of the chintz. She would be a wreck for business today. How futile, this irruption of unhappiness into the ordered discipline of her life. But what could she do? How could she assuage this loneliness? If it was true that life demanded to be given more than she gave, then what was it life wanted from her?

It was at this point that Miss Keane suddenly stopped in her pacing and stared with a dismay that was almost terror at the gray square of the window. Almost as clearly as if it were just outside that window she was seeing a bleak and battered apartment house. Her imagination traveled up its stairs and into a small rear flat. She sat in front of Mrs. Curley and felt again that sense of a garrison beleaguered and helpless.

"No!" cried our Miss Keane, and she made a gesture of complete dismay and repudiation. "No, no, I couldn't do that!"

For the idea that had come to her was overwhelming, even ludicrous. In outward circumstance she was as independent as any man; she had the income and the freedom of a successful man. Then she ought, she put it to herself, to assume the responsibilities that she despised any able man for not assuming. She ought to be the head of a family

Miss Keane's logic was terrible to her, for she saw all too well where it was driving her. She scurried frantically away from it. She looked about her quiet rooms and shuddered to imagine herself sharing them. And she heard herself saying, "I should have to take a house."

And then she knew that she was going to adopt the Curley family. She felt it with the kind of horror that a man feels who is being swept toward a precipice in a bad dream. She had to wake herself and she cried aloud sternly: "You're morbid, Katherine Keane. Go to bed, and in the morning maybe you'll have some sense"

It was true that in the morning common sense asserted itself, at least to the extent of enabling her to smile at the idea of adopting a family. That she should help Mrs. Curley with money she felt to be inevitable. The pathos of that beleaguered family, and her long strange thoughts of the night were still with her in daylight. And that morning she directed her secretary to find out what salary Tom Curley had been earning. In the evening she went carefully over her personal accounts again. Yes, she could manage to do something for Mrs. Curley without changing her own way of life very much. She could not, of course, contribute as much as Tom Curley had been earning, but Mrs. Curley could do something at home—plain sewing or something. She was vague about what a woman placed in such circumstances could do, and also there was an uneasy foreboding at the back of her mind that Mrs. Curley would not like to accept what would be practically alms; but she would accept, even if it made her unhappy. She would have to. And Miss Keane's face assumed its firmest expression.

She let a day or two pass while she matured her approach to Mrs. Curley, and during this period it occurred to her that perhaps she could cloak her charity under some guise of a sort of temporary pension from the firm. This might need some cooperation on the firm's part, however; so, late that afternoon, just before she left for home, she went into Jim Cousins' office.

He was alone and just locking his desk As usual when with him she spoke in her clearest-cut and most impersonal way.

"I went to see Tom Curley's widow the other day," she began, declining the chair he waved a hand toward, "and I find she has three children and no resources beyond a ridiculously small insurance. Therefore I have decided to advance her a certain sum each month until she gets on her feet. I should prefer to have her think it comes from the firm. Do you think Mr. Hartley will have any objection?"

Cousins stood beside his desk looking at her with a somewhat startled air. "May I ask what sum you propose to contribute?"

"That doesn't matter," she replied briskly. "It's my money, Mr. Cousins."

"Ouch!" He grinned at her, and the grin made him a boy in spite of the iron-gray at his temples. "You're terrible touchy, Miss Keane. And I'm afraid you're soft-hearted too. That's pretty fatal in this world."

Her tongue ached to retort "Then you're safe!" but years had taught her tongue to deny itself these pleasures. But it was true that he irritated her more than usual. He looked more than ever the confirmed, rather smug old bachelor, a handsome man, well-fed and contented, with, today, a rather secretive look in his eye. She felt herself bristling, as she often did with him

"There's no reason, is there, why I shouldn't help Mrs. Curley without being cross-questioned? I'm sure I've managed my own affairs long enough ——"

He held up a soothing hand. "Quite right! But, you see, there is a reason why you can't help Mrs Curley, not in the way you propose She's already provided for."

"What! How provided for?"

(Continued on Page 52)

DODGE BROTHERS
BUSINESS SEDAN

Recent improvements in the appearance and equipment of this Sedan adapt it, more perfectly than ever, to family as well as business use.

The headlamps, fenders and hardware, as well as the general lines of the car, reveal a new and striking beauty of design.

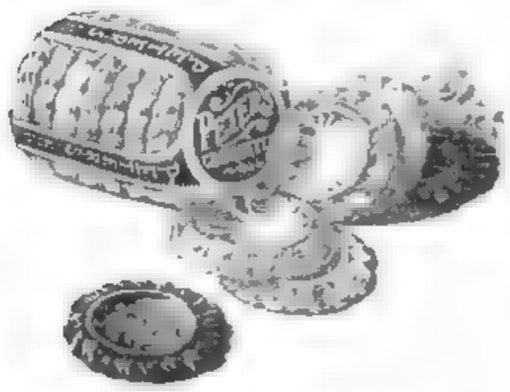
The body is swung lower to the road. The cowl instruments and control levers are more conveniently arranged. A transmission lock, knob-grip steering wheel, a combination stop signal and tail lamp, and other details have been added. Important chassis improvements have been made.

Most important of all, perhaps, new spring equipment throughout has resulted in a degree of riding comfort which can only be characterized as revolutionary.

The price is $1250 f. o. b. Detroit

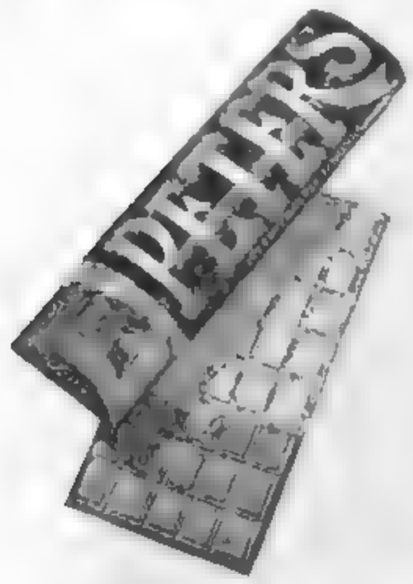
His same fine blend of 50 years ago

In his little Swiss kitchen fifty years ago, Daniel Peter experimented with infinite care—until he caught just the fine blend he was after. And that blend has remained the standard in quality for two generations.



Of the scores of varieties of cocoa beans, only six go into *Peter's*—and only certain choice grades of these. It is an art—roasting and blending these beans. And the *Peter's* process is still a secret. Even today only foremen thoroughly trained in Swiss methods have charge of this work.

The milk for *Peter's* is supplied from 4,000 cows—selected stock. This fresh, pure milk is turned into *Peter's* within a few hours after it is "milked."



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If unable to obtain Peter's promptly, write to Lamont, Corliss & Company, 131 Hudson Street, New York, sole selling agents.

High as the Alps in Quality

Peter's
MILK CHOCOLATE

(Continued from Page 50)

A momentary and most unusual confusion came into his face. He looked at her almost entreatingly. "Look here, promise you won't tell anyone? Maybe you'll think I'm nutty, but I've decided to adopt that family myself."

It is strange, but Miss Keane's sensations upon hearing Jim Cousins so complacently announce that he intended to adopt the Curley family, instead of being the relief and admiration she should logically have felt, were composed principally of shock. She felt exactly as if she had stretched out her hand toward something upon which she had deeply set her heart, and it had been snatched away. Secondarily she felt anger at the treachery of Jim Cousins, and underneath it there crept an inexplicable sense of cold desolation. In a single flash she saw Jim Cousins possessed of a family, while she went on her way alone. It was unbearable.

"You can't do it!" she cried, her face growing very handsome and flushed in her anger. "They're my family. I saw them first. It's ridiculous, anyway. You haven't even seen them, have you?"

"Oh, yes, I have. And I don't mind admitting I've fallen hard for those children. I could make something out of that boy. And the middle one, the little girl, you know, is a bit of all right."

"Perhaps you've fallen hard for Mrs. Curley too?"

He drew himself up with dignity. "Don't be silly, Miss Keane. My motives are the same as your own, and you know it."

"I apologize. I'm sorry." Miss Keane drew a long breath, struggling for self-control. "Have you told Mrs. Curley you intend to adopt her?"

He admitted that he had not, but that he intended to see her and broach the subject tomorrow, as soon as he had thought out the details.

"You may as well save yourself the trouble," said Miss Keane quickly. "For I intend to adopt the family myself. In fact, I have—have my eye on a house."

This was a whopping story, but she was scarcely aware of it in the immense astonishment she felt at hearing her own voice announcing something she had had no conscious intention of doing until that moment. But she was repaid by the dismay in Cousins' eyes.

"You told me you meant only to make them an allowance!"

"I didn't care to take anyone into my confidence quite yet."

"But the expense! You mustn't undertake it. It's a man's job. Really, look here, I can afford it and you can't. I've got nobody in the world but myself."

She heard her own voice suddenly high and quivering: "And I've got nobody but my own self. You're taking something away from me that I need. Do you understand that? Something I need."

They looked at each other in astounded silence. Miss Keane was scarlet with shame at this self-revelation of hers, and Mr. Cousins was first shocked, as by some upsetting miracle, and then horribly embarrassed. Both of them looked down at the good, solid, impersonal desk between them. Miss Keane was the first to recover herself.

"I mean that I have given the matter careful thought," she said precisely, "and I believe that everyone with an income sufficiently above his or her own reasonable needs should devote a part of that surplus toward doing something for the common good of society. Simply a matter of abstract justice."

Cousins' expression changed from embarrassment to one, oddly enough, of disappointment. His eyes resumed the faintly ironic smile they often wore when he talked to Miss Keane.

"Do sit down," he said, "and let's talk this over. Your reason sounds like something out of one of those Utopian books. If it was your real reason you would be content with merely expending your surplus income—I didn't know there was such a thing!—on the support of the Curley family. But you speak of a house. Do you mean that you intend to take them to live with you?"

"Certainly. It's the only way I could possibly afford to take care of them. I couldn't keep up two homes, you know."

She heard herself saying this with a groan of the spirit. This had not been at all her intention until the last five minutes. She felt a dreadful foreboding, a sick longing for her years of peace and privacy.

"But have you realized that it will be darned hard for you to get used to a family now? You have become"—he was about to say "set in your ways," but hastily changed it to—"used to your freedom. And kids are noisy, and things happen to them, and all that."

"Don't I know all that?" she cried crossly. "I don't pretend it will be anything but a fearful nuisance."

"Then you're moved to this sacrifice because of a theory, and not because you are—are fond of children, or anything like that?"

His scrutiny had a touch of wistfulness in it, but she did not observe it. She looked at him frankly and calmly. "I'm afraid of children and I'm fond of my own privacy, and I have an idea that Mrs. Curley, sweet as she is, may be a clinging vine. However, these things are all beside the principle at stake. I intend to adopt the Curley family and do the best I can for it. And that's all there is to it!"

Cousins passed his hand over his hair with a perplexed and rather annoyed gesture. "I'll bet a dollar I would make a better father than you would!"

A scornful heat crept up through Miss Keane's body, but before she could say anything more Cousins cried eagerly, "I have it! Let's put it up to Mrs. Curley, whether she would rather be adopted by you or by me!"

"That will hardly be fair to me. Mrs. Curley has a Southern accent." Miss Keane smiled drearily.

"Don't be frivolous, Miss Keane. Come on, be a sport. What do you say we go up there now and put it up to her?"

Miss Keane thought this over for an instant. Then she rose reluctantly. "Very well," she said. "But I don't believe you quite realize what you may be up against."

"We'll see!" cried Mr. Cousins gayly. "I rather fancy myself in the rôle of father. I've got a lot of theories I'd like to see tried out."

"On someone else's children!" sniffed Miss Keane, leading the way toward the Subway.

An hour later they were leaving the sad Bella Vista and again walking toward the Subway. They looked, each of them, a trifle puzzled, and their manner was subdued and thoughtful.

"Mrs. Curley," said Jim Cousins after a brief silence, "is a remarkable little woman."

Miss Keane gave a short laugh. "Do you realize we haven't arranged things at all as we came up here to do? Of course it was all very well her putting it that because Tom Curley had admired you so much she would like to put the children under your protection, and because she herself admired me so much she would like to choose me for their guardian ——"

"Adroit. But you must admit it was a bit embarrassing, our presenting ourselves before her and demanding that she choose between us, like that."

"Possibly. But she might have chosen one of us, instead of clinging to both of us, so to speak. It will be difficult."

"Not necessarily—if you're not stiff-necked about it. I will merely pay the rent of any house you choose, and you will run the family."

"How about your theories of the bringing up of a family?"

He removed his hat in order to run his hand through his hair, as was his habit when perplexed or amused. "Do you know, I have an idea little Mrs. Curley will run her own family—and maybe us too!"

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "It would be so much simpler if she hadn't insisted on both of us adopting her. I alone could manage the family. I should just be firm and make them understand it is an entirely impersonal arrangement. But you" she gave him a sidewise glance of some disdain "like all men, you are emotional."

He replaced his hat with an irritated clap. "I've sometimes wished to God you were, Miss Keane."

"You see," she said calmly, "we are quarreling already."

II

HAVING once put her hand to the plow, Miss Keane was the sort of person to make a clean and unwavering furrow. On the very morrow after her decision to adopt the Curley family, bag and baggage, she issued orders to her secretary to obtain a list of houses available in certain indicated neighborhoods. It must be within a short walk of the Central Park, for the children's sake; it must have a large sunny room on the second floor for a nursery, and it must, above everything, have a third floor suitable for herself.

For Miss Keane had no intention of being swallowed up by the Curley family. At intervals during the restless night after she had made her decision she planned her life as the head of a family. It must be fully understood with Mrs. Curley that she was the provider merely. She would be no sturdy oak on which Mrs. Curley could drape herself. She would on no account be guardian, nursemaid or adviser. Her privacy must be strictly observed, her independence kept sacred. Her whole attitude toward Mrs. Curley and her children she meant to keep as detached as possible. Only thus could she preserve any semblance of her former state of peaceful isolation.

Something of this arrangement she explained to Cousins when she took him to see the house she had finally chosen. She still resented his having a finger in this business of providing for a family, but since he was to pay the rent for the house it was only decent to give him a chance to inspect it before she signed the lease.

It was at luncheon time that they visited the house. The large rear room on the second floor was flooded with sunshine.

"This will be the nursery," said Miss Keane.

"Fine," replied Mr. Cousins. "We will have some bars put across those two windows, so the kids won't fall out. And how about a border of animals and geese and things around the wall next the ceiling? And—I say! you know those white enameled little tables and shelves and things they have for nurseries? Get some of those and send me the bill."

"No use being extravagant," interrupted Miss Keane coldly. "I will arrange with the owner to have the entire place redecorated and put into sanitary condition. And as for furniture, I'll get what is necessary of course."

"Oh, Lord! It's all very well to be sanitary, but let's be foolish too. Let's give those kids a regular jolly place to live in, something they'll look back on when they grow up."

"Mr. Cousins, those children must not be spoiled. Luxury at the beginning will only make them discontented later. Good food, sunshine and plain comfortable surroundings, that's all they need. And besides, I can't afford frills."

"Who's asking you to afford frills, Miss Keane? All I'm asking you to do is to let me furnish them."

"That wasn't in our agreement, Mr. Cousins."

"Oh, hang agreements! This isn't business, Miss Keane. Do please be human."

Miss Keane winced, stiffened. Anger and irritation were in the air, and on the pursed-up lips of Miss Keane and on the mocking lips of Mr. Cousins two unuttered sentences trembled:

"Selfish old bachelor! Knows nothing about children."

"Obstinate spinster! Lord help those kids."

The sun shone cheerily into the room that was to be a nursery, and the lady bachelor and the gentleman bachelor, each so well groomed, so competent and so successful, glared at each other, and each wondered what on earth the other was good for, anyway.

"Come upstairs," said Miss Keane, recovering herself first, owing to years of self-discipline, "and see what will be my quarters." They came to the foot of the third-floor stairway. "I shall have these stairs inclosed with a door at the bottom, so that I can shut myself off from the rest of the house completely," she said. "I shall have the floors relaid with soundproof felt. Otherwise the children's noise will come up here. In this way I think I can keep a good deal of my privacy. I shall breakfast up here. Mrs. Curley and I will have to dine together, I suppose. The children will have their supper in the nursery."

"Fine! In that way you'll hardly know you're the head of a family, will you?"

Cousins' smile was enigmatic, but she did not notice it, for as she looked around the rooms she was mentally placing her own chairs and tables in much the same positions they had always occupied, and reminding herself to investigate soundproof flooring. As she wandered off into the empty regions at the rear, Cousins slipped down to the room that was to be the nursery, and extending his arms he began to measure off the empty spaces of the walls.

(Continued on Page 54)

It does for you what you will not do !

YOU might get your teeth clean with an ordinary brush, if you would also clean between your teeth with dental floss, clean the backs of your back teeth with cloth wrapped on your finger, and massage your gums with your finger tips.

You will not take the time to do all this when you brush your teeth. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does it, with the least of effort, for you.

The curved shape of your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush permits the widely set, serrated (or saw-tooth style) bristles to reach and clean the crevices between the teeth. Ordinary brushes merely bridge over these crevices. The large end tuft of your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush reaches and cleans the backs of your back teeth. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives mild and stimulating massage to the gums, if you will remember to brush away from your gums.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush has these distinctive and essential features—curved brush shape and large end tuft. The curve, size, and shape of the Pro-phy-lac-tic brush handle, entirely different from that of any other tooth brush, make it easy for the widely spaced bristles, set serrated or saw-tooth style, to reach and clean the danger points in teeth that are often overlooked.

Make sure of tooth cleanliness. Remember, a clean tooth never decays. See that your tooth brush comes in the sanitary yellow box marked Prophylactic.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world in the sanitary **yellow box.** *Three sizes—adults', youths', and children's; made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium, and soft.*

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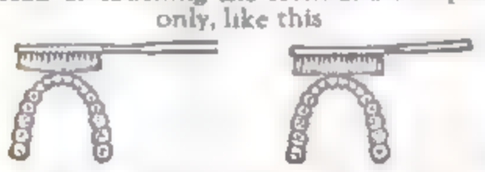
What happens when you brush your teeth

Brush your upper teeth downward.

Brush your lower teeth upward.

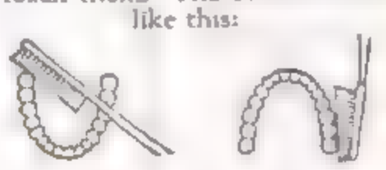
The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is curved to fit the jaw, like this:

Instead of touching the teeth at a few points only, like this



With the ordinary tooth brush, you cannot brush the backs of the teeth the same way that you clean the front, because the brush goes slantwise into your mouth, like this:

Non-tufted types of brushes cannot clean the backs of the back teeth, because the bristles cannot reach them. The bristles over-reach, like this:



The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does reach and clean the backs of the back teeth, like this.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic handle is curved the proper way to reach the back teeth, like this

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
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THE WORLD'S STANDARD TOOTH BRUSH. PRESERVES THE TEETH
A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS
Always Sold in the Yellow Box
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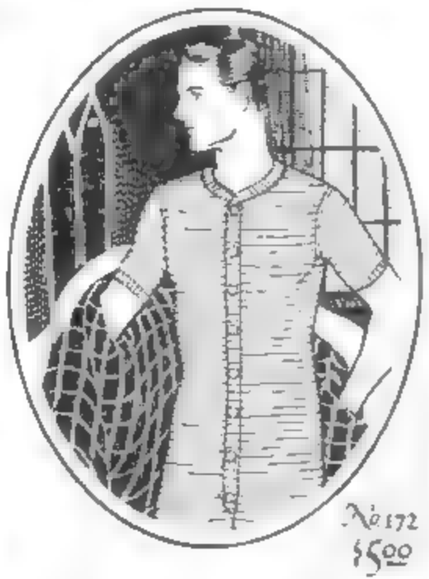

The "Skee-Stripe"
A Union Suit for Winter Sports

Like a thin ski-trail on the hillside, the soft white worsted face of these union suits is crossed by glistening mercerized stripes.

Men who wear light weight under-garments in the cities will need its additional warmth when they go to Montreal or Lake Placid.

It has Wilson Bro's new, shape-holding collarette, closed crotch and, of course, is spring needle knit. The fine mercerized stripes of conservative width are in white, light blue, lavender or novia. In your favorite sleeve or leg length.

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Hose, Belts, Garters, Suspenders, Cravats, Mufflers, Shirts, Nightshirts, Pajamas, Underwear, Handkerchiefs, Knit Gloves

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO

New York Paris

(Continued from Page 52)

Then he tiptoed into the small room adjoining the large bedroom at the front of the house, which Miss Keane had said would be the little boy's room, and here he stood in the middle of it, smiling absently. A shelf for books over a low table would fit in beside the window. Golly, the books he would buy for that shelf! And a chest there for tools and trophies and all that junk. A stout comfortable chair that a boy wouldn't be afraid of putting his feet in if he wanted to. A jolly picture or two on the walls.

Jim Cousins started guiltily and stepped out into the hall, for he heard Miss Keane coming down.

"All very satisfactory," he said. "Bring me in the lease tomorrow and I'll glance it through. But don't give it away in the office—my part in this, will you?"

"Mercy, no!" Miss Keane looked as shocked as if he had suspected her of an indiscretion.

They looked at each other, and suddenly they smiled, and into the pure pallor of Miss Keane's face came the faintest warmth.

"It's ridiculous, isn't it?" she murmured.

He knew that she meant the house and the family, and herself and himself. And this first evidence of a sense of humor in Miss Keane brightened his face.

"Come down to the Voisin and let's have a bite of lunch," he said.

Miss Keane hesitated, for it was one of her rules never to mix a business relation with anything of a personal flavor. This was the first time she had ever spent half an hour outside the office with any member of the firm, except for an occasional business luncheon with Tom Moran and an out-of-town customer. She firmly believed it to be a good rule. And therefore, though she had a sudden unusual distaste for lunching alone today, she shook her head.

"Thank you," she said politely, "but I must get back to the office. I have an appointment early this afternoon."

Cousins raised his hat, gave her one of his enigmatic smiles and left her standing on the doorstep.

"I don't know but what old Hartley is right," he was thinking. "K. Keane lacks elasticity. The old gentleman is pretty shrewd. He's watched her closely. There was a while when he thought there was no limit to what she might become in the business. But there's something she lacks. What is it? The kind of humanness, maybe, that makes mistakes, but grows. A kind of vitality that seems to be waning in her. She seems to be sort of crystallizing. I don't know—can't put my finger on the right word for it—old-maidish?"

Then he, too, smiled at himself as Katherine Keane had smiled when she accused him in her thoughts of selfish old bachelorhood.

"I'm an old bachelor," he thought, "but I'm not so darned set in my ways. But I suppose it's different with a man. He can have human contacts a girl like Miss Keane would be afraid of. She's a lady; fastidious, I suppose. Must be a queer kind of nunlike life she leads. Maybe that accounts for the feeling Hartley has about her—that she's reached the limit of her possibilities."

And he went swinging along toward luncheon, expanding his chest, holding his stomach well in, sending now and then an appreciative glance at the smart Park Avenue women. He was thankful he was a bachelor; he felt certain he had none of the stigmata of that state. But when he turned into the restaurant the head waiter took pains to seat him at the same little table and to give him the same waiter who always served him.

"Rich old bachelors," thought the head waiter, "are fussy. They get pretty set in their ways. Need a bit of human trouble to take it out of 'em."

Miss Keane set about furnishing the house with her usual methodical competency. She was somewhat annoyed by Cousins' persistent determination to furnish the nursery and the boy's room after a fancy of his own, but she gave in to him. And while the house was being painted and put into spick-and-span condition he was forever running in and out with samples of gay wall papers under his arms. Once he arrived in a taxicab with four nursery fire screens to try out, a tiny scarlet hammock, an electric milk warmer, three china cats and a low rocking-chair in which Mrs. Curley was supposed to rock the baby to sleep.

"They don't rock babies to sleep any more," said Miss Keane.

He looked so crestfallen that, queerly enough, she wanted to put out her hand and stroke him. In this softened moment she allowed him to hang the hammock in a corner of the nursery.

"They'll fall out of that thing and bump their heads," thought Miss Keane. "Then they'll cry. And if I'm home it will annoy me, I know. I didn't know a man could be so impractical."

But on the day when the last pieces of furniture were in place, the last curtain hung and the last rug laid down, Miss Keane felt an unexpected flutter of pleasure in her heart. Excitement too. For the house was full of an expectancy almost festive. The tall-ceilinged drawing-room on the first floor was homelike as it probably never had been in the days when expensive and formal things had furnished it. Chintzes at the windows and a cushion or two brightened it; the chairs were low and comfortable, and the lights were well placed for reading. "There!" Miss Keane thought, as she placed these lamps; "I hope Mrs. Curley will pass her evenings here and not invade my rooms."

In the freshly painted kitchen the new cook got her bearings amidst shining aluminum utensils. In the nursery Mr. Cousins was hanging the last of the six Rackhams in a row over the white enameled shelves. He finished and took from one pocket a swan and a duck.

"They told me the baby could lick these in her bath with impunity," he smiled, and took from the other pocket a box of candy with fairies on its cover.

Miss Keane took it firmly away from him. "I don't think children ought to have candy."

"But they're made especially for children."

They stood, frowning slightly at each other, when there came the sound of voices in the hall below.

"They've come!" Miss Keane started. She looked at Mr. Cousins almost anxiously. "I hope they'll like it."

"Bound to, bound to," asserted Mr. Cousins heartily. But they drew nearer together, as if suddenly they were nervous before a common uncertainty. "You go down first," whispered Cousins.

Miss Keane descended the stairs firmly. But down the last few steps she hastened, for the sight of the group in the hall below suddenly touched her poignantly. Mrs. Curley stood amidst her shabby belongings, the baby in her arms. The little boy and girl huddled back uncertainly against her skirts. Their round, half-frightened eyes rolled up at the ceilings, to them so high; the stairway, to them so grandly and mysteriously climbing upward. Miss Keane remembered that they had been born and lived their cramped lives in a Bronx flat, and she felt a swift thankfulness that Mr. Cousins had had his way with the nursery.

Mrs. Curley's face was like a white flower in the frame of her black veil, and in it there was a most piteous mingling of anxiety and wonder and pleading. "Oh, I didn't know it was such a beautiful house!"

Miss Keane at this moment would have given a great deal to be able to sweep the whole family into her arms with a spontaneous welcome, to kiss Mrs. Curley and be gay with the children. But it seemed as if the quality of spontaneity had rusted from disuse. She could only murmur primly, "Welcome home."

The blue eyes of Mrs. Curley were brimming. "How can I ever thank you, dear Miss Keane?"

"Don't try," said Miss Keane brusquely, hearing Mr. Cousins' footstep behind her.

Mr. Cousins, it was evident at once, had a way with children. Within a few minutes the small boy, Jack, and the little girl, Rosie, lost their solemnity, and put their hands in his. Within the door of the nursery they stood still, silently drinking in the gay little tables and chairs, the blue-and-primrose rug, the hammock and the shelf of toys, the fire screen, wherein was woven in copper a procession of lively beasts.

The delphinium-blue eyes of the little boy grew ful, of a shining wonder. "Are we going to live here?" he whispered.

"Sure! It's all yours. Make yourself at home, old man."

Jack drew a long quivering breath. "And the hall, and downstairs? Won't the janitor ——"

"There isn't any janitor, old chap. The whole house is yours, except ——" Mr. Cousins was visited by a sudden thought. Taking their hands, he led them to the closed door at the foot of the third story. "You see that door?"

They nodded, round-eyed.

"Up there lives Miss Keane," he went on solemnly. "It's her castle. You're never to go up there without an invitation, understand?"

"Doesn't she like us?" inquired Rosie in her tiny clear voice.

Miss Keane, coming up the stairs from a conference with the cook, heard the words, and saw the three standing with grave eyes fixed upon the closed door.

"Of course she likes you," Cousins was saying hastily, "but she likes to be alone better. Oh, there you are, Miss Keane! I was explaining that when this door is closed the drawbridge is up."

"Thanks!" returned Miss Keane dryly. "Saves me the trouble."

She went on up to her castle. And although she had closed the stair door behind her, she was aware of faint sounds from below. The nursery was directly under the room she had chosen for her sitting room. Evidently Mr. Cousins was now showing the nursery to Mrs. Curley. She could hear Mrs. Curley's pretty voice, with its hint of a Southern accent, delightedly exclaiming, punctuating the rapturous gurgles of the children. There came a bump, a shout of laughter from Cousins, a shriek of delight from Rosie. Someone had fallen out of the hammock already.

"Swing me, Mither Couthins!"

"What a penetrating voice that child has!" thought Miss Keane.

She drew a long nervous breath and tried to relax under the assurance that up here she was in her own domain. No one could come in upon her without permission; here were all her own belongings: her favorite chairs and chintzes arranged exactly as usual; her bedroom, exquisite in its order and convenience; her tea table, with its electric kettle and toaster. She reminded herself that she need not dine downstairs if she preferred not to. She had made it clear to Mrs. Curley that they were to have very little in common save the roof over them.

But the faint sound of voices and laughter she could not shut out. For nearly fifteen years she had lived alone, and she felt now an unreasonable sense of invasion. She was tensely aware of everything going on in the house. Especially she was aware of Cousins' voice and his laughter.

"If he's so bewitched by children and a nursery, why hasn't he married and had his own instead of interfering here, upsetting everything? He'll spoil those children. What are they doing now?"

For now the clink of dishes came up. Cousins could be heard in the hall: "Another glass of milk, Sarah, and a plate for me."

And Mrs. Curley's voice, quite gay: "Never mind, Sarah. I'll get them."

Cousins was having supper with the children in the nursery. Mrs. Curley was waiting on them all. Miss Keane could imagine her flying about down there, with her girlish figure, her deft hands and that way she had with her children, as if they were all good pals and understood one another. She probably had the same way with Jim Cousins.

And an unreasonable, inexplicable sense of desolation came over Miss Keane's spirit. She had expected this moment to bring her peace and satisfaction, and instead here was this loneliness back upon her. Her lips trembled, but she tightened them. She closed the door into the hall, turned the key in the lock and sat down in front of her desk.

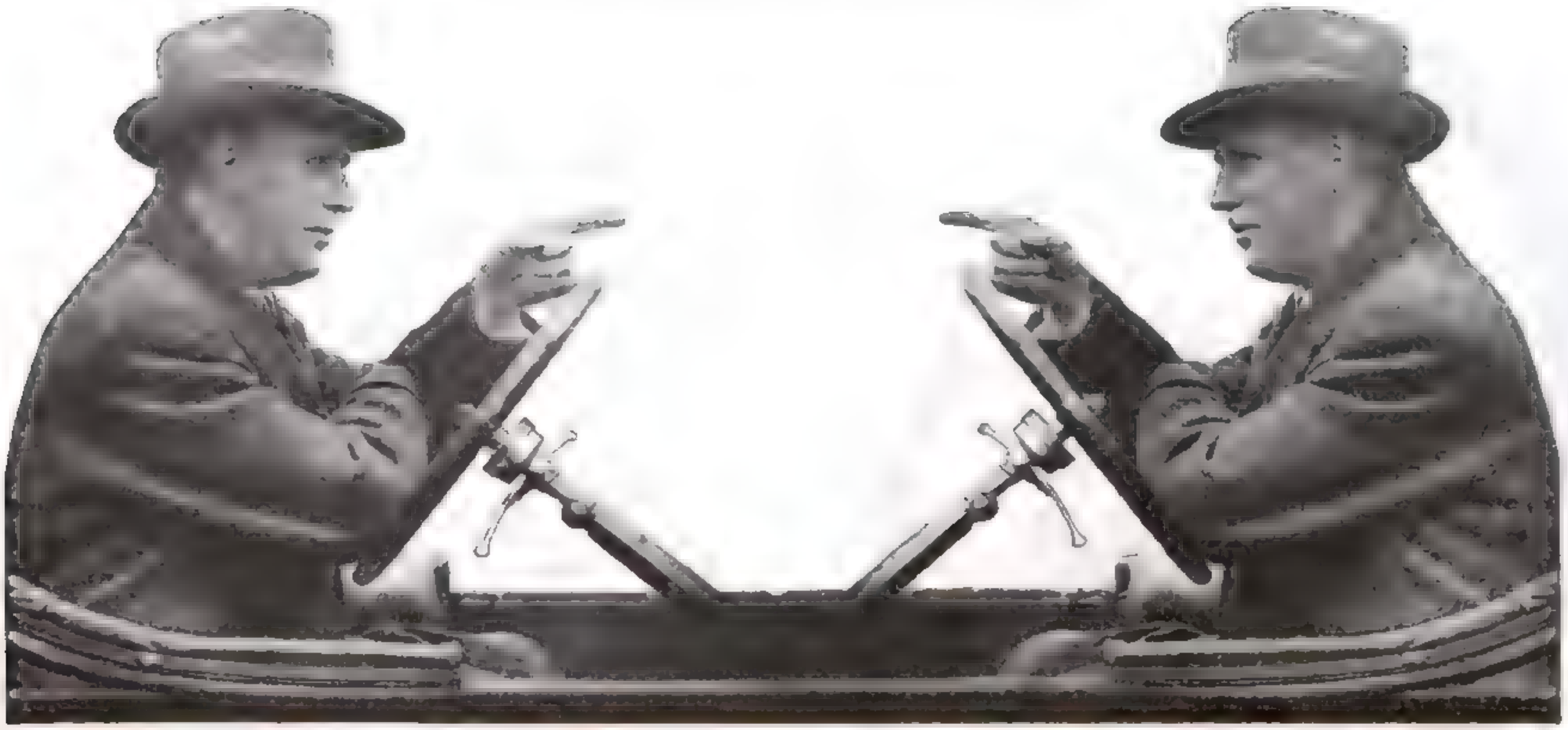
There was a long report to go over from a new territory, and she must make up for time lost this afternoon. Resolutely she took up her pencil.

"Meadville. Six hardware stores and two plumbing shops. Supplied by Harkness & Frank, Weaver & Jones," she read. And she strained her ears. The sounds from below were completely shut off now. Words and figures blurred under her gaze.

"What is the matter with me?" she thought wearily. "I feel more alone than I've ever felt in my life before."

She breakfasted in her own rooms next morning, and went to her office without seeing Mrs. Curley. She heard the gay voices of the children behind the closed door of the nursery. She hesitated. Perhaps it would be only courteous to ask if they had all slept well in their new home. But she felt her awkwardness with children; she could not talk down to them

Continued on Page 57)



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As a Ford driver—are you a good Ford owner?

You will admit, modestly, your ability as a Ford driver. But what qualifications have you as a Ford owner?

Between you and yourself—

As a Ford driver—You want your Ford to start, stop and reverse without a trace of jerky chatter. You want ease of operation, a cool whispering motor with plenty of power when you need it most. That's what you want and you can have it—as a Ford driver.

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Are you saving the money that so many Ford owners pay out for frequent carbon removal and avoidable and expensive engine repairs?

You want full pleasure as a Ford driver and full economy as a Ford owner. You can have both if you use Veedol Fordol, the new economy oil made exclusively for use in Ford cars.

That compact little power plant under the hood is exclusively Ford. The engine and planetary transmission are combined in one housing, making it possible for one oil to lubricate these two units. This exclusive Ford feature presents an exclusive lubrication problem that is met by Veedol Fordol.

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1—10 to 25% saving in gasoline—Hundreds of tests have demonstrated that Veedol Fordol conservatively saves 10% on gasoline consumption. 25 to 33% savings have been developed repeatedly

2—Eliminates costly "chatter"—Veedol Fordol lengthens the life of Ford brake and transmission bands by properly lubricating them. "Chatter", a result of faulty lubricants, is entirely eliminated

3—10 to 25% saving in oil—The savings in oil consumption run from 10 to 25%. The exact savings depend upon the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used

4—10 to 25% less carbon—Veedol Fordol forms on an average from 10 to 25% less carbon in the Ford engine cylinders. The exact savings depend on the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used

5—Resists heat and friction—Veedol Fordol possesses to a super-degree the famous characteristic of all Veedol oils to resist heat and friction

6—Increased ability to coast—With average lubrication a Ford will only coast down steep hills. With Veedol Fordol coasting is possible down the slightest grades

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It is all brush. Bristles immaculately white, with handle more lustrous than Ivory—an adornment to the dressing table as well as a boon to the hair.

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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

(Continued from Page 54)

patronizingly as most grown folks do, and she did not know how to meet them on their own plane. Besides, much better to start as she meant to go on, detached from too much personal contact with their lives. If she paid the bills, that was all they could expect from her. She could not spare time and strength from business for anything but the most impersonal relations.

She was annoyed to find that her adoption of a family had somehow become known among the members of the firm. Tom Moran dropped into her office to make a joke about it during the morning, and that afternoon after a directors' meeting Mr. Hartley himself hesitated in her doorway.

She looked up with the slight quickening of her heart she always felt when the president of the company paid her a visit, for each time she could not repress the hope that this time he would say something to her about the advancement she longed for. She had known for some time that Parsons, one of the vice presidents, was resigning, and she knew there was no reason why she should not be offered the vacant office. It was an honor she deserved. She might not be able to buy all Parsons' stock, now that she had been obliged to dip into her savings to furnish a house, but that ought not to stand in her way.

But her expectancy died with Mr. Hartley's first words: "I'm told you've undertaken to look after Mrs. Curley and her children." He looked at her, frankly curious, as he smiled his fine but somewhat frosty smile. "Very generous of you, very generous indeed, Miss Keane. Do you like children?"

"No," she said coldly because of her disappointment. "I'm only doing it because it seemed up to me."

His expression was unreadable as he continued to gaze at her. And Miss Keane, on an impulse, broke one of her rules. She started to speak to the president about the honor it had been so long tacitly understood she should have. "I am ready to buy part of Mr. Parsons' stock, Mr. Hartley, any time you decide to put me in his place."

The president looked as if this was not quite in Miss Keane's usual good taste, but murmuring politely, "Very glad to hear it, Miss Keane; we will discuss it sometime," he moved toward the door.

Miss Keane walked to her window and stared out. She felt disturbed out of all proportion. What was the matter with her that she seemed to get just so far and no farther with the firm? She knew she was not falling off in her efficiency; she worked as hard if not harder than any of the others; her whole life was devoted to the business.

And yet it seemed almost as if Mr. Hartley disliked her. Today especially his expression had been curious, almost as if she were some strange fish in an aquarium.

"Sex antagonism," she sighed. "And yet, God knows, I've done my work like a man; I've made myself think like a man; I've never let my femininity obtrude on them; I've given my whole life to their business."

She turned back to her desk with a sense of depression. She had suddenly realized that with a family on her hands she could not afford to annoy her boss by insisting on a showdown in regard to the office she coveted.

"I know now how a man with a family feels," she thought.

There is a certain flexibility that human relationships give which the person who has few or none of these relationships after a time loses. It is what he or she pays for complete freedom. The inability to give and take, a sensitiveness to contact in the strictly personal relationships of life.

This stiffness and awkwardness Miss Keane discovered in herself from the first day of her new life as the head of a family. She did not know how to make friends with the children, though they were the most friendly little beings possible; she was alternately shy with them and afraid that they might impose upon her if she established too easy a footing. She clung desperately to her long-established privacy, and always spent her evenings in her own rooms.

Often, coming home from an unusually hard day in her office, she felt that she could not bring herself to make conversation with Mrs. Curley across their candlelighted dinner table laid for two. Not that Mrs. Curley was unintelligent or boring; Miss Keane simply had got out of the habit of having a woman friend. She was afraid that the young widow would gradually demand an intimacy she was not ready to encourage; she did not want to give advice or exchange confidences or be wept upon, any more than she cared to be jostled in the Subway.

And so her manner toward Mrs. Curley was somewhat dry and impersonal, and her kindness to the children was tempered with detachment.

Sometimes when she had changed for dinner and was passing the nursery door on her way downstairs she could see Mrs. Curley sitting in the firelight rocking the baby or Rosie in her nightgown, while Jack in his diminutive sleeping suit crouched on the primrose rug and stared into the fire. Mrs. Curley appeared to have an endless fund of stories, which she told in a sort of sleepy murmur. Miss Keane once or twice had an impulse to join the firelit circle; in these instants she wished she knew how to play with children.

Frequently when the children were having their supper in the nursery, Jim Cousins would drop in on them, and then Miss Keane would hear their shouts of welcome. These sounds deepened her sense of loneliness. She asked herself again what was wrong with her. She began to suspect that a person could live too long alone.

The Curleys had been with her a few months and winter had gripped the city in earnest, when Miss Keane came home from the office one evening to find Jack and Rosie sitting on the stairs, evidently waiting for her.

"Mother's lying down," Jack called to her. "Her head feels queer."

"And her tummy too," added Rosie, two steps above him. "She said we wasn't to bovver you. Are we bovvering you now?"

After an instant's hesitation Miss Keane knocked and went into Mrs. Curley's room. Her small face was flushed. She smiled up at Miss Keane apologetically. But she protested there was nothing to bother about. If Miss Keane didn't mind she would stay in bed until morning, when she would be as lively as a cricket. She would keep the children quiet—they wouldn't bother Miss Keane at all; Sarah would bring up their supper and help her bathe the baby.

"I suppose I could bathe the baby," thought Miss Keane. But she would probably make it cry, and she didn't know how to bathe a baby. She had always understood it was a tricky operation. So she merely said, trying not to sound brusque: "Surely! Stay in bed, and if there's anything I can do for you, have Jack call me. Or—shall I telephone for a doctor?"

"Oh, please, no! It's just my silly old stomach, or nerves, or something."

And Miss Keane went away, hoping that Mrs. Curley wasn't sickly. She ate her dinner contentedly, with the evening paper propped beside her plate. She went to bed early because next day was to be a busy one. And sometime before dawn she was awakened abruptly by a knocking on the door of her stairway.

An hour later Miss Keane faced the devastating fact that she would not be able to get to work that morning, perhaps not at all for days. She stood in the lower hall, wrapped in a dressing gown, shivering slightly while the doctor she had hastily called got into his overcoat and issued final instructions.

"Of course the house will be quarantined as soon as I've reported the case. But it won't be a long quarantine—ten days or two weeks, perhaps."

"Ten days! But my work—the office—I have to get to my office, Doctor Briggs!"

At her cry of horror the doctor looked at her with some attentiveness. He was young and still responsive to human interest.

"You're a business woman? Tough luck. Of course if you can trust your servant, you could leave Mrs. Curley with her. I will send in a nurse immediately. You could pack your bag and go to a hotel right away. Business is business, isn't it?"

Miss Keane was powerfully tempted. There was an important conference scheduled for that morning, and she had a report to hand in to the directors at four. She stood uncertainly at the foot of the stairs a moment or two, and then she shook her head.

"No, I can't desert her like that. She seems awfully ill. Send me in a nurse as soon as you can. I don't know much about taking care of children. It's a frightful nuisance."

As Miss Keane hastily dressed in the cold dawn she suddenly recalled Jack, asleep in his little room. The doctor had seen only the baby and Rosie. Why not get Jack out of the house, thus saving him, perhaps, from the contagion, and leaving her with one less child on her hands? It would be serious if all three children at once came down with the measles.

With a determined gesture she took up the telephone.

"I want to speak to Mr. Cousins at once, please. . . . What? . . . Well, I'm sorry, but he will have to be wakened. Tell him Miss Keane has an important message for him."

When she finally heard an annoyed accent at the other end of the wire she felt a certain amount of satisfaction.

"Sorry to wake you," she said crisply, "but our family's in trouble. Measles. Mrs. Curley. Awfully sick too. . . . What? . . . Of course I've had a doctor; and a nurse will be here presently. But what I want you to do is to come around at once and take Jack away."

The corners of her lips turned up at the sound of horror over the wire. "Why shouldn't you?" she asked coldly. "You insist it's your family as much as mine. It isn't all just buying toys for them, you know."

As she hung up the telephone she smiled triumphantly. "It will be good for him, selfish old bachelor," she thought.

Then she heard the baby crying and ran down the stairs, a sinking sensation at her heart. Rosie, discovering herself in a strange room, had waked, and after taking a full breath, indulged herself in a surprisingly robust bellow. Miss Keane glanced once at the bed where Mrs. Curley lay in a flushed stupor, struggling to rouse herself at the sound of the children's wails.

Miss Keane set her teeth. Catching up Rosie in one arm and the baby in the other, she removed their clamor to the nursery. Rosie's bellow stopped out of sheer curiosity, but the baby kept on demanding something beyond Miss Keane's ken.

"She wants her bottle," said Rosie calmly, sitting up, flushed and golden on the nursery couch.

"Where is her bottle?"

"She has to have her baf first." Rosalie spoke with authority.

"Her bath! Yelling like that all the time?"

"I'll stop her," offered Rosie.

She bent over the baby, now purple with anger, she put her charming head down close and murmured a few unintelligible words in the tone of one good fellow to another, at the same time delicately tickling one of the baby's right ribs. The act was magical. The baby relaxed in Miss Keane's lap; its lusty clamor ceased abruptly; it stretched and suddenly looked up at Miss Keane with a smile almost Falstaffian in its good nature.

"And I am one of the smartest women in the plumbing-supplies business!" thought Miss Keane. She tentatively essayed the tickling gesture herself. The baby stretched luxuriously, and then a cloud came over its face, an imperious light in its eyes, its face began to pucker.

"Rosie, put on your slippers and bathrobe and run down to the kitchen. Tell Sarah to fix the baby's bottle. Pray God she knows how! And tell her to come up when she's done that."

When Sarah arrived with sustenance Miss Keane was in the midst of awkwardly collecting the necessary articles for the baby's bath. The baby, at first silent out of astonishment at the queer events taking place about her, began to cry as Sarah came into the room, and it was above an increasing volume of sound that Miss Keane explained the situation. Sarah's face darkened ominously.

"I didn't hire out for a nurse," she muttered. "And I never work in a place where there's anythin' ketchin'."

"You may leave any time you like," said Miss Keane serenely. "Here," she thought, "is where the business woman scores, for she can at least control her expression."

Sarah, full of dark thought, went back to her kitchen. And Miss Keane bent her energies to bathing the baby. She would never have believed that any ordinary process of daily life could be so difficult or so hazardous. She quickly learned that a soapy baby, especially when its temper is aroused, is the most slippery thing alive. She shuddered at the thought of the lifelong harm she might be doing it, but she

Watch This Column

Carl Laemmle wants a Ranch

Somewhere in this beautiful land of ours I want to buy a *ranch*. I don't want a make-believe or baby ranch or a few scattered acres or a mere shack in the foothills. I want a real ranch – so big and broad that I can ride horseback for hours and not come to the end of it. I want a ranch in a country where the sun shines often, where the air is pure—where the scenery is gorgeous, where water is plentiful and where there are running brooks with fish in them. I want a ranch with great stretches of grazing land, where I can raise cattle and hogs, cow-ponies or sheep. I want to see my own cow-punchers, with their big peaked sombreros and six-guns, riding over my own land—big fellows with steady blue eyes and honesty that is beyond question. The ranch must have good buildings on it, good corrals, good machinery for farm purposes. It must not be more than 20 or 25 miles from the nearest town or shipping point. I want to be able to ride in occasionally and hobnob with the man who keeps the general store or attend the dance at the school-house. I have worked hard all my life. I want a place to play, a great, big open place where I can entertain my friends, where I can point my finger for miles in any direction and say to them: "This is all mine. Here is where I am renewing my youth. There is no noise here, no confusion, no mad and unholy scramble for money."

If this sounds like braggadocio you've got me wrong. I don't mean it that way. Do any of you know of such a ranch anywhere at a bargain price? Mind you, I'm not "a movie millionaire who picks money off the trees." I've worked hard for every dollar I ever got and I won't buy a ranch unless I get a real bargain. If you know of such a place please write me about it at 1600 Broadway, New York City. I will appreciate it immensely.

* * *

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame" has proved the sensation of the year in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other big cities, and even the critics who have seen everything are amazed at its splendor and the remarkable work of the principals in the cast. You *must* see it when it comes your way. You will never forget it.

* * *

And don't forget ***"Merry Go Round,"*** the greatest love-story that has been filmed for years. Keep watch for ***"The Acquittal,"*** ***"Thundering Dawn,"*** and other forthcoming Universal successes which prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see Universals.

Carl Laemmle
President

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The glistening teeth you see everywhere now are due to a cause you should know. This offers you a test. Ten days will show you what this method means to you.

Leading dentists the world over advise this method now. Millions of homes employ it. Will you not learn the reasons?

That cloud is film

It is film that clouds the teeth's luster. It is viscous—you can feel it now. Soon food, tobacco, etc., discolor it, then it forms dingy coats.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of many troubles, local and internal.

You can hardly hope for clean, sound teeth unless you fight that film.

Dental science has now found two effective ways to fight film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

These methods were proved effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was perfected to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent. Today careful people of some 50 nations employ it, largely by dental advice.

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Pepsodent also aids in a necessary fight against starch and acids. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva, there to digest starch deposits of teeth.

Thus every use of Pepsodent gives manifold power to these great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. It is bringing in these ways a new dental era.

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Millions of women now use Pepsodent for the sake of prettier teeth. But men also need these whiter, cleaner teeth. And children need this better protection.

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was convinced that it must be bathed, and doggedly she kept on.

She was splashed from neck to knees, the dry towels gave out, the soap eluded her, her hair, without the net she usually wore, loosened and a lock straggled into her eyes. A harassed expression was in her eyes, and the clear pallor of her cheeks flushed an angry pink.

It was into this resounding mêlée that Mr. Cousins stepped, and stopped within the threshold, staring, with a queer expression on his face. He looked as if he did not know whether to cry out in alarm or burst into laughter. When Miss Keane looked up, the face she lifted despairingly toward him was younger than it had been in many years. The flush of pink, the sparkle of battle in her eyes, the loosened hair, changed her amazingly. It was perhaps this effective miracle that kept Jim Cousins on the threshold for a silent instant, staring.

"Oh, go away!" cried Miss Keane.

"But you told me to come."

"Yes, but can't you wait downstairs? Can't you see I'm having a frightful time with this—devilish baby?"

Cousins looked pleased, as if this adjective did him much good. It seemed to him that he had been waiting for years in the hope that Miss Keane would say it. And he was occupied also with another astonishment: Tears of annoyance and sheer nervousness stood in Miss Keane's fine eyes, brightening them amazingly. Hastily, himself as full of thought as Sarah had been, he beat a retreat down the stairs.

She kept him waiting half an hour, but when she came down nothing but the faintest trace of pink remained in her cheeks, and her hair had been firmly netted. She had on a fresh apron and she looked self-contained and firm. She led Jack, overcoated and mittened, and she carried a suitcase.

"He's had his breakfast, and he's going with you like a good boy, until his mother is better. Here are his clothes. I've found he doesn't like oatmeal, and his mother says he can do everything for himself but wash his ears. Your man can do that."

"I don't know how Pendexter will like having a boy to look after." Mr. Cousins looked unhappy. "Don't you think, if I send around another crackajack nurse ——"

"No. Two children are all I can look after. And besides, if possible, we want to keep Jack from catching the measles."

"I'd just as soon catch 'em," said Jack eagerly. "I don't mind at all. I—I'd ruther stay with—with mother."

His lips began to tremble, a mist came over the delphinium-blue of his eyes. Miss Keane, with a movement wholly instinctive, dropped upon one knee and put her arms about him. She knew suddenly that she could be very fond of this small boy, with his deep loyal eyes.

"Listen, Jackie darling. The best way for you to help your mother is to go away so you won't be ill too. She wants you to go with Mr. Cousins, because he'll take you to the shops to see the toys, and—and to a motion picture."

She cast an entreating glance up at Cousins' alarmed face, and he responded with a falsely cordial "Sure I will, old man. Motion pictures. And you can listen in at my radio all day, and Pendexter will take you into the park to ride the ponies.

"Feel as if I've mortgaged the rest of my life." Cousins met her eye over Jack's head. "This is an awful hole we've got ourselves into."

"It's nothing to what families go through," she retorted. "Take him along now while he's resigned. And explain to them at the office that I'll be in touch by telephone. Don't think this is any too pleasant for me either."

Cousins picked up the suitcase and opened the door hurriedly. "But you're a woman ——" he began unwisely; and changed it to "You're taking hold splendidly, you're a perfect brick."

"I'm an incompetent fool," she murmured bitterly, closing the door after him with something that sounded alarmingly like a slam.

She watched them through the drawing-room window, and it consoled her somewhat to see that Jack showed signs of being difficult. He tagged back, casting piteous glances at the house; his eyes were brimming. And Mr. Cousins, waving distractedly for a taxicab, was soothing him with words plainly too amateurish to be wholly effective.

In spite of her difficulties the corners of her mouth began to twitch, her smile broadened into one a trifle touched with malice. The sight of an old bachelor struggling for the first time with a recalcitrant child is enough to restore a sense of superiority in any woman.

"Well, now for it," thought Miss Keane, beginning to roll up her sleeves.

There had been several crises in Miss Keane's business life, days of stress and excitement, of panic and strain, but they faded into a mild game beside the next few days. In forty-eight hours Rosie had acquired the measles with the nonchalant thoroughness she went into most things. Mrs. Curley had developed complications, Sarah had packed her bag and fled, the nurse Doctor Briggs sent turned out to have broken arches and a haunting fear of being put upon, the furnace man twice forgot to come, and the baby began to run a temperature.

Miss Keane learned what it was to ache in every muscle, to cook and scrub with unaccustomed hands, to climb a million stair steps with food and ice bags and clean towels, oftentimes with the baby in one arm, to hang despairingly at the end of the telephone wire while an unfeeling voice at the other informed her that Miss Bergstrom had decided she did not care to go into service where there were children, or Miss Mahan was afraid of sickness, or Miss Maloney wouldn't cook for two women in the house.

She had for long held the theory that domestic machinery goes wrong only because of incompetent management or lack of money. Just hire plenty of expert help, pay them well, expect them to run their job as well as you run yours, and leave them alone. With this recipe there was no reason why a woman couldn't run a house and attend to a career too. But she found that, like various of her theories, this one was breaking down rapidly. First, you must catch your expert help; then, there must be less expert help to do the work the experts will not demean themselves by doing; and lastly there must be a liaison officer to keep the experts and the less expert on speaking terms.

There were moments in those first days when Miss Keane's eyes overflowed with tears of nervous exasperation, and others when she longed to go away somewhere and laugh hysterically. She discovered that she had forgotten all she had ever known about cookery, she was entirely ignorant of nursing, the things she did not know about a child's digestion filled her with terror, the heating system of a city house was an ominous mystery to her.

Doctor Briggs found her in the midst of something like panic when he made a late evening call.

The nurse had gone to bed, Sarah had two hours before slammed the door behind her for good and all, Rosie had begun to break out in fantastic spots, and a cold fear touched Miss Keane as she realized that Mrs. Curley was a very sick woman.

"I'm scared," she admitted in an undertone to Doctor Briggs as together they lifted and made Mrs. Curley comfortable for the night.

The little widow was like a young girl in her slenderness, with the fever flush in her cheeks. Young Doctor Briggs looked down at her with friendly eyes. At first Miss Keane had mistrusted his youth; he had been called because she had seen his sign only two doors away. But now she felt as if he stood between her and chaos.

He now said, "I'll send you another nurse before eight tomorrow morning. A dandy too. I know one just going off a case. Transfer the children to that ancient limpet we have now, and let me know if she grumbles. Did you say your furnace man didn't come?"

"He did not! I've put on coal myself, but I'm afraid the thing is going out."

Young Briggs looked once more at little Mrs. Curley, then he took off his coat, smiled at Miss Keane and, remarking that he was a bit of a furnace man himself, went below.

The new nurse came next morning. She turned out to be all that Doctor Briggs had claimed for her as a nurse, but she was a martinet by nature. She bristled with etiquette as her linen uniform did with starch. It immediately became a matter of scornful glances and many complaints between her and the old nurse, and it required all of Miss Keane's tact to keep them both on the job. Besides, the new nurse had to be

(Continued on Page 60)

CARS REGULARLY EQUIPPED WITH GABRIEL SNUBBERS

Cadillac
Packard (Single-Six)
Pierce-Arrow
Studebaker (Big 6)
Hupmobile—Closed
Jordan
Anderson
Apperson
Auburn (Big 6)
Case
Cole
Paige 6-70
Courier
Davis
Elcar
Hatfield
Henney
Willys-Knight
Kissel
King
LaFayette
McFarlan
Milburn Electric
Buick
Oakland
Premocar
Riddle Hearse
Sayers
Standard
H. C. S.
Stanley Steamer
Stevens-Duryea
Westcott
Wills Ste. Claire
Morris-Cowley

CARS WITH FRAMES DRILLED FOR GABRIEL INSTALLATION

Dodge
Chalmers
Hudson
Hupmobile—Open
Studebaker (Special 6)
Maxwell
Auburn (Little 6)
Brockway Speed Truck
Buick—6
Buick—4
Chandler
Studebaker (Little 6)
Cleveland
Columbia
Dort
Earl
Elgin
Oldsmobile
Essex
Flint
Gardner
Gray
Jewett
Oakland
Kline
Lexington
Liberty
Moon
Reo
Durant—4
Reo Speedwagon
Star
Stephens
Velie

Duplication of names in above lists is due to some manufacturers equipping certain models with Gabriel Snubbers and preparing the frames of other models for Gabriel installation.

THE tribute paid to Gabriel Snubbers by motor car manufacturers is deeply significant. It is a recognition that has never been given to any other independent article of automotive equipment in the same measure.

Not only do the leading manufacturers listed above equip their cars, either the whole line or particular models, with Gabriel Snubbers, but there are 30 others who *drill the frames* of every car they make so that Gabriels may be installed with a minimum of time and expense.

This is very definite recognition by the automotive industry that Gabriel Snubbers do contribute in a marked way to more comfortable and more economical motoring.

It is a very sound reason why more than 2,000,000 car owners today enjoy added pleasure and lower maintenance because their cars are Gabriel equipped.

These motorists know that their cars ride easier. That they save in tires and in general upkeep because the car is protected from road shock.

Their experience is of vital concern to every car owner. Definite facts about the installation of Gabriel Snubbers on your own car will be gladly given by anyone of the 1,700 Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service stations maintained throughout the country. They are equipped to give you immediate service.

Gabriel Snubbers are made in four sizes adapted to motor cars of all sizes. Call the Gabriel Snubber Station today

Gabriel Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, Ohio
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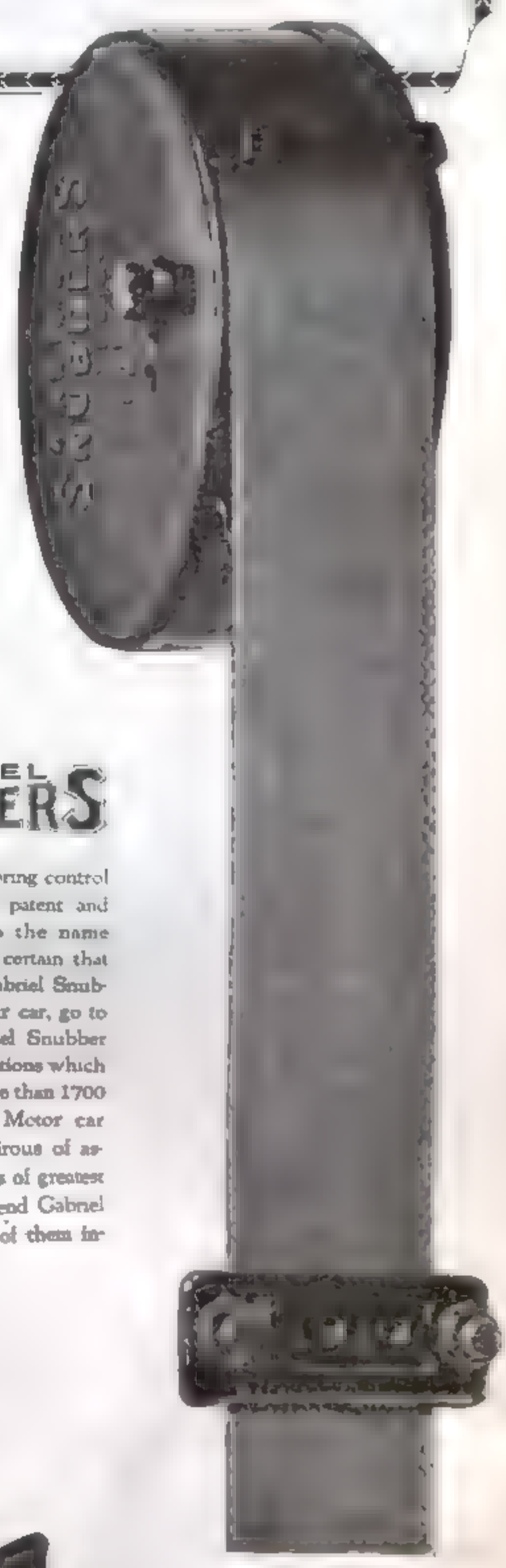

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On Christmas Morning Behold!

The Gift Your Family Will Treasure Through the Years—The

Story & Clark Little Grand

COME now days of chill winds, of swirling snow, and Yuletide not far off—Yuletide to warm our hearts, however winds blow without.

The gift to express Yuletide spirit must be one of lasting beauty and joy, one whose value will increase, and that will bring greater joy through the years to come.

The most ideal gift for the whole family is a Story & Clark piano—the beautiful little grand, or the remarkable new **Repro-Phraso.** *With either of these beautiful instruments you have solved the problem.*

In the **Repro-Phraso,** that wonderful personal reproducing instrument, you can insert any 88-note music roll, play your old favorite selections, and by means of simple levers play the melody through the composition as your own mood dictates—as though you were playing with your own hands on the keys.

You will find the Story & Clark little grand, too, all you desire in your piano. Its classic simplicity of line and fine tone quality will endear it to discriminating lovers of music everywhere.

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Instruments of finest quality since 1857

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If you are a prospective purchaser of a piano or player piano, we will gladly send you a beautiful brochure—*Free. Story & Clark Piano Company, Dept. SP.N, [illegible] S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois:* Please send me the brochure showing the various styles of your instruments, and the name of your nearest dealer, because I am interested in buying a grand ☐ an upright ☐ a player piano ☐

Name [illegible] City [illegible] State

Continued from Page 58

laundered for, especially cooked for, and all her rest periods guarded to the minute. For three days Miss Keane besought employment agencies over the telephone to send her a cook. But cooks were in demand and no bonus could tempt them over the threshold, once they saw the official warning on the house.

And finally Miss Keane gave up trying. "I'll cook and run this house myself," she cried. "I guess if I can run a sales department I'm not going to let this job floor me. I'm in it now, and I'll do it better than any lady houseworker ever could."

And then she uttered a phrase of defiance most strange on her careful lips: "At-a boy!" cried Miss Keane, with kindling eyes.

The thing that afterward seemed incredible to Miss Keane was the fact that during the weeks that followed she forgot the office. At first the thought of her neglected work nagged and worried her; she telephoned instructions to her secretary every morning. Then suddenly the business of selling plumbing supplies, upon which she had built her house of life, took its place in a perspective slightly unreal and very far off. For the shadow of the great reality hovered over the house. Just as little Mrs. Curley turned the danger corner and faced toward recovery, her baby loosened its slender hold on a vexatious life and began to drift toward the shadowy exit.

Miss Keane knew then what it was to share in the common lot of women, to watch and ceaselessly fight, to drop to sleep listening, to awake with terror, to feel pity wringing her heart, to realize with wonder the utter unimportance of the world's affairs beside this pitiful, tiny and tremendous drama.

It was on the worst day of all that Jim Cousins slipped in, as he had of late fallen into the habit of doing, and Miss Keane came down to give him the latest bulletin. Although it was at noon the shades in the cheerful living room had not been raised and Miss Keane dropped into a chair opposite him, too weary to notice them. He had never seen her like that in all the years of their association, with her mask down. The firm contour of her face sagged and her eyes had a strangely wistful expression in them. When she had given him her report from upstairs he made an effort to distract her mind.

"Young Colby's making good in his new territory," he said; and went on to give her details of young Colby's cleverness.

"So? That's nice." Her voice was indifferent, and he saw that in reality she was listening for sounds from upstairs. "I must remember to telephone the drug store for Castile soap." Then the first trace of animation came into her face. "Do you know, I think that baby knows me! This morning when I came into the room she opened her eyes and almost smiled."

They were silent for a moment, Cousins considering the changed expression in her face, a brooding softness.

"I didn't know I could ever get so fond of a baby," she said in a low voice. "I suppose it's because I've had her so much lately."

"I know. It's funny. Take Jack. I thought he was going to be the plague of my life when I had to take him, but, you know, I shall hate to give him up. He's a smart little chap. Why, one day ——"

But she was not listening to him. Her eyes were fixed, gazing straight ahead of her, as if she saw something he could not see. "Yesterday the baby seemed a little brighter, but today she's like a white flower just drifting out on a tide. If anything should happen—I don't know—it will hit me."

Her voice broke, in her face the composure of years shattered. And then our Miss Keane cried out a strange admission: "Oh! I wish she was mine! Even if she—dies. I've missed—missed so much ——"

She put her hands up to her face and a sob shook her, dry and difficult sounds she made, struggling to repress the flood of emotion at last breaking over its dams. Cousins stepped quickly to her side. He looked unutterably distressed, touched to the depths. His arm went around her shoulder, he pressed her head close to him, stroking it awkwardly, holding her tightly as if against the sweeping wave of that flood.

"There, there, Katherine! There, there, my dear."

He did not know what he was saying, or that he was using her name for the first time. He only knew that he was impelled by a quick tenderness as toward one suffering inexplicably. She became suddenly mysterious to him, a woman, no longer our Miss Keane. He felt under his fingers the smoothness of her coiled braids, the pressure of her quivering shoulder. He became conscious of her slender firmness, and of a passionate quality, now sprung to the surface after its hidden, forbidden life. An intangible charm disengaged itself from her to him in that instant, as if it had only waited for a point of contact to leap from one of them to the other.

As if Miss Keane herself felt the happening of this incredible thing, she drew herself away, a wave of dark crimson overspreading her face. With a sharp effort she controlled the quivering of her body, stood up, averting her tear-stained face.

"I am ashamed," she said in a low voice. "I don't know what ails me."

"Please don't!" he entreated her. "Don't be ashamed. It's only natural you should feel that way. I—I wish you would feel that way."

She raised her chin, controlled the muscles of her face. "I am a fool," she said sternly, and went out the door, our Miss Keane again.

The morning that Miss Keane came back to her work again, the sun shone in upon a bowl of roses in the middle of the empty mahogany expanse of her desk. Everything was in exquisite order, just as her life had once been; everything was the same, and her silver-mounted memorandum book waited beside the fresh blotter.

She came in, stepping not quite so lightly, as usual, for she herself had had an illness after the Curley family had recovered, and although she had taken an unwonted vacation in the South, she still felt a little languid in body and spirit. She told herself that she was glad to be back at work, she had looked forward for weeks to this day, but the old zest was not quite recovered. She had not yet got back a conviction of the supreme importance of her job. She felt somehow oddly forlorn.

The roses touched her, nevertheless. They were from the firm, the first compliment of this sort Miss Keane had ever received. And gradually the slight depression of her spirit lifted as one after another of her fellow employes came in to greet her. They actually seemed pleased to have her back, and in the manner of Tom Moran and of Mr. Hartley himself when they looked in upon her in the course of the morning, there was a difference that puzzled her.

They had always treated her well, with politeness and consideration, but now there was a distinct cordiality, a sort of personal interest in her which she knew she had not often aroused in them before. It soon became clear to her that they had been kept closely in touch with her recent adventure with the Curley family, and she felt a momentary annoyance with Cousins, who must have supplied the details.

"I hear you're quite a wonder at furnace stoking," Tom Moran remarked. "And a wiz at baby tending and cooking. How would you like it for a steady job?"

"Mrs. Moran hasn't passed away, has she?"

He gave a shout of laughter, and looked at her appreciatively. "No, but I want to make my reservation early. Seriously, though, I want to tell you we're all proud of you. There isn't a man in this office would have tackled that job and carried it off the way you did. And, look here, if you won't be offended, I want to contribute a little check toward the kids' shoes, you know. Got four of my own, and sometimes it seems to me they're centipedes."

Her heart felt suddenly warm and happy. There was a tie between her and Tom Moran less brittle, deeper and warmer than any tie of business. She seemed to have stepped on ground common to a great many persons, from Jerry the elevator starter and Tom Curley's fellow clerks, up to Mr. Hartley himself.

The president came in and sat down as if he had forgotten the invisible eggs amidst which he usually walked. "Tell me about your family," he said, quite genially. "Has the sick baby quite recovered?"

An unexpected color came into Miss Keane's face, an eagerness into her eyes. "She's gaining splendidly. Such a darling too. She will leave her mother and come to me almost every time!"

"The little boy is a fine chap too," said Mr. Hartley. "Cousins had him in one

Continued on Page 62

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YOU can have confidence in a Western Electric Clothes Washer because of the reputation back of it. Thousands of users know that here is a Washer built to stand the hard work of washing week after week.

And now, combined with a rugged mechanism tested through years of service, the improved Western Electric model brings you many betterments—most striking of which is the pleasing cabinet design.

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This Cap Goes On or Off in Only Five Seconds

Inflating or changing your tires is a much easier job when your valve stems are equipped with Instant-ons.

The Instant-on combines both valve cap and dust cap in one convenient unit. It goes on or off in a jiffy without tiresome turning and twisting and without the use of pliers to loosen or tighten.

A great many of the leading cars now provide these time-saving caps as standard equipment—if your car is not equipped buy a set from your dealer. Box with complete set of five $1.00 ($1.25 in Canada).

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(Continued from Page 60)

day. Fine head. When he gets a bit older you'll want to send him to a good school, I suppose. I can tell you a lot about schools. Went into it very thoroughly when my youngest boy was twelve."

He crossed one leg over the other knee and swung it gently, as was his manner when really at ease and interested. He aired his theories about boys and schools, and Miss Keane aired hers, and they had a more animated and friendly conversation than ever before. Toward the end, he worked around to the cost and responsibility of a family.

"Hasn't Mrs. Curley any relatives who could take the family off your hands?" he inquired.

"I hope not. I don't know that I want them taken off my hands, now that I've got used to them."

"But a family costs money, and it's very absorbing."

"I want to be absorbed," she cried abruptly. "But you needn't be afraid of its interfering with my work. On the contrary, I have a new incentive. As the children grow up they'll need a great many things."

"Then you intend to go on with it?"

"Why, of course!" She looked down at her desk, her face abstracted. "I should miss them terribly," she murmured, half aloud.

Mr. Hartley arose. She glanced up, surprised to see his hand stretched out to her across the desk. "Miss Keane, you're all right. You're—human." He moved toward the door, then he began to walk carefully, he paused at the threshold, his back half turned to her. "We haven't chosen a vice president in Mr. Parsons' place, Miss Keane. I shall take pleasure in putting your name before the directors this afternoon."

When Miss Keane walked uptown that evening she was very happy. It was good to be coming home, a successful woman, to a family who loved her, who would greet her as if her coming home was an event. Mrs. Curley would listen to the news of her new honor with genuine pleasure. They had become close friends in the last few weeks. And as she walked toward what had become at last home to her, it came to her that she had not had in weeks that old dream of sadness and futility which for so long had haunted her sleep. It had left her, as if driven out by all those anxious thoughts she had given to others. She believed that she would never have it again, as if along that haunted road of her dream she had come upon peace.

As Miss Keane took out her latchkey the front door opened and Doctor Briggs came out. He had evidently not expected to come upon anyone, least of all Miss Keane, and the absorbed, beatific light in his face was unguarded for the world to read. Miss Keane stared. The doctor gave a start, then with a stammered word of greeting he was off down the street. Miss Keane went on slowly into the house.

It was a moment or two later while she was standing in the middle of her own sitting room, with her hat still on and her cloak still fastened, that the explanation of the light in his face came to Miss Keane. Doctor Briggs was in love; he was in love with Mrs. Curley.

Her mind, wincing, went back over the past two months. Small things that she had not noticed before came back to her with new significance. No doubt about it, Doctor Briggs had been falling in love that first late evening when he had mended the furnace fire. She had thought he was merely unusually fond of children when he ran in nearly every evening to play with them a few moments before their bedtime. But what man of thirty could help falling in love with Mrs. Curley, with her courage, with her appealing pathos?

Of course Mrs. Curley would marry again. Miss Keane wondered why she had not thought of that possibility. Probably because she had not wanted to think of it. But the thing was inevitable. Sooner or later Mrs. Curley would marry, she would take the children and go away. And this house would be empty. Miss Keane felt a sharp conviction that her life, too, would be empty. It would become again a pointless earning of money to spend on herself, increasingly indrawn, narrowing slowly to two ruts—business and her own comfort.

Slowly she took off her outer wraps, methodically put them away, walked to the mirror and smoothed her hair. From the nursery below she could hear the shouts of the children and the voice of Jim Cousins. He, too, came in frequently before dinner—to see the children. Perhaps he, too, was falling in love with little Mrs. Curley.

Miss Keane sharply pressed the back of her hand to her lips. Life was hard on women. Tom Curley's wife had kept in the main stream; she had given herself up to the ideal destiny of woman—and she and her children had come near to starvation. She, Miss Keane, had refused to trust herself to the precarious protection of a man and now she, too, faced a sort of starvation, a starving of the emotions, of the spirit.

Miss Keane, staring into the mirror, saw herself twenty years hence—thin, precise, a retired business woman, living on a small neat income from bonds judiciously selected, carefully reinvested. Living in one of those high-ceilinged family hotels, with the red velvet carpets and chocolate-colored marble of the '90's, one of those hotels where old ladies come down to breakfast with little knitted jumpers about their shoulders, and sniff, dim-eyed with sad suspicion, at the soft boiled eggs.

And suddenly something began to boil in Miss Keane. A horror, a resistance, a revolt. It seethed within her, whitening her face with passion, blazing in her eyes. A knock sounded at the open door of her sitting room and she turned around. Cousins stood in the doorway.

"Came up to congratulate you! You were elected to Parsons' place this afternoon ——"

He stopped, and the smile faded from his face.

"What is the matter? You're white!"

She tried to smile with stiff lips. The fire of revolt still made her eyes brilliant. "I was just contemplating myself as an old lady, living alone in a family hotel, waking up in the morning and trying to think of an excuse to keep on living."

Cousins looked inexpressibly shocked. "What on earth made you see yourself like that?"

"Close the door, please. We're going to lose our family. Did you suspect that? Doctor Briggs will ask Mrs. Curley to marry him within a short time."

"No! Why, that's—hardly decent. How long has she been a widow? Eight months? I say!"

"I don't mean that she contemplates matrimony immediately, but sooner or later she will. And she ought to, of course, with three children. Better for them to have a father than—you and me."

"I suppose so," he murmured, sinking into a chair.

A silence fell between them, during which she brooded, her eyes turned toward the future.

"I shall miss them," he sighed finally. "Got really fond of them. Dropping in here's been like having a home. I expect you'll ——"

"Yes," she said, "I'll give up the house, of course. I couldn't stand it if they go."

He made an inarticulate sound, a melancholy sound, and slipped lower in his chair, a large man, suddenly losing his buoyancy and showing his years wearily. His eyes were fixed on the ceiling, but after a moment they lowered themselves to the floor, and then they traveled upward with an effect of stealthy observation. They fixed themselves on the brooding face of Miss Keane.

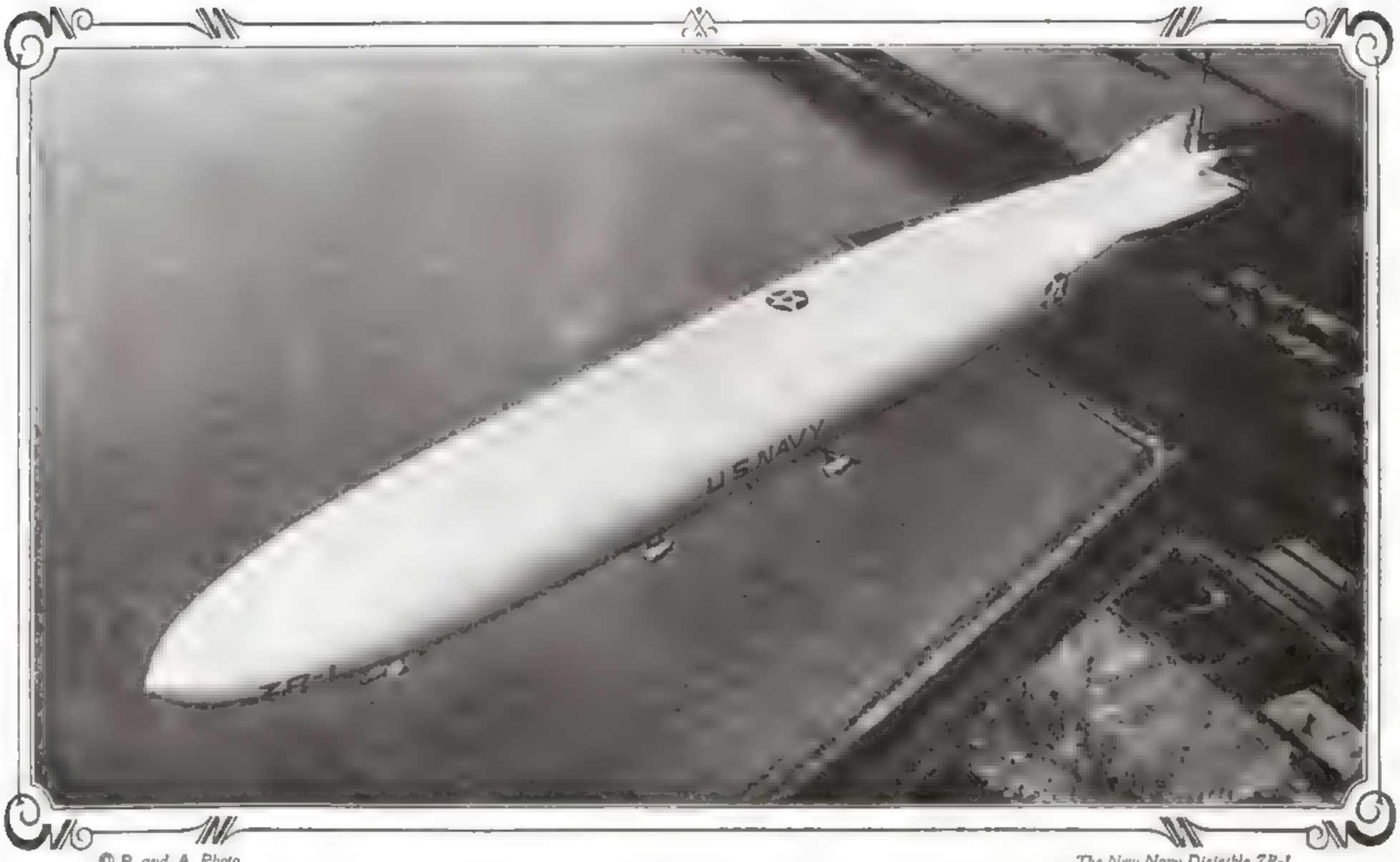
And as if she felt them she lifted her chin, forcing herself, though the discipline of all her years was against it, to look at him, to let him see the burning revolt in her eyes. And once more from her to him there flowed a sense of mysterious appeal, a magnetic quality long hidden under the dry dust of business.

It drew him, and she knew it. A small swift flame of triumph darted through her whole being, as if she had discovered in his stare at her a completion of herself. She was whole now, swimming within the main stream of life, not struggling against it.

"I shall have everything," she thought, "work and love. I could have had them both long ago, if I had not poured all of myself into business. It wasn't the right way. It got me only just so far. But now that I've learned to give, I can take too."

She raised her eyes to the man who was leaning forward in his chair now, regarding her with an awakening hunger in his face. Her lips curved with a soft mockery, such as Eve may have worn when she first discovered her power. It was unlike any smile ever seen before on the lips of our Miss Keane.

"Well?" she murmured.



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Wherever Progress Demands Extreme Dependability

In the ZR-1, recently christened the Shenandoah, the United States Navy has constructed the greatest airship of its type in the world. Its successful flights mark a distinct progress in the science of aerial navigation.

Nearly 700 feet long, it is truly a giant of the air. It has a total lift of 140,000 pounds. It is powered by six great Packard six-cylinder engines, built especially for this purpose.

Many new and unusually difficult problems were encountered in building this craft, not the least of which lay in the ignition equipment for its engines.

The only ignition equipment that successfully accomplished the severe tests required by the Navy Department was Delco.

Moreover, great difficulty was met in finding a method of starting these engines. This problem, too, was solved with the aid of Delco equipment.

And so, as in the case of the Navy seaplane, NC-4, the first to cross the Atlantic Ocean—the first airplane to make a non-stop flight across the continent—the Barling Bomber, the largest airplane that ever flew, and in similar feats of performance on land and on sea, wherever progress in automotive transportation demands extreme dependability of electrical equipment, Delco proves its supremacy.

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Both causes are corrected through the roughage and food-iron in Pillsbury's Health Bran.

IT is common knowledge today that intestinal putrefaction causes brain fatigue, often reducing efficiency 50 per cent and more.

Doctors know that in order to secure full efficiency from the human brain, intestinal sluggishness must be permanently corrected *at the source*, which is our daily diet. The normal person each day requires nearly an ounce of cellulose, or roughage, in his food. Our modern diet is dangerously deficient in this laxative food essential. What is the result?

Instead of passing through the system in 24 hours, food is retained 50 to 60 hours. Putrefaction sets in. Auto-intoxication, headache, reduced energy and impaired efficiency quickly follow. All too often the health itself is undermined; 85% of all sickness follows in the wake of imperfect elimination.

Doctors today are widely recommending that Pillsbury's Health Bran, the natural *cellulose* food, be made a part of each day's diet. The large, coarse, crisp Pillsbury flakes give to the diet exactly the needed bulk and roughage.

Pillsbury's Health Bran also adds iron to the food ration—organic iron which makes rich blood. It is second only to egg yolks in its iron content!

One-fifth of the blood supply of the body goes to the brain, where it carries away the poisons produced by brain activity. If the blood flow is insufficient, brain fatigue is intensified.

Pillsbury's Health Bran is also rich in lime, which strengthens the bones and teeth. And it contains as well highly important vitamines. Enjoy this natural food-laxative with every meal—eat at least three large tablespoonfuls each day, and in cases of intestinal sluggishness as much with each meal. Your grocer will supply you with the large 20 ounce package—fully 50% more for your money than any other package of flaked bran.

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Send for a copy of our new Pillsbury's Health Bran recipe book. Pillsbury Flour Mills Co., Minneapolis, U. S. A.

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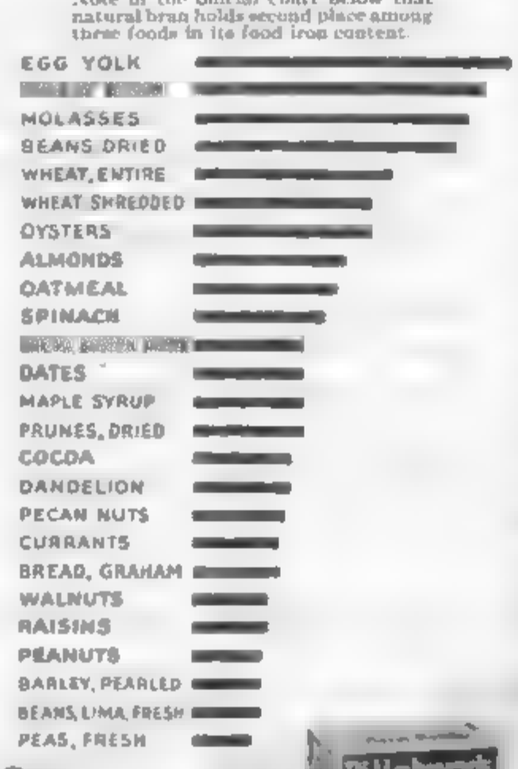

FAMILY OF FOODS
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Pancake Flour
Buckwheat Pancake Flour
Health Bran
Wheat Cereal
Rye Flour
Graham Flour
Farina

Pillsbury's Health Bran

One of the family

EASY

(Continued from Page 23)

Then light dawned upon me. She had a date! I was not only dumb but I was selfishly mean to stay in the face of her distress. And it was almost six. In all probability she was correct about Adrian's not coming in.

"I didn't get you. But I'll run along at once!" I exclaimed. "Sorry to have been such a dumb-bell!"

In another moment I had on my hat and was at the street door.

"Good night, Gussie. Enjoy yourself!" said I laughingly.

"Good night," she replied.

Halfway down the block I remembered that I had left my purse on Adrian's desk. I would ordinarily have kept it in the locker, of course, but Gussie had run short of stamps earlier in the day, and to save her going out for them I had got some which were in my pocketbook, and then forgotten to replace it. I hadn't a cent with me, and so returning meant supper and car fare, to say nothing of my key to the studio. Anyway, it would take but a moment, and it couldn't be helped.

Hurriedly I retraced my steps and opened the shop door. The lights had not been lit, and it was almost dark inside, but Gussie was not there. Apparently she had gone into the dressing room to prink up for the expected lover, and I did not trouble to call to her, but made straight for the office at the rear, intending to get my purse and slip out again.

The purse was just where I remembered leaving it, and I was about to start for the door when a sudden sound arrested me. It was the street door opening to admit the figure of a man. Adrian came in, sharply silhouetted against the street lamp. At once I put down my things and waited, my heart beating quicker. The darkness of the shop swallowed him immediately, and I expected the lights to go on. But they didn't. Very much puzzled by a few moments of complete silence, I stepped to the office door and looked out, his name upon my lips. But it died there. For in the glooming of the store stood Adrian with Gussie in his arms! There was no mistaking what I saw. It was the violent still embrace of accustomed lovers.

A cry of some sort must have broken from me, although I didn't hear it, myself. But the two in the room beyond sprang apart and in another moment the lights went on, and Adrian faced me, cool and composed as ever. But Gussie turned on me like a wildcat.

"You sneak!" she cried. "Whatter you mean, crowding back here and hiding out on us like that! Going out and then comin' back to snoop around other people's business!"

There followed other things, quite unprintable. I leaned back against the doorsill, faint under her vituperation.

"Shut up, Gussie!" commanded Adrian sharply. "Let me attend to this! Miss Steerforth is ill, can't you see? Get out of this now. Beat it, quick! I'll attend to her!"

"I dare say you will!" she sneered. "I know you. But she'll never stand for your double plays like I do! She won't stick the way I have! Pie-faced little boob! She hasn't the nerve to do your dirty work for you, neither, and you can't have her on the side, not except over my dead body!"

"Shut up and get out, I tell you!" shouted Adrian, his face red and furious, his eyes gleaming strangely—like those of the idol at home—like Nokomi's! He was altogether savage and terrifying. "If you don't obey me it will be over your dead body, you idiot!" said he.

"Oh, don't!" I cried feebly. "I didn't come to spy. It was my purse -I forgot it! Now let me go, please! I don't belong here at all!"

"Wait!" commanded Adrian "You do as I tell you, Nancy"

I hadn't enough strength left to walk to the door That was the only reason for my obedience But Gussie took her marching orders with a sudden horrid meekness. All too evidently she was accustomed to this sort of thing. At the street door she turned and broke into sobs.

"And after all I've done for you!" she choked. "Adrian! Adrian! How can you treat me so?"

Then she was gone. I felt that if I could die right then it would be the greatest possible happiness. The pain of my discovery was almost intolerable. It was not only that I had a rival but that she should be such a one. She was so cheap, so common! Unwashed, talcum scented! And yet Adrian could take us with equal casualness!

"Now, Nancy," said he when we were alone, "sit down and let us be reasonable. This is very unfortunate. I'm so sorry it occurred."

"What do you think has occurred an ice-cream festival?" I cried, lashed to a frenzy "Do you imagine that I can even discuss such a thing? Let me go at once!"

"Not an inch!" said he, seizing me by the wrist and forcing me into a seat. "I thought you were the true radical which you proclaimed yourself, that you believed in complete freedom for both sexes, and that the old foolish conventions meant nothing to you. You have said so a hundred times!"

"Then I lied!" I cried wildly. "I didn't know what I was talking about. And if you were any sort of a man you would have realized it!"

"Come, Nancy!" said he. "I'll admit it's a pity that you saw. But my child, men are like that! It means nothing. I want you to be a great big fine woman and forget it! I love only you, my dear!"

"A great big fine imbecile, you mean!" said I excitedly. "What is love if it isn't fidelity? Bah! Don't ever you dare to speak of love to me again! And men are not all like that! Easy isn't—and—and hundreds of clean decent American men! It's simply that you are incapable of understanding their code, that's all! I'm through—forever!"

"Oh, no, you're not!" said he grimly. "I've taken a fancy to you, my dear—a deeper one than you know. I'll marry you tomorrow if you like! There, how's that?"

The unspeakable insolence of his attitude brought me to my feet with a sudden strength. So marrying me was a new idea to Adrian!

"I am not going to marry you!" said I. "I am not going to see you, if I can avoid it, so long as I live!"

"How about the five hundred you owe me?" he flashed back, growing ugly under my tone.

"Adrian!" said I. "Have you no shame?"

"Not when I'm stuck on a girl, no!" he laughed ominously. "I've got your note, remember. And I intend to collect, one way or another!"

I could scarcely believe my ears in spite of all the revelations of that horrible day. Not only was Adrian everything that Easy had implied, and worse, but now it seemed that I was in actual danger from him.

"Adrian," said I, "I will redeem that note in cash. Immediately. I'll find a way to get you your money, never fear. Now please allow me to leave without obliging me to call for help. There is nothing more for us to say to each other, I am sure."

Suddenly his mobile face changed again. It became cringing. His eyes pleaded with me like those of a wounded animal. His skin looked wet and oily. I loathed him intensely, the more when he fawned upon me than when he had tried to terrorize me.

"Nancy!" he cried. "Don't leave me, for the love of heaven! You are the first real woman I have ever loved! Don't go, I beg of you! I'll do anything you tell me to!"

"I have nothing more to say, Adrian!" I answered wearily. "Except that I will pay my debt to you—in full!"

And little did I think, then, how significant these words were or how generous my payment was to be. At the time, of course, all I referred to was the cash I had borrowed. And when I went out of the shop that night, leaving Adrian motionless, crouching in his chair, his curly head in his hands, I had no more idea of how the debt was to be met than Europe knew how she was to adjust her finances.

Indeed all that I could think of for several hours was the fact that from the first Adrian had lied to me. Lied about his name, about my work, about his identity, and last and worst of all, had lied about his love!

Then gradually the idea of getting away from everything that could remind me of Adrian became articulate in my brain. I hated the city, particularly did I loathe those parts of it where we had been happy together. Angelo's, where I had met him first, and to which place, of course, Lila

(Continued on Page 86)

Gala Concert in Carnegie Hall, New York, honoring Dr. Walter Damrosch, the famous New York Conductor, on which three great orchestras, the New York Symphony, Philadelphia Symphony and New York Philharmonic, joined as a single orchestra under the successive direction of Joseph Stransky, Arturo Bodanzky, Willem Mengelberg, of the Philharmonic, Albert Coates, the young English Conductor of the New York Symphony, and Leopold Stokowski of the Philadelphia

Leopold Stokowski

Joseph Stransky

Albert Coates

Nikolai Sokoloff

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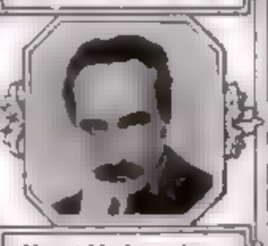

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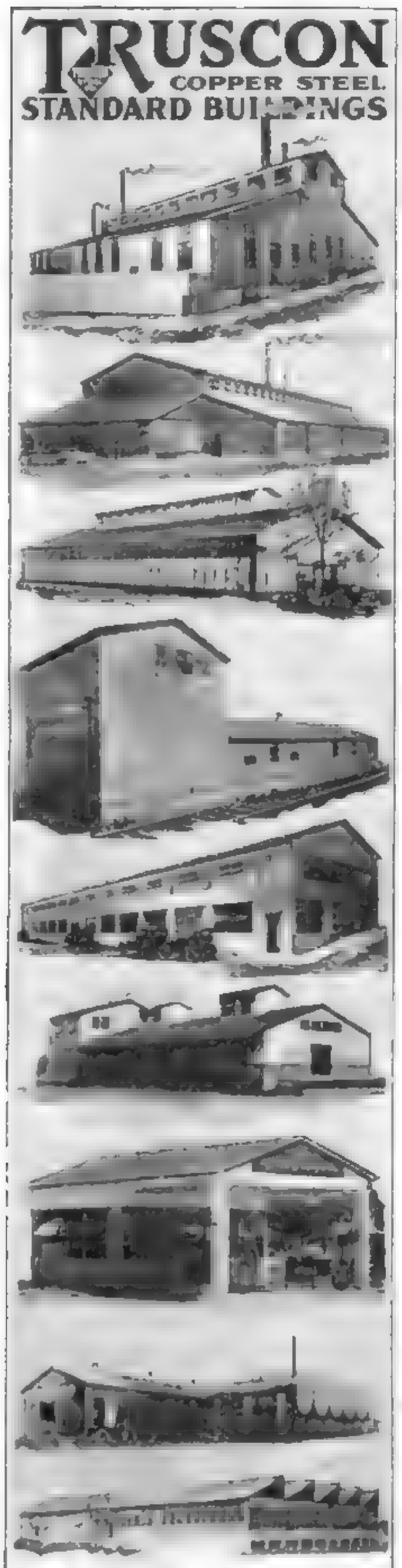

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dragged me this of all nights for our evening meal. I couldn't touch the Italian food; the whole place, which had once so delighted me with its quaint atmosphere, now disgusted me.

So did the cigarette haze at the Blue Kitten later. Lila, not knowing what had happened to me, and thinking merely that I had a grouch on, insisted upon our spending the evening in our usual fashion, and tried with, for her, amazing unselfishness to cheer me up.

But the studios, and the little dancing place to which we went later, drove me frantic. My lungs ached for a breath of clean air, and my very soul longed for a sight of the sea—a call which none who have been born close to the ocean are ever without long, and which draws such people most strongly when trouble is upon them. Under the murk of the hot spring night the city walls seemed to draw together and press down upon me. The air, as at length Lila and I walked back toward our studio, was thick with stale odors, and the roar of the Elevated trains overhead, which had once thrilled me as a city voice, sounded now like the menace of an implacable iron monster intent on devouring my brain. The trees in Washington Square looked dusty and listless as they drooped in the arc lights, and the sleeping figures sprawled about the benches here and there, once the objects of my fancy's solicitude, were now no more possessed of beauty or interest to my mind than were the dirty newspapers which lay blown upon the grass behind them.

"What ails you, Nancy?" said Lila at last. "You've been low as a snake's tail all evening. I guess the heat must be getting you. New York sure is hell in summer!"

"Oh, Lila, it's that right now!" I cried. "I hate it—I hate it! I've got to get away!"

"Well, well!" said Lila sagely. "You have had too many parties and not enough sleep, I guess. It gets even me, once in a while, and I'm hard-boiled. However, you can have your green meadows, old thing. Give me the wicked city! I'd rather listen to the saxophones than the bullfrogs any day."

"Well," said I, "the frogs can keep it up longer, Lila; I'm going home."

"Sure you're going home," said she cheerfully, not understanding me. "We'll be at the studio in a minute and you'll feel fine when you've torn off a big sleep!"

"I don't mean the studio!" said I distinctly. "I mean Little Cape."

Lila gave me a long stare from her pop eyes, and shook her lank bobbed hair incredulously.

"Back to the woods?" she cried, aghast. "You're crazy! How about your job at Adrian's?"

"I—haven't got it any more," I replied, closing down on that subject abruptly. "And as for being crazy I assure you it is the sanest decision I ever made in my life!"

"But it's a confession of failure!" protested Lila. "Just as you have begun to make good!"

"I know!"

"And—good Lord! There will be nothing to do there but wash dishes!"

"Right!" said I.

"Your career will be ruined!" she wailed. "Nancy, don't be a fool!"

"Not any longer!" I agreed.

VIII

THAT Bobby might not help raise the money with which to repay Adrian was a thought which came to me only after I was actually on the train headed for home.

Five hundred dollars was a lot of money as Little Cape counted finances, and of course I would have to tell my brother the truth in asking his aid, especially as the one way I could think of his being able to get any such sum was by putting a mortgage on the house. But confession, no matter how good it may be for the soul, is not a pleasant thing to anticipate, so I tried to forget it for the moment and enjoy my trip. I had decided not to let Bobby know in advance that I was returning. If he, too, had failed—if, as was not unlikely, he had already been obliged to mortgage the place, I would struggle along somehow without adding my troubles to his. Unless I misjudged him greatly, Bobby, for all his apparent shiftlessness, was the sort to put up a bluff if he thought I needed help. So I determined to swoop down upon him unawares and catch things as they really were.

When I left Little Cape I thought I never wanted to see the place again. And now here I sat eagerly craving my quiet homestead with its neat lawns and the ancient hardy garden which had been my pride! A tempting vision of the great trees lining the main street hung tantalizingly in my imagination, and so did the long white road from the station down the narrow neck of the cape itself. I remembered with a little thrill the virgin grove of stately cedars opposite the cemetery, and the wheels of the train, churning rhythmically, took on the sound of surf at night breaking beyond the open window of my bedroom.

Now when people have been away from home for a considerable length of time they get a picture of the place fixed in their minds, and upon returning are amazed to find, say, that grandmother's vast garden is really only a fair-sized building lot after all; that the almost endless journey from the farm down to the courthouse is about the length of five city blocks, or, most astonishing metamorphosis of all, the old swimming hole, far from being the vast lake of one's childhood imaginings, is merely a fair-sized puddle at the end of the pasture lot.

Of course a year isn't much to be away, but a year in New York certainly does change one's sense of proportion almost as much as a lifetime spent somewhere else. Everything, from the moment I drew out of Plymouth, seemed to have shrunk. But oh, how I loved it! And when at last I left the train at our dingy little depot, sniffing the hot odor of sun-baked pine and bayberry and the wind coming clean from the ocean just beyond, I felt washed of my sins, my mental fog was vanquished and a marvelous sense of ease possessed my soul.

"Oh, boy, but it's good to be home!" I cried so fervently that Eli Jones, the jitney hackman who had taken my bags, turned and looked back over his shoulder at me.

"You got a nice day for it!" said he. "Too bad your brother ain't here, though. He must of forgot you was coming."

"He didn't know," said I. "I'm surprising him!"

Eli raised his eyebrows in disapproval. But not even Eli Jones, noted as the town gloomster, could depress me now.

"I personally don't believe in surprisin' folks," said Eli. "Can't never tell how it'll turn out."

"Well, don't be pessimistic," I protested, laughing. "Surprises are sometimes pleasant, you know!"

Eli threw my bags into the rear of his ancient protesting jitney. Even his automobile appeared determined to make the worst of the inevitable as he climbed in and I took my place beside him.

"Well, you'll see a lot of changes round here since you been gone!" said he. "Improvements, some call them. I don't."

"Oh, Eli, I want it to be just the same as it always was, only more so!" said I fervently.

"That's the way I voted too," replied Eli sadly. "But it didn't do a mite of good. Never does so fur as I kin see. But still and all, I claim it's the duty of we three Democrats to hang together so long's there's any of us left in town!"

I didn't reply to this bit of croaking, for as we rounded the elbow of the station yard and turned into the highway a sight met my eyes which struck me dumb.

The long road down the neck, which on my departure had been dusty white, was now black with oil; a big improvement, and a most desirable one, that. But at my left arose a huge new sign, still bright with wet paint. It was an advertisement, yet it contained some historic information as well:

THE TOWN OF LITTLE CAPE, TWO MILES FROM HERE, WAS SETTLED IN 1664 BY CAPT. THOMAS STEERFORTH, A NOTED SEAFARING ADVENTURER WHO LATER BECAME GOVERNOR OF THE COLONY. THE TOWN WAS ESTABLISHED ONLY AFTER TERRIFIC BATTLES WITH THE NATIVE INDIAN TRIBES, AND A SCARCELY LESS DESPERATE STRUGGLE WITH THE BARREN SOIL. THE TOWN IS A VERITABLE MONUMENT TO ITS HEROIC EARLY INHABITANTS, WHO CAME FROM ENGLAND BECAUSE OF RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION. MANY QUAINT DWELLINGS AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS ARE STILL STANDING.

"Eli, who on earth let that thing be put up?" I exclaimed, the queerest feeling coming over me at sight of my ancestor's name thus blazoned forth in connection with Somebody's Hair Restorer.

"Who allowed it?" replied Eli. "Why, the one who owns the lot, I reckon. Old Mr. William Cooper, seems to me it is; and I shouldn't wonder but what it's the first money that land ever earned him."

"Oh, dear, I don't like that much!" I objected with a sigh. "But I suppose it can't be helped."

"Can't nothin' be helped," Eli agreed mournfully. "I don't like old Cooper gettin' that sign myself. Seems as if the old boy never did have to work for any of the money he gits."

We were approaching the cemetery now, and a new building caught my eye. It was a miserable little one-room shack, tawdry, unpainted, opening towards the road to display a meager stock of peanuts, pop and cigarettes. All around it was a filthy litter of broken packing boxes, old newspapers and such trash as a place of the sort accumulates. The sight of this eyesore, directly across from the stately ivy-covered cemetery walls and the simple clean beauty of its high iron gates and neat walks, sickened me.

"Drive slowly, Eli!" I commanded. "I want to look at that atrocity. It's on the public highway. How can the selectmen allow such a thing?"

"Why wouldn't they?" replied he. "One of Spinelli's six hundred cousins is running the shack, and Spinelli's the works here now. Feller gits a purty good trade, too, they say. Lots of folks come out to see the old graves—tourists and whomsoever."

"Well, I think it's a scandal and a shame to allow town property to be used for such a purpose!" I declared indignantly.

"Well, I voted that way too," said Eli. "But it didn't do a mite of good. Never does. Trouble is," he went on mournfully, "there ain't enough of us in this town to vote against things."

I had no reply to make to that, because I was a voter in this town and I was against things, yet I hadn't been here to vote. As the drive progressed my secret shame in the matter was fed to repletion, for just beyond the cemetery another shock awaited me.

The virgin grove of stately cedars, which all my life I had in my day dreams translated to an Italian garden, had been gouged to make room for a dancing pavilion of the type erroneously known as rustic.

In one corner of it stood an electric piano, covered now with a dirty tarpaulin, and a matched-board inclosure housed a lunch counter.

The entire place was blazoned with blue felt pennants bearing the words "Little Cape, Mass.," and all about the baseboard ran a row of enameled pleas to "Drink Dew-Sweet" or to "Ask for Adask's Ice-Kreme Kones—Always Krisp." Festoons of electric-light bulbs indicated that the place was active chiefly at night. Its presence on the outskirts of Little Cape was an offense too deep for adequate expression. Eli pointed it out to me just as if I could possibly escape seeing it.

"Thar's another of 'em!" said he. "A friend of Tony, the Greek, came up from N'York and started it last summer. Name like a disease, he's got. Anyways it don't sound decent, and I wouldn't pronounce it if I was able. They have a big time out here, especially Sundays, and they do say you can get a drink of the real hard stuff if you got the price."

A slovenly woman with a bleached head and a badly made-up face was cutting sandwiches on the unappetizing counter. I turned my eyes from her in disgust, hardly capable of listening intelligently as Eli rambled on.

"Yes, sir, this town is certainly growing," said he. "They was twenty new cottages built down to the shore last year, and it does beat all how these foreigners kinda smell out a growing trade and move in after it! A few years ago nobody could get a livin' in this town but a few immigrants that didn't rightly know what a decent livin' was. They come out and stuck because what little they could get out of the place was a durn sight better than what they was used to back home. And meanwhile our boys all went away to where they could get decent wages. So now these foreign-born folks are getting rich on the development of our town. 'Tain't right someways!"

I was suddenly furiously glad that Bobby and I had not sold 'out. The Steerforth homestead still belonged to the Steerforths, thank God! I saw with a new clarity that to have sold it would have been more than a shortsighted business policy—it would have been a betrayal. To have kept it was far more than a sweet sentiment; it was a part of what should be a national policy!

(Continued on Page 68

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Continued from Page 66

A curve in the road ahead hid the town from view, but in an instant now I should see it, and I sat forward eagerly anticipating a sight of my cathedral elms, with, at the end of their green chancel, my own home gleaming whitely. We turned the corner—and the elm trees were gone.

At first I just could not believe it. Yet so it was, the street stretched bare and clean with new cement paving and half-finished sidewalks of a like material.

"Eli *James!*" I gasped in a strangled voice. "The trees—what has happened to the trees?"

"The trees?" replied Eli, aroused at last to some sort of civic pride. "Well, now, I'll tell you, taking down them trees is certainly a big improvement, I must say! The paving makes us look real citified, don't it? That's one good thing Bowditch done. He got Spinelli to remove 'em when he built the theater. Claimed they was in the way of parkin' the cars when the show was on."

"It's a crime!" I cried. "Why, Eli, killing those grand old giants which took hundreds of years to grow is murder—actual murder! Spinelli ought to be electrocuted for it!"

"Well," replied Eli with a shrug, "you can't git me real het up over a tree unless it's in the stove. I ain't seen nothing much else all my life, and they mostly meant the bother of pruning, that's about all!"

A hot anger burned inside me. Honestly, if that wop magistrate had been in sight I would have flown at his throat! My trees, my beautiful elms! Slain! And for what—for what? To make parking space in front of a hideous new theater—a flimsy structure faced with tin that had been cast into a cheap semblance of granite—a pretense that deceived nobody. The building was an eyesore, a blot upon the heart of the lovely little village.

"The fools!" I said hotly. "Don't they even know the commercial value of a tree, if they can't see its beauty?"

"Well, them trees used certainly to drip down a person's neck considerable!" replied Eli in polite disagreement. And perceiving that my ally against the foreign invasion had deserted me on the point, I shut up. I felt unable to talk more about the sacrilege just then, anyway.

By now we were arrived, and Eli helped me out and set down my bag on my doorstep.

"I'll be back with the trunk later," said he. "Soon's I can get around to it. That is, if it come on the train with ye—which it prob'ly ain't. They often don't!"

With which encouraging remark he left me to my own devices.

For a long time I stood motionless on the steps of my home. The grounds which I had left so trim and neat were incredibly run down, and my hardy garden, the pride and joy of my heart and the work of my hands through past years, was utterly neglected and running riot, tall weeds nodding impudently among the foxglove by the fence, the hardy poppies lifting shameless scarlet heads from a wilderness of grass. What on earth had come over Bobby to make him neglect the place like this? Was he ill, perhaps? Or gone away? But no, that could not be so, or Eli would of course have told me! I walked slowly to the side porch, depression and worry settling on me in a cloud.

The sight of the greenhouse, now visible, was another shock. Several panes of glass were broken, and the interior was a tangle of chickweed. Through a gap climbed a nasturtium vine, trying to thrust a yellow blossom into the outer air. A humming bird was darting at it irresolutely. Poor Bobby! He must certainly be flat broke and he had never once written me for help. Well, now that I was home we would get together and see if we couldn't make one success grow where two failures had!

I went slowly to the front door and tried the knob. It resisted, and so I made my way to the other entrances in turn, calling my brother's name. But there was no response. The place was locked up tight. I came back to the front door, anxiety growing upon me. It was most unusual for people in Little Cape to lock a door or window unless they were away on a long trip. I sat down on the top step to think matters over.

The town lay deserted in the warm noonday hush, and before me, across the road, was the denuded Hoadley house, and on the corner beyond, the atrocious motion-picture theater. The house, never beautiful, but impressive through the sheer weight of its early Victorian bulk and the massiveness of the trees and shrubbery surrounding it, now stood forth naked, all its bad lines emphasized by a new coat of light green paint. A pile of rubbish stood between the house and the theater. The whole place bore a look of having all its worth squeezed out of it, while the owner fed it nothing in return—no grass, no trees, no love. That was the trouble—he was giving it no love! He was only using it!

As I sat and watched, old Mr. Bowditch came out of the side door, masticating the last morsel of his noonday meal. The sunshine gave him pause, and he stood briefly on the edge of the wide dusty waste which he had created, a tall impressive figure of a man with a magnificent flowing beard of snowy white. He was in shirt sleeves and suspenders, but they could not detract from a certain innate dignity which he possessed—a dignity which had come with the incredible survival of his people through the antagonism of the ages.

Around him as he stood flocked a swarm of English sparrows, chattering, quarreling, contented to scratch and pick in the dust and refuse of this man's untidy yard! And suddenly these little immigrant birds took on a dreadful symbolism for me. They drove out the native songbirds! They had no standards; they were a dirty noisy bother. I couldn't endure to look at old Bowditch standing there among them, so much at home in the mess they had combined to make. I hid my face in my hands and when I looked up he had gone.

It was now well past my customary lunch hour, and so hiding my bag behind the shutters of the door I walked slowly away from the pathetic disorder of my home, deciding to patronize Tony, the Greek. His whitewashed windows displayed no more appetizing a lure than three rather soiled bananas and an old saucer of fly paper, but I reflected that one meal there could not be such a dreadful experience, and I should be near the house when Bobby returned.

So I opened the door, which rang out the fact of my entrance in a sharp tinkle at the rear, and a smiling curly-headed foreigner arose from behind the cigar stand. Except for him the place was deserted.

"I wonder," said I pleasantly, "if I could have a sandwich and a cup of coffee?"

"Sure!" said the man; a stranger he was. "Choose a table. Ham or egg?"

"Ham, please!" said I. "Is Tony not here any more?"

"Boss is out 'er town with Bob Steerforth," said the man casually, eying me with too evident approval. He allowed me to sit down, but made no move himself.

"Well?" I demanded at last. "Would you mind getting my order? I am very hungry!"

"Oh, sure!" said he lazily, throwing me a leering smile. "I'll bring it along, girlie."

For a few uneasy moments I waited, looking about the cheap ugly room with its tawdry decoration of soft-drink posters, and I was just wondering whether I had not better go along on to Aunt Myrtle's house, when the attendant returned, bearing a sandwich of thick bread and thin pale ham and an overslopping cup filled with a dark queer-smelling beverage.

"Live around here?" said he as he set the unappetizing meal before me.

"Yes," I said briefly.

"That's good!" said he, seating himself, uninvited, offensively close beside me. "Ever go out nights?" he went on. "I got a little car—well, it belongs to my brother, but I can always get it if I act quick. What say?"

"Please!" I protested, backing away from him and half-rising, now in serious alarm. "I came here to eat, not to make acquaintances!"

"That's all right, girlie!" said he. "We can be friends. I took a liking to you first off!" He moved closer.

"Don't!" I cried. "Keep back!"

But he ignored my words. With a look of unspeakably beastly self-complacence and what I suppose was intended to be an all-conquering smile, he pushed the table between us aside, and in another instant I would have been caught in his hairy arms.

"They can't see in here!" he cried. "Don't worry!"

At his words the door flew open with a jangle, and Easy came in. With a sharp exclamation in his native tongue the Greek let me go and turned sullenly away, busying himself with the dishes in a nervous fashion, while I leaned weakly against one

(Continued on Page 71)

HE HOWLS
Let him howl!

His name is Winter.

He lurks at the doors and windows; he preys on the health of children; his cry is the biting North wind.

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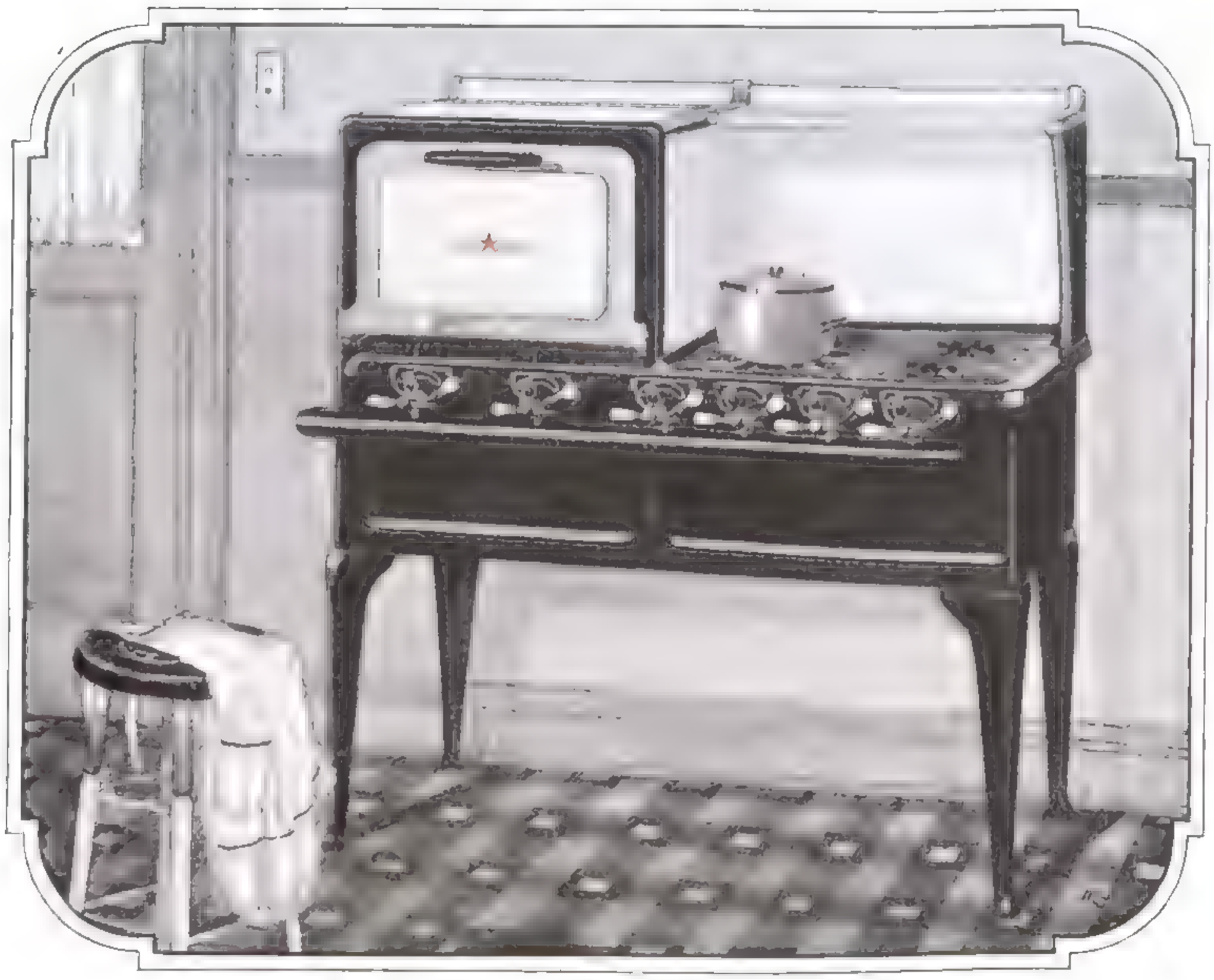

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The RED STAR is a different oil stove. It combines qualities heretofore expected only of the most efficient gas range. It is beautiful, sanitary, easy to operate and a delight to work with. It BURNS OIL but has NO WICKS or wick substitutes. You cook and bake with GAS HEAT produced by the wonderful Patented RED STAR Burners.

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THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY · DETROIT, MICHIGAN

RED STAR
Detroit Vapor
OIL STOVE

(Continued from Page 68

of the posts which supported the roof, too dazed and upset to speak.

For of course the one person in Little Cape whom I had truly dreaded to meet whose inevitable presence there had almost been a sufficient deterrent to my homecoming—was David Cooper. All the way up on the train I had devised little schemes for avoiding him and rehearsed cool speeches to be used in the event of our finding ourselves face to face. And now here I was, all unwittingly accepting a first-class rescue from him. He had helped me when I badly needed it, and the odd conviction came over me that he always would at all times, in spite of the dreadful things that stood between us. He had told me he was through with me forever—but what of that?

He, too, was caught off guard by the sight of me, and for an instant the expression on his face showed that however he might despise me he had not succeeded in killing his old affection.

"Keep your dirty hands off that lady, Pete!" he roared, striding toward the waiter threateningly. "Are you crazy?"

"I didn't mean nothing," said the man sullenly.

Then Easy turned to me.

"Nancy!" said he. "What are you doing in this dump?"

"I—I came to eat!" I gasped. "Bobby is away. I just arrived and was hungry."

"I see!" said he, his face clouding again, shutting me out, as he remembered. There was an awkward pause.

"I—thank you, David," said I miserably. "I never dreamed such a thing could happen in Little Cape."

"Anything can happen in Little Cape," said Easy.

Then he turned away and picked up a package of tobacco, ignoring me.

"I see Tony got in that Rex mixture for me," said he, throwing money upon the counter.

I might not have been there any longer. There was only one thing to do, and I made my way to the door, hoping against hope that he would follow me. But he made no move, and presently I found myself alone in the sunny silence of the street.

Of course my appetite was completely gone by this time, and I turned slowly homeward. I wanted to think, to analyze the sudden soreness of heart that the sight of Easy had given me. I would go out into my neglected garden and pull up weeds, and perhaps that would be good. If only Bobby would come home! I ached for the occupation of helping and encouraging him. In his troubles I would be able to forget my own, for a while at least.

But I found myself unable to hurry. The sudden emotion of the past few moments had tired me unreasonably, and I walked with reluctant feet, even pausing outside of the old Historical Society building to read the neat poster on its door—one of those prim announcements carefully written out in Aunt Myrtle's—or Aunt Rose's; I could never tell whose—handwriting, the very sort of thing at which I had so often giggled in the old days:

SPECIAL EXHIBITION

EARLY AMERICAN COMFORTERS AND BEDSPREADS

ALSO DISPLAY OF MODERN ITALIAN CUTWORK EMBROIDERY, LOANED BY MRS. SPINELLI

ADMISSION 25 CENTS

In a flash I recalled that night, almost a year ago, when Mrs. Spinelli had attended the meeting and Aunt Myrtle had said, "Why, she's a poor foreigner—lonely, I suppose. What harm can it do to let her in?" And now Aunt Myrtle was painstakingly lettering a placard to advertise that greasy female and her work—or Aunt Rose was.

Anger giving me new strength I turned over toward the house, walking briskly now, my fists clenched as though ready to give battle to any and all Spinellis who might chance to cross my path. Fortunately none of them did just then, and as I came in sight of the front door I hurried still faster, for it was standing wide open!

I ran up the path, calling for Bobby, but no one answered. As I came up the steps I saw that my bag was still hidden behind the shutter, where I had left it. I should still be a surprise to him! With fast-beating heart I entered the big shadowy hall and then started back with a little cry.

Inside, the place was just the same except that it showed the usual masculine disorder of a house left to the care of a bachelor, and there was no one in it except the idol, Nokomi. It was he who had startled me so, for curiously enough, I had not given him a thought since my arrival. Now all at once I realized how completely the enormous gilt figure dominated the room, and it sent a real thrill down my spine. Then I recovered myself with a laugh. What a nervous high-strung fool I had become! The idol was nothing in the world but a part of the furnishings which had been familiar all my life. Dismissing my fright I ran to the inner door and called again.

"Oh, Bobby!" I cried. "Where are you, dear? It's Nancy, come home!"

For a moment or two there was silence, and then at length a door slammed and Bobby appeared from the direction of the kitchen. At sight of me the dangling cigarette dropped from his pallid mouth.

"Nancy!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"Why, brother!" I cried, hurt to the quick, and alarmed, too, by his paleness and the sunken look of his eyes. "Aren't you glad to see me?"

He picked up the cigarette and threw it into the cold grate.

"Of course—sure I am!" he said quickly. "How are you, old girl, and why on earth didn't you wire me you were coming?"

He came over and kissed me tenderly enough. I noticed, then, how smart his clothes were, and that his hair was varnished like that of an actor. He must be working in Plymouth, or perhaps even in Boston!

"Dear!" said I. "How glad I am to see you! And how nicely you look! I had to come very suddenly or I would have let you know."

"Well, well!" said he, patting my shoulder nervously. "That's fine—that's fine. Are you going to stay long—or just over the week-end?"

"Why, Bobby Steerforth, that's not very hospitable of you!" I protested. "I'm afraid you will have to keep me longer than that. I'm home to stay, dear—for a good while, at any rate!"

He gave me a sharp uneasy look which worried me profoundly. Perhaps he simply could not afford the expense of an idle sister. Well, in that event I would soon find work. After all, what I principally wanted was a roof over my head and the normal background of a masculine relative.

"Oh!" said he. "Why—I'm delighted, of course; only you—well—it was a surprise, you'll have to admit!"

"And a sorry one in some ways, Bobby," said I. "You remember our bargain?"

"Sure I do!" said he. "Say, listen, I wouldn't go back on that, you know. But what snagged you, Nancy?"

"Bobby," said I miserably, "I'd better tell you the truth and be done with it. I've failed. I'm a poor weak fish who thought she had talent and made a mistake. My painting hasn't the commercial value of a last year's rainstorm. I'm broke; I'm flat. I'm home again on your hands. And what's more, I'm in a bad mess."

"Good heaven!" said he. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing wrong!" said I. "Don't jump at ideas like that. You have got to believe in me and take my word for it, without much explanation, that—well, that I am doing the right thing."

"Nancy!" he cried, coming over to me and taking both my hands, his face lighting up with a good clean look which I had not seen there since he was a young boy. "Nancy, you count on me—no matter what it is! I'll kill him if he's hurt you!"

"No, no, dear," I said, half laughing, half crying. "It's money—only money. I'm afraid to tell you how much!"

"Don't be," said he. "Who is it for?"

"I can't tell you that," said I. "Because it would lead into so many things. All I can tell you is that I had to borrow five hundred dollars because I couldn't, wouldn't write to you!"

"You ought to have tried me, at least," said he. "I'm your brother—the proper person to have turned to!"

Somehow his saying that, the way he did, gave me strength to go on. After all, there was a flash of the old Steerforth spirit in the boy—blood and breeding were flaring up, now that they were needed!

"Perhaps I should have," I acknowledged. "But at any rate I took the money and spent most of it. Then the man who lent it to me ——"

"I know!" said Bobby savagely. "You don't have to tell me any more. Let me after him, that's all!"

"Oh, my dear!" I cried. "That is just what I can't possibly do. I must not even tell you his name. If only I could pay him—that would close the whole incident."

"Well, you'll pay him at once, of course," said Bobby. "Here, sit down a moment, kid, and take it easy."

I obeyed him, slumping into the big chair he offered, resting my tired head against the back while my brother lit another cigarette and began pacing the room. The peace of familiar things began to steal over me, and even old Nokomi, facing me from his corner, seemed friendly once more. Outside, in the slanting afternoon sun shafts, the robins were sounding their evening call. I closed my eyes in a moment of utter relaxation, and when I opened them again Bobby had paused beside me. He plunged his hands into his trousers pocket.

"Better clean this up at once!" said he. "How much did you say you owe this louse?"

"Five hundred dollars," said I weakly.

Then I sat up and took notice, for Bobby withdrew his hand from his pocket and the hand grasped an enormous roll of bills.

"All right, sis," said he. "I guess we can make it."

He began counting the money off—twenties, fifties, hundreds—while I watched, fascinated. Then he shoved five hundred dollars across the table toward me, and thrust his scarcely depleted roll back into his pocket.

"There you are!" said he. "Glad I can help out. But don't be that kind of a fool again."

"Bobby!" said I, finding my voice at last. "Where on earth did you get all that money?"

"Say, listen!" said he. "You take it—that's all, see?"

"Robert Steerforth!" said I. "I won't touch it without knowing whose it is!"

"It's mine," said he. "And that's all you need to know."

"Not by a darned sight!" I exclaimed. "How did you get it!"

"I earned it!" said he. "If that's what you are worrying over. I earned it—every nickel; you bet I did! I'll give you my word of honor I earned it. But as for how—why, that's none of your business, my dear. I'm not prying into your secret, am I? I'm accepting your word that you can't tell me any more, ain't I?"

I could only nod.

"Then you might at least trust me as far," said he sullenly. "Especially as I'm handing a big wad of it over to you."

"That's true," said I. "And I am both profoundly grateful and surprised. I didn't expect anything like this, Bobby, and you can't blame me for wondering about it."

"Don't wonder," said he. "Just take it. I earned it, see?"

"Well, in that case," said I, "I will take it, dear, and a thousand thanks. I will pay you back just as soon as I can."

The room had been dim, but now the sun, having sunk below the tops of the apple trees, sent bright shafts through the iridescent old window panes, searching out far corners of the room with piercing light. I stretched out my hands for the money, which lay upon the table between us, doubting still, but trying to dismiss the doubt. Suddenly my eyes, following one of the inquisitive sunbeams, fell upon the idol's face and on the instant my hand was arrested. A cold fear held me motionless, but a cry broke from my lips. The idol's eyes had moved again.

"Bobby!" I shrieked. "Nokomi's eyes! They moved—they looked at me!"

To my added terror Bobby whirled around as if he had been shot, his face convulsed horribly, his clenched fists menacing the idol.

"Stop it!" he shouted insanely. "Fool, fool! Stop it, I say!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

When Your Car Starts Hard

Without a good spark in each cylinder your motor will not start easily nor run properly, especially in cold weather.

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Makers of AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915, U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139 Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

These shoes *feel right* the moment you put them on

YOU can put on a pair of Glove-Grip Shoes and wear them steadily from the day you buy them. No pinching or rubbing, no long painful days breaking them in. They give your feet that snug, comfortable feeling of well-being.

It's all in the way they are made—fashioned to the actual shape of the human foot. The soft leather of the upper gently hugs the instep like a glove fits the hand. Lacing a Glove-Grip Shoe lifts up the arch instead of pressing it down.

It is this unusual fit under the instep that brings out the beautiful lines of the foot and makes the Glove-Grip Shoe so trim and smart-looking. Made in all the latest shapes and leathers for both men and women. Most styles are priced at from $9 to $12.

The Trim-Arch oxford illustrated below is one of the season's popular styles. Ask to see it at the nearest Arnold dealer's. If you do not know his name, write to us for it. An attractive style book of shoes for both men and women will be sent free.

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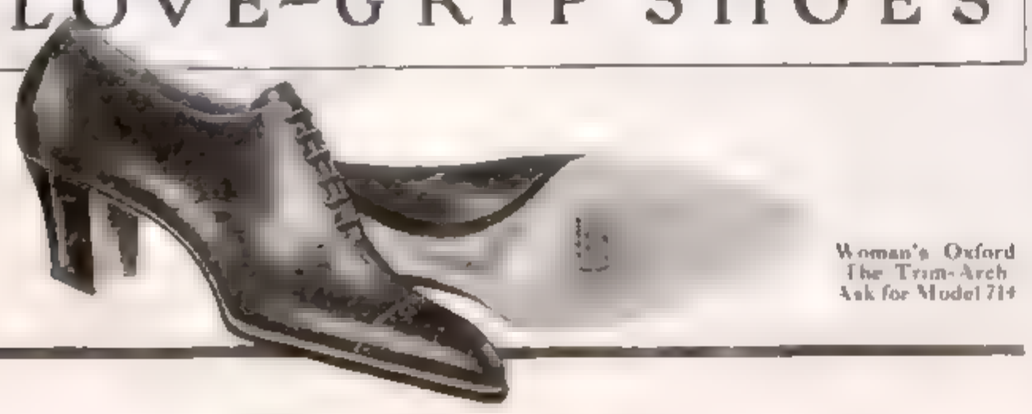

Woman's Oxford
The Trim-Arch
Ask for Model 714

THE SWORD GUARD OF THE EMPERORS

(Continued from Page 12)

school by Teruhide. He bid for it. He was aware that she was still fidgeting. As he bid six pounds she took her vanity bag from the table. The sword guard was knocked down to him for seven guineas. As he took it from the tray she rose. He looked up at her. Her eyes met his with an odd look of defiance and a touch of mockery in them.

Again he was startled for a breath. What did the look mean? But the sword guard claimed his attention. He swelled with triumph at having got two such fine pieces in an afternoon. He wrapped it in tissue paper and set it beside him with the sword guard of the emperors.

He saw a few more lots sold, then went home. Arrived at his flat, he took out the lacquer box in which he kept the soft brush and fine wash leather with which he restored his sword guards as nearly as he could to the condition in which they had left the hands of the artists who made them, and sat down to the pleasing job. First of all he brushed and polished the sword guard by Omori Teruhide, a diver dragging a branch of coral through the sea. Then he gloated over it for a little while. Then he unwrapped the sword guard of the emperors.

It was not the sword guard of the emperors!

His eyes opened and opened till never in his life had they been so large, and his face grew blanker and blanker till never in his life had it been so blank. Then full realization came to him; and he did justice to the business in the words which rise to the lips of an angry man who has commanded platoons and battalions and regiments and a brigade in the Great War.

Had Mrs. Honingham been a compound of Lucrezia Borgia, Madame de Brinvilliers and the late Mrs. Thompson, he could not have said more. When his breath failed him he was as nearly black in the face as a lean fit man of thirty-five can get.

He was not really a man of words; eloquence indeed was quite rare in him; even as a platoon commander he had never risen to such a height before. He was a man of action. He acted. He had never descended the stair from his flat quite so quickly; he certainly reached the cab rank in record time. A taxi carried him to Farringdon's all too slowly. Farringdon was still selling sword guards. Raithby went to the clerk sitting beside him and asked for Mrs. Honingham's address.

There was nothing that you could call odd about his appearance; he was merely rather pale and his nostrils were twitching. The clerk hesitated to give the address of a client.

Raithby produced a smile which he meant to be reassuring—it was merely hideous—and said, "It was only that she wanted to buy a sword guard I bought just now. She seemed to want it rather badly. At least I fancied she did."

He could not bring himself to tell the clerk what had happened, he would look such a fool.

The clerk smiled upon him genially and gave him the address.

The taxi was all too slow getting Raithby to Bickerstaffe Mansions. He was still rather pale; but his nostrils had ceased to twitch.

Mrs. Honingham's maid told him that her mistress had gone out about an hour before and had not yet returned. That was bad. Raithby's heart sank; he would never see the sword guard of the emperors again. He went down the stairs with a dejected air. He went to his club, to the smoking room, and seethed, quietly drinking whisky and soda.

He rarely touched spirits; but this was an occasion. Slowly he recovered his usual color, a pinkish brown.

One long whisky and soda was all he allowed himself. He had work to do. At five o'clock he went back to Mrs. Honingham's flat. He looked a grim and dangerous man.

Mrs. Honingham was at home. He was shown into her drawing-room, a rather bare drawing-room. She was lying back in an easy-chair beside a small table, drinking her tea. He perceived at once that she did not really look like a frog, but much more deadly—still reptilian, of course—something in the cobra line.

He stood just inside the door, very tense, holding himself in, gazing hard at the loathsome creature. She was wearing a very pretty tea gown indeed, of the clinging kind

She looked at him with level eyes in a wholly expressionless face. His face was not expressionless.

"I knew you would come," she said quietly.

"Yes. I've come for my sword guard," he said with a terrible grimness.

"You can't have it," she said.

It was a definite statement, made in a tone of finality.

"Can't have it?" he said a trifle raucously. "But I'm going to have it! If you think you can commit a barefaced theft like that and get away with it, you're wrong!"

Her eyes met his in the same level stare; her face was still expressionless. She said. "But I have got away with it."

This was another definite statement, made in a tone of finality.

"You haven't!" snapped Raithby.

But she had.

He perceived that she had. He should have gone straight to the police. That had been the only chance, and a poor one at that. There was no evidence—only his word against hers. The evidence that there had been, the sword guard she had bought at the sale and subetituted for his, he had rendered worthless by coming to her flat. He could have acquired it there. She would say that he had—obviously. There was no evidence whatever that she had the sword guard of the emperors; and she had had time to hide it safely ten times over. He ground his teeth. It was all that there was to do, and not a bit satisfying at that.

"Besides, I haven't stolen it; I've only borrowed it," she went on after a pause. "You'll get it back—you'll get it back inside of three months—I'm afraid."

"I want it now!" cried Raithby, losing his balance a little and clamoring with a kind of childish vehemence.

"Or I'll buy it from you. I'll give you fifteen pounds for it. Here it is," she said, waving her hand towards the table.

On the corner of it he saw two bank notes and five gold sovereigns on the top of them.

She stretched out her left hand, took up the five sovereigns and let them slip through her fingers, tinkling, onto the notes, and said softly, "Cash—notes and gold."

Raithby stared at the gold coins trickling through her little white fingers; then he clamored again, "I don't want to part with it, I tell you! I want it!"

"You can't have it," she said firmly. "You never would have had it if I had got to that stupid place three minutes earlier. So you see you haven't really any right to it at all."

This was the last exasperation. The eyes with which Raithby glared at her would have compared favorably with those of the deadliest basilisk that ever blasted a complete stranger.

But what was he to do? You cannot wring the neck of a pretty lady in an easy-chair in her own flat, however cobraesque she may be. It's no good talking about it; you can't do it. But you can grind your teeth if you want to; and that was what Raithby did. Then he went away. He was in too cold a fury to bang the door behind him. He shut it quite quietly.

He had gone halfway down the first flight of stairs when the door of her flat opened and she came quickly forward and leaning over the banisters, her face shining with the light of inspiration, she said, "I tell you what: I'll give you more than fifteen pounds for that sword guard. I'll give you eighteen."

Raithby looked up at her. That was the last straw. He sagged under it and went on down without a word.

There was a mirror in the hall, but he did not look into it to see how black in the face he was. He went to his club, sizzling all the way. He was halfway through his dinner before he had quieted down to a simmer.

It was astonishingly little consolation to him that the sword guard of the emperors would be his again inside of three months, the way in which it had been borrowed still stuck so deep in his gizzard. He derived very little consolation from telling himself,

Continued on Page 74

A home at Longview, Washington— A. N. Torbitt, Architect.

Comfortable within Substantial throughout

THE comfort and permanence of the home—most important of all, the economy in building and maintaining it—are the certain advantages of dependable lumber construction. Dependable lumber has strength and quality, of course, *plus the added values put into it in thorough manufacture.* It is because of these added values that Long-Bell trade-marked lumber goes into construction with a minimum of carpenter labor and a minimum of lumber waste— a saving and an assurance of dependability in lumber important to every home-builder.

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1—It comes from virgin forests.
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3—Milled in our own mills, all operating with modern machinery under a uniform process and efficient supervision.
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12—Minimum of carpenter labor—planing, sawing and sorting—necessary to put into construction.
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14—The product of a lumber company 47 years in the business.
15—Long-Bell Lumber can be identified by the Long-Bell trade-mark on the end of the piece.

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LONG-BELL

(Continued from Page 72)

twice, what he thought about Mrs. Honingham. But the next day, while still regarding her as a creature more noxious than the cobra, he found that a certain respect for her had insinuated itself into his mind. The colossal cheek of the theft and the daring! Had he or anyone else chanced to have seen the substitution, where on earth would she have been?

Two mornings later he came to breakfast to find a large square gray envelope lying beside his plate. He was always more interested in his breakfast than his letters. Therefore he was careful to eat it before opening them, lest one of them should impair his appetite. But he had not gone far with it when he was aware of a pleasing, delicate perfume, vaguely familiar to him. It flashed on him that it was the perfume Mrs. Honingham used. He grabbed the letter and opened it. It ran:

Dear General Raithby: It has occurred to me that perhaps I owe you an apology. I was feeling so very strongly that you were the perfect pig not to let me have it when you saw I wanted it so much more than you did, that I did not think of it. But after all it was really my fault for not having been there to get it myself and very likely you thought you had the right on your side.

Yours faithfully,
L. HONINGHAM.

Raithby read the letter and then he read it again. But where was the apology? However, he supposed that the noxious creature meant it for an apology. But what the devil did she mean by saying that he must have thought that he had the right on his side? Of course he had the right on his side! Was she pretending to think that she had it on hers? He disliked her far too much to answer the letter.

He continued to think vengefully of her, and three weeks later he saw her again at another sale at Farringdon's. He ignored her. But he was easier in mind about her presence than he had been at previous sales, for after the way she had robbed him she could not in all decency wrest from him the two netsuke he had come to buy. He was wrong. She showed herself wholly forgetful of her misdeed, as ruthless as ever, and outbid him for both of them. His detestation of her revived to its fullest intensity. In the circumstances her greed was shameless.

Ten days later he went down to stay with his cousins, the Swainsthorpes, at Swainsthorpe Court. As he entered the big hall his eyes fell on Mrs. Honingham. His first impulse was to turn and fly. He was fairly amazed at it. He knew that he detested her; but he had no idea that he detested her to that point.

The sight of him seemed to have no such disturbing effect on her. She looked through him with just as much and just as little interest as she would have looked through the next man of his size.

When Lady Swainsthorpe introduced him to her, she smiled up at him, a malignant smile, and said, "We've often met at sales—Oriental sales; but we've never been introduced. A Japanese sword guard can't be considered a proper introduction, can it?"

Raithby could have boxed her ears, or rather he could have strangled her—really. Her voice was soft and clear, a delightful voice; but he found it charged with a contemptuous insolence wholly infuriating.

It was monstrous! He was the person to be contemptuous, not she. He was not the thief; he was the robbed. He was the person to do the detesting, not she. He had not injured her. He told himself that she looked more like a venomous little cobra than ever. He told himself this firmly. And hard as nails! She ought to be shivering in her shoes, lest he should tell Lady Swainsthorpe about the stolen sword guard, and evidently she did not give a damn whether he told Lady Swainsthorpe or not. He did not believe that she gave a damn for him or anybody. Yes, hard as nails!

He found himself beginning to sizzle, and got away from her. He had a feeling that she was going to spoil his visit for him. She did. The house party was not large, and there was no getting away from her. She did not help him to get away from her; she made no effort to avoid him whatever. He found himself taking her in to dinner, playing tennis with her as his partner, playing foursomes at golf with her as his partner.

She was the worst partner at both that he had ever come across; no one had ever put him off his game as she did, hopelessly. She played neither game well; but when she was his partner she played both without a mistake. He did not. He played all right till he did make a mistake, just one. Then she would just look at him in a way that made his blood boil quite suddenly. Or she would say in that tone of insolent contempt, "Never mind; I suppose you couldn't help it."

Then it was all up. A person of her moral character had no right to look at him like that or speak to him like that—no right whatever. He began to sizzle; then he went to pieces. You cannot mix morals with sport.

At the end of the set or the foursome, in which he had brought upon them shameful defeat, she would laugh a soft malevolent laugh. On the coolest day he would come off the court or the last green, darkly flushed. Then there came a cool evening and they danced. Of course Lady Swainsthorpe planted him with Mrs. Honingham. He had never known anyone so blind. He got to it with clenched teeth as to a painful ordeal. It was not. She danced admirably. In spite of his better nature he was beginning to enjoy it immensely. Of a sudden she seemed to grasp this fact.

She said in that tone of insolent contempt which he knew so well and liked so little, "Are you taking better care of your sword guards?"

The words came as a thundering jolt. He went half round the room not quite realizing that he had suffered it. Then he began to tremble. The callousness! The monstrous impudence of it! Then he began to sizzle, and little beads of sweat came out on his forehead.

She seemed to grasp this fact also, for she glanced up at his expressive face, laughed that soft malevolent laugh, and said in that hateful tone, "I do like to see you like that."

He lost control of himself. He stopped short and said, "You noxious little snake!"

She looked carelessly round the room and said in a tone of utter indifference, "Well, you shouldn't have started by being such a pig."

He had been right! She did believe herself to be the injured person. It was incredible. He gave it up. But he felt it due to himself to make just one effort to put the matter on the right footing; and he said in the nastiest voice he could command, "Your collection of sword guards must be getting on excellently, considering your methods."

"My collection?" she said in a surprised voice. "You don't suppose I collect the silly things!"

He was taken aback. This shook his theory of her shameless greed.

"Then why on earth did you steal the Ujigawa crossing?" he cried.

"I didn't steal it. I borrowed it. I told you so—pig!" she cried with considerable heat.

"Borrowed it? What on earth did you borrow it for?"

She looked at him with contemptuous eyes and did not answer.

She sat down on a couch; he went away from her, immensely puzzled. He had to readjust his ideas about her. He found it inexplicable—difficult. The business was inexplicable—a mystery. He puzzled over it. He did not ask her to explain it, for he knew that she would not do so. He kept away from her. He had to. He had grown tired of being made to sizzle. But he had to watch her. He supposed that it was natural that she should be so popular with the rest of the house party. She did not treat them as she treated him; and they did not know what he knew about her. Then he had an odd fancy that something weighed on her—not the theft of the sword guard; he was sure of that—but she seemed often to withdraw a little from the others and brood over something with the corners of her lips drooping. He did not find it odd that he should take a perpetual interest in her. He did not know that he did so. Then the house party broke up and he returned to London.

Then he found the sword guard of the emperors.

He came upon it by the merest chance. He had been dining with friends, and at the end of the evening walked back to his flat. A man of the name of Mostyn, who had also been dining with them, walked with him. When they came to the flat Raithby invited him to come up and have a whisky and soda. As he was mixing it Mostyn went to the shallow case fixed to the wall, in which Raithby's finest netsuke stood on glass shelves and his finest tsuba hung against the orange velvet with which he had had the back of it lined, as being the best background to display them.

"So you go in for these things," said Mostyn. "I know another man who goes in for them. He has some very fine ones."

"What's his name?" said Raithby.

"Staines," said Mostyn.

"I've never heard of him. And I know all the big collectors," said Raithby in a doubtful voice.

"Well, I'm not an expert, but I should say that they are quite as good as these, if not a trifle better," said Mostyn.

Raithby paused, considering. Perhaps he might be able to induce their owner to part with a piece or two. Then he said, "I should very much like to see them. You can't see too many—if they're really good."

"I can easily arrange it. Staines doesn't know any connoisseurs and he'd be awfully bucked to show them to one and talk about them. But he's a very sick man, poor chap—last stage of T. B.—gassed during the war."

Two days later Mostyn came in his car and drove Raithby to a little villa in Hendon. As they went into the house a nurse came down the stairs.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Mostyn," she said. "Mr. Staines is rather better than usual this afternoon. But please don't stay long and don't let him talk too much."

She took them upstairs to an airy room opening onto a covered balcony on which stood the sick man's bed.

Staines was lying on a couch by the window, a tall, thin and very frail young man of twenty-eight, with bright sunken eyes, over whose skull the mask of flesh was very thin.

Mostyn introduced Raithby. They sat down by the couch; and Staines opened the square, shallow, mahogany box which stood on a small table beside him, and took out a tray of netsuke. Raithby jumped on his chair. On the tray were twenty netsuke; and he knew them all. Every one had been torn from him by Mrs. Honingham at some sale at Farringdon's or Geneby's.

He examined them ruefully but carefully, as if he had never seen them before, and he wanted them more than ever. Talking about them, he found that Staines liked them just for themselves, as quaint, delightful creations of artists, that he knew very little about them. He began to tell him about them, the periods to which they belonged, the names of the artists who had signed them, the qualities for which their work was prized. Staines' bright eyes grew brighter and brighter.

Raithby came to the end of them. Staines set the netsuke tray on one side and took out the bottom tray. On it lay twenty sword guards. At least fifteen of them had

(Continued on Page 79)

"We've Never Been Introduced. A Japanese Sword Guard Can't be Considered a Proper Introduction, Can It?"

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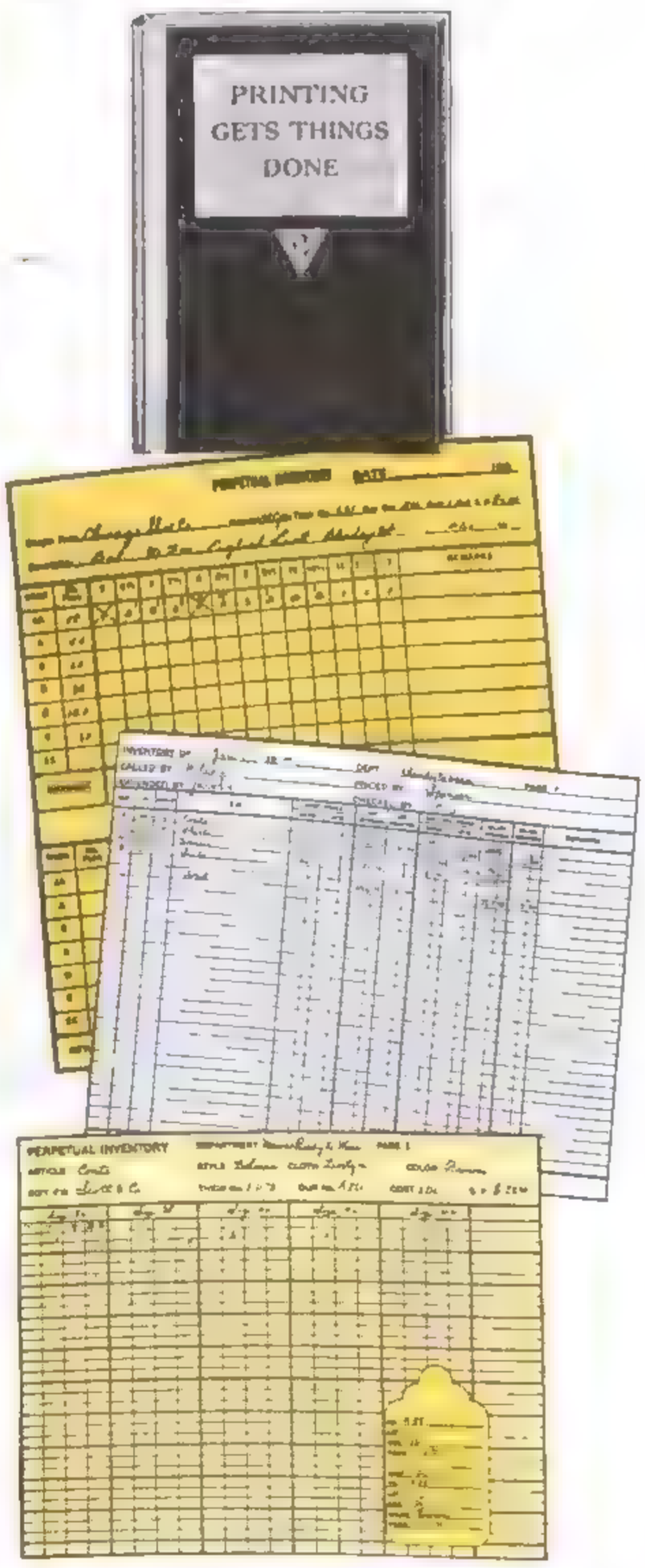

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HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

(Continued from Page 74)

been torn from Raithby by Mrs. Honingham; and for the five others she had outbid other collectors who had already outbidden him. The sword guard of the emperors was the twentieth. There were four rows of five sword guards; and it was the fifth guard in the fourth row.

Staines knew as little about sword guards as he had known about his netsuke. Raithby had told him about them as he had told him about the netsuke.

When he came to the Ujigawa Crossing he said, "This is not only a very fine guard, it's also uncommonly interesting. I happen to know that it was given by the Emperor of Japan to one of the Mittel-European emperors. I won't tell you which, for you might let it slip out and it might get about and questions might be asked about how it got to England and you might have to hand it over. But here you have a guard which emperors themselves have carried on their swords—the last word, don't you know!"

"By Jove!" said Staines in a tone of boyish delight.

"Well, I congratulate you. You've got forty pieces here that any collector in the world would be glad to put in his collection," said Raithby; and he could not quite stifle a faint sigh of envy. He had wanted some of them so badly.

"Splendid!" murmured Staines softly; and his eyes ran lovingly over his treasures. "Splendid! And I am so much obliged to you for telling me all about them."

"I like doing it," said Raithby. "Collectors do."

There was a pause; then Staines, still gazing at his treasures, said, "It's wonderful to think that one can pick up jolly things like this for a few shillings apiece."

"A few what?" said the startled Raithby sharply.

"Shillings. That's right, isn't it?" said Staines anxiously. "The friend who gave them to me isn't very well off. I shouldn't like to think ——"

"My dear chap," broke in Raithby, "the very finest netsuke I've got—I don't want to seem to brag, but it's finer than any of these—cost me exactly seven shillings. Just because they're not European, people haven't the slightest idea of their true value."

"It's astonishing," said Staines.

In the circumstances Raithby felt justified in giving his curiosity a chance; and he said, "These forty pieces were chosen by a person of uncommonly good judgment."

"It wasn't quite that," said Staines. "But she picked up three netsuke in a curio shop—not any of these; they were so good—and when she saw how pleased I was with them she found out from a man called Farringdon who was the best judge of them in London, and let him pick them for her—and the sword guards."

Raithby coughed sharply. Then he told himself that it was exactly what she would do. It was no pleasure to him to have been chosen to pick them.

Presently the nurse came and said that Staines had had enough of them. As he was leaving the room Raithby looked back to smile. Staines lay back on the couch, exhausted; but his eyes were still shining.

Then, as luck would have it, when they came out of the front door Mrs. Honingham was opening the garden gate.

"Oh!" she said sharply at the sight of Raithby; and her eyes opened wide and scared.

Raithby raised his hat and Mostyn raised his, saying cheerfully, "How are you, Mrs. Honingham? I think that Jimmy is better today."

She paid no heed to him. She said to Raithby in a rather breathless voice, "Did you take it?"

"Take what?" said Raithby.

"The Ujigawa Crossing?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Raithby stiffly. "What has the Ujigawa Crossing got to do with me?"

She looked at him with puzzled, frightened eyes, and hurried into the house.

"Seemed to think you were in the detective line," said Mostyn carelessly. "As if anybody would bother about European rulers nowadays."

They got into the car.

"Donna Quixote, I call her," said Mostyn as he set it going. "She's spent two-thirds of her income on poor old Jimmy for the last four years. He was a friend of her husband, who was killed in France. Before he went West he asked her to look after him."

"Oh," said Raithby rather sourly.

Certainly Mrs. Honingham possessed to an astonishing degree the knack of infuriating him. He felt more strongly than ever that he had been a fool. He ought to have guessed that there was something of this kind at the bottom of the business, that he ought to have seen that she was not at all the kind of woman to borrow a sword guard—he admitted that she had merely borrowed it in that dangerous and overbearing way without good reason. It all came of his original prejudice against her for always outbidding him. It had blinded him. But then, look how she had treated him with that outrageous insolence. How could he have guessed that a woman who behaved like that would behave like this?

The next morning he came to breakfast to find a letter from her beside his plate. He opened it quickly. It ran:

Dear General Raithby: I am sorry. I withdraw the "pig." Yours very truly,

LUCY HONINGHAM.

He wrote back:

Dear Mrs. Honingham: I am sorry too. I withdraw the "snake" unreservedly.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE RAITHBY.

That should have been the end of the affair except for the return of the sword guard of the emperors. But Raithby found himself thinking a good deal about Mrs. Honingham. Indeed she veritably stuck in his mind. It arose very much from the fact that he felt that while she had played a very generous part in the matter of that sword guard, he had not. He had certainly displayed a greediness which gave weight to her assertion that he was a pig.

His pride, or his vanity, was up in arms. He could not be outdone by a woman. It must be set right somehow. To set it right he must get into touch with her and really show her that he was not a pig. He owed this to himself. Also he found that he had a strong desire to get into touch with her again—for reasons which he did not care to examine closely. Not only the thought of her stuck in his mind but also her image, uncommonly distinct. He found himself wondering how he could have thought that she looked like a frog.

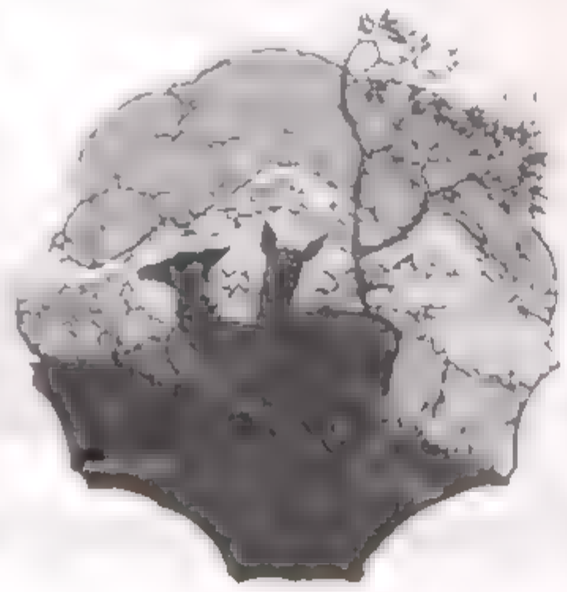
A fortnight later there was a sale at Farringdon's. She did not come to it. His disappointment at her not coming far outweighed his satisfaction at getting two netsuke he never would have got had she been there to buy them for poor Staines. He was so disappointed that when he had cleaned and polished the netsuke to, as near as might be, the state in which they had left the hands of the artists who had made them, he did not really care for them.

A week later a registered packet came for him. It contained the sword guard of the emperors. On the slip of paper inclosed with it she had written:

Many thanks for the loan. L. H.

He put the sword guard in the place of honor with very little pleasure. He had, rather foolishly, been expecting her to bring it back herself. He was greatly disappointed that she had not. He had been wanting to see her very much more than he had known.

He wasted no more time; he called on her. She was away in the country. Another disappointment. She really seemed to have come into the world to disappoint him. A fortnight later he went down to Swainsthorpe and found her there. He was astonished at the pleasure the sight of her gave him. He had never thrilled quite like that at the sight of a fine netsuke.



He set about making it clear to her that he was not a pig. He devoted himself to her, lavishing on her, with enthusiasm, all the little attentions. It was uphill work. The manner in which she received those attentions and her attitude to him were disappointing. She was friendly enough; but there was no warmth in her. He realized that he had to overcome not exactly the prejudice against him which his behavior in the matter of the sword guard of the emperors had roused in her, but rather an after effect of it which prevented her from regarding him as anything but an acquaintance.

It began to seem rather hopeless. It was all very well to start with a little aversion; but she had started with too much.

However, continual dropping of water will wear away a stone; and a woman is not so insensible as a stone—at any rate Mrs. Honingham was not.

One night she let slip the admission that she preferred to dance with him rather than with anyone else staying at the court. He said, quite truly, that he was always at his best with her, that she had an extraordinarily stimulating effect on him. She laughed a soft, pleased laugh; and he saw in her eyes that warmth for which he had been impatiently and rather hopelessly looking.

His heart jumped in him. But on the instant the warmth vanished from her eyes; and she was staring at him with an expression of almost ludicrous surprise as if she was really seeing him for the first time. Then she fairly fled into the house.

Raithby was immensely elated, both by that sudden thawing and by that flight. But then she carried flight too far. She did not play golf the next morning; and when the golfers returned to lunch she had gone. Raithby was dumfounded. He tried to find out from Lady Swainsthorpe whither she had gone. She professed ignorance; but he had a strong suspicion that she could guess.

He told himself that he should have struck while the iron was hot, when he had seen that sudden warmth in her eyes. But after all, it had not had much time to cool. The next day he went to London and promptly and without scruple sank to the depth of bribing a servant and learned that Lucy Honingham was at the Ship Hotel at Dymchurch. He reached that village at seven o'clock that evening and promptly and without scruple sank to the depth of bribing a servant and learned that she had gone for a walk along the sea wall towards Sandgate. Few people have gone down that sea wall quicker than Raithby went.

He found her more than a mile down it, sitting under it with her elbow on her knee and her chin resting on her hand, gazing out to sea. She was so deeply immersed in her reflections that she was unaware of his coming till he dropped from the wall onto the stones beside her. She looked up with startled eyes. When she saw who is was she looked more startled still, but not with a displeasing astonishment, and blushed.

Raithby sat down beside her and said in an aggrieved voice, "What did you want to run away from me like that for?"

"Run away from you, General Raithby?" she said in a tone of immense surprise. "Why on earth should I run away from you?"

"Goodness knows," said Raithby. "I suppose it's because I want you so much."

"Want me?" she said in the same tone of astonishment, but careful not to let her eyes meet his.

"Yes—like anything," said Raithby, and, striking while the iron was apparently cold, he lifted her on to his knee.

She became straight and very stiff, almost rigid, in fact, and protesting coldly and with the most correct air, tried to push herself out of his arms. That, he could not allow. And when she found that it could not be done and that it was no use bidding him loose her, she relaxed a little.

"Well, what about it?" he said.

"What about what?" she said in a less severe voice.

"What about marrying me?"

She paused and considered, relaxing a little more; then she said, "I should be frightened."

"What on earth of?" he said in some surprise.

"Of your horrible temper."

"Nonsense! It isn't horrible, and anyhow you never gave a damn for it."

She paused and considered again; then she said, "Oh, well, I suppose pigs do eat snakes."

She seemed rather to collapse, and laughed softly.

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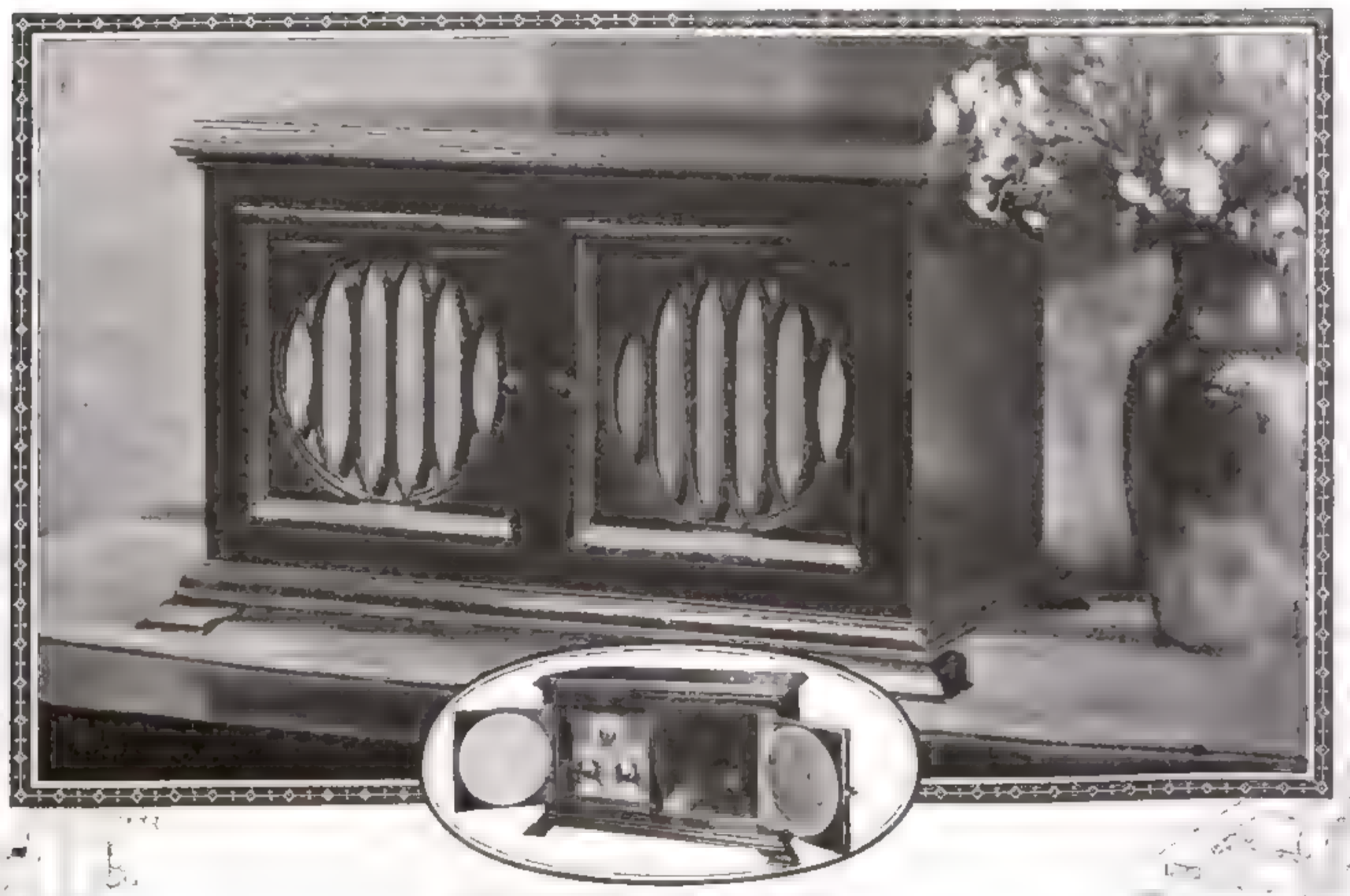

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LESSONS FROM THE ENGLISH BENCH

(Continued from Page 27)

First of all, I would suggest that public opinion, which is at the bottom of all government, English no less than American, must be given a somersault in its duty toward the law violator. Too many Americans, high as well as humble, claim the right to choose what laws they will obey or disobey. The burglar chooses one law that he will disobey, the bootlegger another, the briber another, the poor man in great need and weakened conscience chooses another, and the rich man with his power and his purse chooses another. Does the difference in the method of operation or the difference in the law make one respectable and the other disrespectable? Does it make one lawful and the other unlawful, one commendable and the other criminal?

It surely is obvious that a law, statutory or constitutional, when once duly enacted, exacts of every man, woman and child a duty to obey.

If the law be wrong, repeal it or amend it, but so long as it is the law let it be respected and observed, for in no other way can life, property, human rights or human government be made secure. From the people the jurors are selected, and the shallow, sentimental sympathy too often pervading the jury box—not for the person wronged in the commission of the crime charged, but for the criminal—is so often misplaced that it results in an obvious miscarriage of justice. In my judgment, it is high time that we place side by side with the Goddess of Liberty another statue to the God of Law. An American, native or naturalized, must constantly feel that his primary and paramount duty is not in foreign fields until he shall have at least cleaned up at home and put his own house in order by protecting the great majority of our law-abiding citizens from the small minority of law-violating citizens.

Now what can we Americans do in this respect by way of emulation of the English courts?

First, there is too much delay between the finding of the indictment and the actual trial of the case. This delay is largely in the discretion of the court. The judge too often grants undue time for hearing on the preliminary and often dilatory motions, pleas and demurrers, and frequently attaches entirely too much importance to them. Speed in this respect can be much cured by legislative acts. Perhaps in some of the states a constitutional amendment would be required; in others only a statute would suffice, giving the court power to cure any substantial defect in the indictment by amendment even after the grand jury had adjourned. These preliminary objections to the indictment are not favored in the English courts and seldom resorted to by the barristers, because English courts have that power of amendment and place their chief consideration upon the substance of the charge rather than upon the style of the language used.

Misplaced Sentimentality

Second, there is the absurd, tedious *voir dire*, or preliminary examination of prospective jurors, going into all the petty details of their past life or associations, presenting to them many hypothetical cases of fact or law. It would be an exception in England when a half hour was taken to obtain a jury even in a murder case. They try cases in England and Canada from one end to the other long before we get a jury in many an American murder case.

A recent case showing the abuse of this practice occurred in Cleveland, Ohio, where one Whitfield, a half-breed, had brought to that city a fourteen-year-old girl from another state and they were living together as man and wife. He brutally shot down a policeman in whose custody he was at the time. After shooting him down he took his body and buried it at some secret spot. He was pursued for days and weeks, finally captured, indicted and tried. It took some four or five days, under the practice prevailing in my state, to get a jury. Imagine the examination and cross-examination that must have resulted in consuming those four or five days. Over one hundred persons were called and examined before a jury was obtained, though Whitfield was comparatively unknown in Cleveland. True, the citizens of Cleveland had been horrified by the murder, as every decent self-respecting American would be, but why that should call for such an extended examination it is difficult to understand. Only reading about the atrocity of crime does not in itself disqualify the reader. Jurors should not be qualified by ignorance or disqualified by their intelligence. The result of this kind of product of *voir-dire* examination appeared in the verdict. Without a single redeeming trait in Whitfield's past life, without a single mitigating circumstance in the commission of the crime, the jury in this case recommended mercy. Comment is unnecessary. No wonder that the trial judge felt called upon to administer a most deserved rebuke.

Let the trial judge briefly inquire of the jury as to the general grounds for challenge of cause and excuse those who are clearly or probably disqualified under the several statutes of the various states. After this inquiry and qualifying of the jurors in the judgment of the trial court, let either counsel be given an opportunity to ask additional questions, but not repeat the questions submitted by the court, and let those inquiries come to a matter of real merit affecting partiality or bias. The veniremen are frequently treated in their cross-examination by counsel as though they were parties to the lawsuit; they are not infrequently pressed into an attitude where they are severely handicapped later in the giving of a fair, impartial judgment upon the facts.

The Peril of Lawlessness

As a general rule, the qualifications of the jury, save as modified by statute, are in the discretion of the court, which should try their qualifications as jurymen. This would save hours, days and often weeks that are whittled and wasted away by counsels' fishing in the secret mental recesses of the person in the jury box.

A member of the High Court of Justice of Canada, before a state bar association some years ago, made this observation: That he had tried "four criminal cases and seven civil cases before an American judge had half his jury in a murder case." It is high time to correct this illegal nonsense in our criminal practice.

Third, the English judge throughout takes the most pains, taking care to follow the case, noting and analyzing the evidence in its legal and logical effect. At no time does he permit the trial to degenerate into a game of wits or legal legerdemain of contending counsel. He does not merely sit as umpire, allowing the lawyers to go an unlimited number of rounds; he at no time hesitates to take the witness in hand and searchingly examine him as to his knowledge concerning the transaction, and the truth and credibility of his story. The English bench and bar put their cards all on the table, and if the court thinks there is any violation of this rule, his lordship does not hesitate to go after anything that may be withheld and exhibit it to the jury—the leading facts, the controlling truth is what the court is after. His lordship conducts the trial, all others only assist; all to the end that the jury may finally be in possession of all available evidence touching the charge, with its full legal and logical effect in proving the guilt or innocence of the prisoner.

Fourth, I have always been a staunch advocate of the doctrine that the jury shall be the exclusive judge of the facts without any interference by the court, and the court shall be the sole judge of the law without any disregard from the jury. But the present peril of lawlessness that is sweeping over our land from coast to coast, has, with reluctance, brought me to the conclusion that the time has come when the American judge in criminal causes must be permitted to sum up the evidence upon both sides and give his views as to the reasonableness and probability of its truthfulness; the facts relating to the credibility of the witnesses that are in evidence, presenting and analyzing them fairly and impartially to the jury for their fair and full consideration, urging the jury meanwhile that they must be the final judges, take the responsibility of passing upon the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, using the court's suggestions only where

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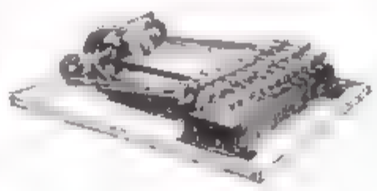

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In the remarkable machines shown at the left, the wear of "U. S." Rubbers and Arctics is actually measured and tested to the finest fraction of an inch.

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This is one of the big reasons why you can always be sure of longer wear and greater economy when you ask for "U. S." Rubbers and Arctics.

"U. S." Rubbers and Arctics are made over such a wide variety of lasts that they insure smooth, perfect fit everywhere—across the toe, at the ankle, at instep and heel. Each year a careful study of all styles of shoes on the market is made by our designers.

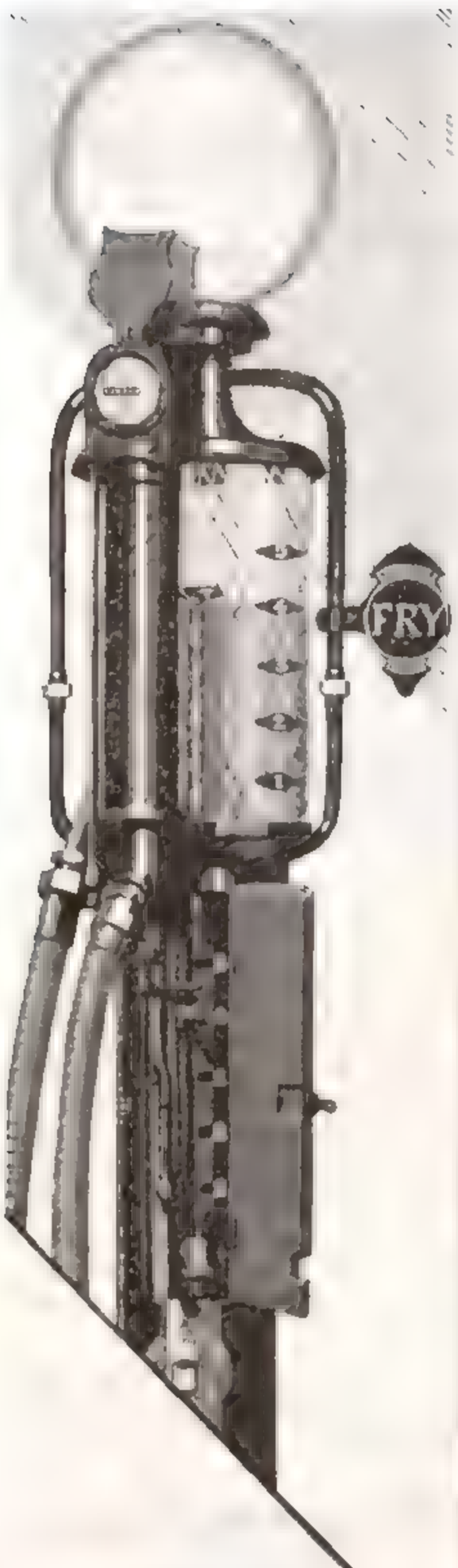
Whether you want Rubbers or Arctics for men, women, or children, you'll find just the type and style you want in the big "U. S." line.

They are not "U. S." brand unless they have the "U. S." trademark. It will pay you to look for it. They cost no more and wear longer.

United States Rubber Company

Ask for "U.S." Rubbers

Trademark



Accuracy

The Fry "Over-flow" principle means you get a full gallon of gas right down to the last drop

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Every gasoline purchase in plain sight. You see and get exactly what you pay for.

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The operator of a Fry pump is a good man to do business with. He is fair, square and

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Fry Visible Pump
"Always Accurate"

they sound in reason and are supported by the evidence.

The sob speech of counsel, the elocutionary eloquence, the switching and swerving of the issues to irrelevant and collateral matters often brought into the case by adroit and cunning counsel—the effect of all these can only be safeguarded against by permitting the American judge to make some such summing up as is now done by the English judge. Surely the sovereignty of the law may fairly claim the aid of the judge who is sworn to support it, as against the lawlessness that has resulted in the crime under investigation.

I can easily anticipate the outcries against this change in our procedure, not only by criminal and quasi-criminal classes but by their skilled and successful counsel, who have piloted many a guilty crook through some legal labyrinth to freedom in defiance of the law.

Surely, however, in this great national crisis that is threatening us and imperiling our institutions to a much greater degree than any foreign foe, even an experiment that has been found successful for centuries in conservative England cannot be entirely ignored in America. Indeed, the whole American Government, state and national, was an experiment. Let some state take the initiative; no new legislation is required to authorize the American judge to sum up as does the English judge. The only thing necessary is a pronouncement by the court of last resort of any one state to initiate this policy.

I predict with confidence that if such a course be followed by any state as a pioneer, the professional crooks—and there are thousands of them, burglars, highwaymen, bank robbers, get-rich-quick frauds, and the like—will give that state a wide berth, and the criminal statistics for that state so using such power of the presiding judge will abundantly vindicate the great virtue of that system.

England, the home of jury trial in criminal causes, has never regarded such procedure as an invasion of the right of trial by jury. Why should Americans, who have adopted the English system, regard it as such an invasion? But if it be such, our actual necessities are superior to any academic right even of the criminal.

I have no doubt that under the practice prevailing in the great majority if not all the states, most American courts of appeal would have set aside the verdict in the Mason case for any one of a half hundred statements made by his lordship, Mr. Justice Rigby, in his hour and forty-five minutes' summing up of the evidence. During this summing up he not only freely expressed his opinion as to the credibility of witnesses from their manner on the stand, the probability of their testimony, their former records and present life, but also clearly indicated to the jury his views on the probative force or weight of their testimony.

Why Cling to Failure?

This practice is generally disapproved in the states, and verdicts and sentences thereon are set aside because of such practice. All aid to the jury given by the trial judge in weighing the evidence of the witness, or any number of witnesses, furnishes the ground for reversal. Why? Simply because the American judge or American court has so long held to the doctrine of noninterference with the jury's sole right. Partisan counsel may express their opinion most freely on the evidence and credibility of the witnesses as an aid to the jury, but the impartial judge, specially schooled and trained in the weighing of the facts in connection with the rules of law applicable thereto, may not even do so by the remotest suggestion. It seems absurd upon its face.

Since it must be candidly conceded that the American practice prevailing in the states preventing the judge from making any suggestion as to the credibility of the witness or the probative force of the testimony has worked in favor of the criminal, it must be likewise candidly conceded that the method to the contrary has been a marked success in favor of law and order. Why in reason we should continue to cling to an admitted failure in America rather than adopt an admitted success in England, from which we have very largely obtained not only our laws of procedure but our jury trials, it is difficult to understand.

We have had in the American states since colonial days the shell of the English system of jury trials in criminal cases. Unfortunately, we have chiefly retained the vices of their old-time technicality and delay. Is it not high time that instead of these vices we adopt their virtues, and have in truth and in fact the soul of that system which centers in the judge's control of the trial and the helpful aid in its constant direction, examination of witnesses, and finally the summing up to the jury?

The innocent need not fear it—the guilty need to be kept in fear of it.

As the jury is the supreme and final judge upon the facts proved or not proved, with which the trial judge in no wise interferes to set it aside or grant a new trial by overruling the jury's finding upon such facts, so that same supremacy and finality on the weight of the evidence controls in the British Court of Criminal Appeal. This court does not reverse upon the weight of the evidence.

Four Courts, Four Guesses

In many of the states cases have been so often reversed by the judge's mere reading of the cold, lifeless pages of the record without the ability to judge of the credibility of the witnesses who gave the evidence in the record, that in many cases two, three and four trials occur before a final judgment is rendered.

The verdict of the jury on the facts is too often like the judgment of a justice of the peace. American courts make it merely the first guess, the trial judge having the second, the court of intermediate appeal the third and the court of last resort the fourth. No such procedure is tolerated for a moment in England.

As the judge is the central and controlling factor in the trial of a case, so the three judges are the controlling factor in determining those questions that are of substantial importance in the criminal appeal. This is accomplished by a line of pertinent questioning of counsel during the argument; very often the justice indulges in what appears to be a controversy or debate with counsel touching the law point raised in its application to the case at bar.

The whole process in the Court of Criminal Appeal is to sift the chaff from the wheat, to divide the important from the unimportant matters, always accepting the jury's finding upon the essential facts as a finality.

There is a consistent avoidance of all trifling and technical errors of law. The modern English Court of Criminal Appeal would give no consideration to the omission of the word "the" in an indictment against "the peace and dignity of the state," as was done in Missouri; no consideration to the alleged variance between indictment and proof, where the indictment charging one pair of boots and proof showed two rights, as was done in Delaware; no consideration to failure of proof touching a public road because the evidence failed to show that it had not been formally dedicated to the state, although it had been used constantly for years as a public highway, as was done in Georgia; no consideration to a variance in proof between an indictment using the word "storeroom" instead of using the word "storehouse," as was done in Ohio; and many other equally technical variances defeating the state in the administration of speedy and substantial justice.

The early and expeditious decisions of the Court of Criminal Appeal in England, as distinguished from our procedure in the states, should in many cases bring the blush of shame to the judicial cheek. Many Americans have spoken slightingly of the slowness and even stupidity of the Englishman in grasping a legal proposition. If the American judge surpasses the English judge in this respect, why should he hold cases weeks, months and sometimes years before deciding them? If judgment be equitable, it must of necessity be expeditious. Delays work great hardship and expense.

The English Court of Criminal Appeal is not loaded up with constitutional questions such as now congest the American courts, even the Supreme Court of the United States. As the jury is supreme on the facts unless substantially misdirected by the trial judge, so Parliament is supreme in its creation of the law. There are no Newberry cases in the English courts.

One more suggestion about the trial court: The charge of the American judge too often is entirely too long, too abstract, too technical, shooting high above the head of the average juror. It reads more like a treatise or lecture on the law to be delivered to some senior class in a law college or to a bar meeting. The charge should be simple and short, confined to the very few legal issues really involved in the case. On the law of general average, there is five times the likelihood of reversible error in ten pages of a charge than there is in two pages.

Though four-fifths of the delays in our criminal procedure are directly chargeable to the judges, one-fifth may fairly be attributed to the state of legislation; but this legislation could be speedily cured if the judges would unite in a recommendation for such cure, specifying the legislation desired. The legislator doubtless would be more than willing to meet the judgment of the judges in this respect.

In the Wenatchee National Forest, Chelan County, Washington

Specific Reforms

First, reduce the time within which proceedings in error should be perfected by a half to two-thirds the present limits. The petition in error, which is merely formal, should be filed when the bill of exceptions is filed and not months after.

Second, either the legislature by act or the court by rule should reduce the time for filing the briefs on both sides.

Third, criminal cases should always be given the right of way either by legislative enactment or by court rule, varying with the state's practice.

Fourth, provision should be made by constitutional amendment or statute for allowing amendments to indictments, where substantially defective, so as not to delay trial and final appeal.

Fifth, so far as legislation may control the court of appeal under the several constitutions, the preliminary requirements for all reversals should be that the court of appeal must first find that substantial justice has not been done the appellant upon the trial of his cause below, with the reasons therefor.

Sixth, England has been greatly benefited by a general conspiracy statute, where two or more may be charged with a conspiracy to commit a crime, the crime itself having been interrupted or prevented and not being complete within itself; hence, none of the accused could probably be convicted for having committed such particular crime, but all are guilty of the conspiracy to commit the crime. Such a count is frequently joined with the particular crime count, especially crooked and corrupt financial transactions, the sale of blue-sky stock, and other fraudulent business transactions where two or more conspire together for that purpose.

Many other suggestions shall no doubt occur to the reader growing out of the foregoing articles; but if we will adopt some of these major suggestions and combine the moral and governmental force of the nation and the states toward the protection of the individual rights of man and the prosecution of those who invade them, America, instead of being a nation of maximum crime, may rival the statistics of England in minimum crime.

How much longer shall we continue to admit our unwillingness or our inability to remedy the obvious and glaring evils of our criminal system without presenting some practical constructive plan of reform? The legal machinery of England is daily demonstrating its efficiency for law and order. Is it not at least in part entitled to a trial in America? Let us at once proceed to cut out or cure this national disgrace.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Judge Wanamaker.

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S E P

Gold Case Factory and Service Workshops, Gruen Watch Makers Guild, Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio—where the jeweler's watchmaker can secure standard duplicate parts promptly

Showing how, through a simple rearrangement of wheels, with other technical improvements and refinements, the Gruen Watch Makers made an accurate watch logically thin, transforming the thick, cumbersome watch of our grandfathers' time into a compact, beautiful timepiece of highest accuracy

The highest mechanical perfection ever attained in a thin watch

How the Basic VeriThin Idea led to the scientific development of thinness combined with highest accuracy

After the watch makers of several centuries had failed to produce a thin watch that would keep accurate time, the Gruen Guildsmen conceived the VeriThin idea.

To you who must judge a watch solely by the correctness of time it gives back to you, the development of this idea is of significant interest. A glance at the panel above will show you how the basic VeriThin wheel construction helped bring about the highest degree of mechanical perfection ever known in a thin watch.

Starting with a simple rearrangement of wheels which saved half the movement space required for the ordinary watch, other technical improvements and refinements were developed so that each part retained its proper strength and its capacity to stand up under long service. Thus the VeriThin became America's first scientifically accurate thin watch.

And it was this VeriThin idea, gaining quick recognition throughout the world, which formed the nucleus around which has been built up the greatest of international watch industries—the Gruen Watch Makers Guild.

After twenty-one years of critical use, twenty-one years of exacting tests and comparisons, the Gruen VeriThin still leads today as the most logically constructed accurate thin watch.

The VeriThin idea alone would *not* have produced a time-keeping masterpiece. Hence the Gruen watch makers did not stop there. With their high technical skill, with a watch-making knowledge passed down to them from the greatest guild craftsmen of generations, they developed and refined the VeriThin idea and made it practical.

Preserving all the advantage of standardized machine production, parts are finished by hand in the Gruen factories, tested and adjusted to the highest precision. Thus every Gruen VeriThin that you see today is the work of careful, unhurried craftsmanship. Each part must meet the rigid guild standards; each watch is a perfect conception of the Gruen ideal.

Most distinctive of all fine timepieces, the VeriThin is a man's watch through and through, an unerring guide to correct time. And it will be a gift highly valued by the man who is a judge of fine things. It is sold *only* through good jewelry stores. Look for the Gruen Service Emblem.

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Engaged in the art of watch manufacturing since 1874

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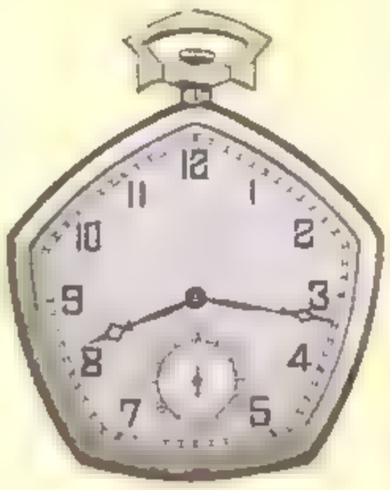
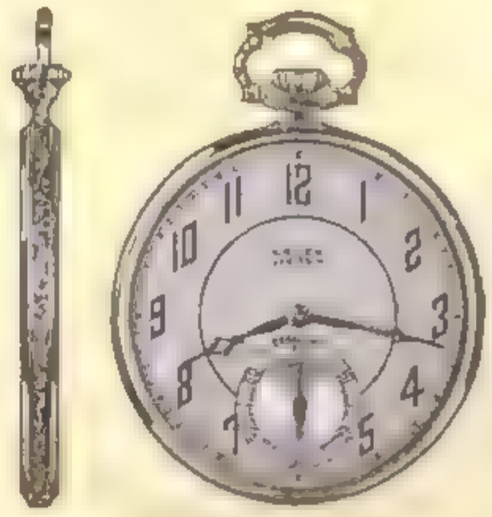


Pentagon 13
The UltraThin Pentagon Won't tip over in the pocket
$275 to $650

Patented

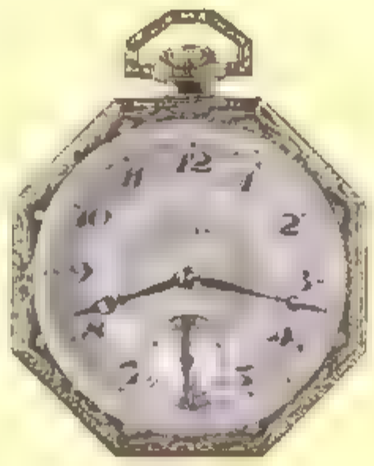
Empire 4
$125



Patented

Empire 6
$70 & $75

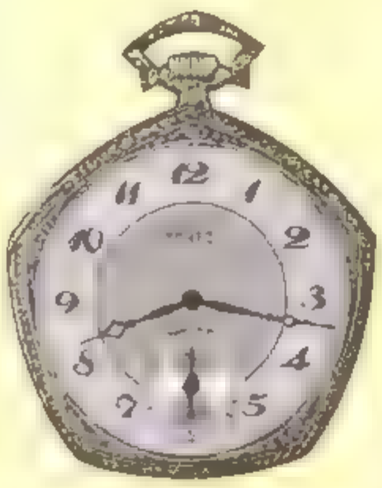
Empire 1
$75 to $150



Octagon 4
$60 to $200

Patented

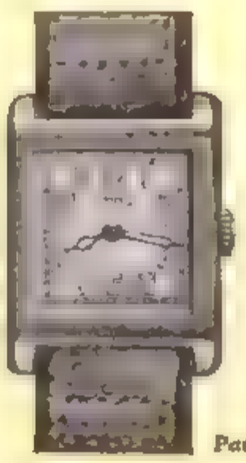
Louis 7
$50 to $225



Patented

Pentagon 3
$70 to $275

Cartouche 26
$100 to $200



Patented

Tank
$55 to $250

SemiThin 1
$25 to $50

Pentagon 13—UltraThin Pentagon, solid white gold, green gold or platinum, Dietrich Gruen *Extra Precision*, $275 to $650, according to case.

Empire 4—VeriThin *Precision*, solid white and green gold, 21 jewels, $125.

Empire 6—VeriThin *Precision*, white or green gold Gruen Reinforced, 19 ruby jewels, $70 and $75, according to case.

Empire 1—VeriThin, solid green or white gold, $75 to $150, according to case and movement.

Octagon 4—Octagon VeriThin, green or white gold, Gruen Reinforced, inlaid with enamel, $60 to $200, according to case and movement.

Louis 7—VeriThin, white or green gold filled, $50 to $225, according to case and movement.

Pentagon 3—Pentagon VeriThin *Precision*, white or green gold, solid or Gruen Reinforced, $70 to $275, according to case and movement.

Cartouche 26—Cartouche *Precision*, solid white gold, 17 ruby jewels, $100 to $200, according to case. With diamonds, $125 to $3500.

Tank—White or green gold, solid or Gruen Reinforced, *Precision*, 17 ruby jewels, $55 to $85, according to case. *Extra Precision*, up to $250

SemiThin 1—SemiThin (Trade Mark) green or white gold filled, $25 to $50, according to case and movement. The best value in a timekeeper at $25.

GUILD WATCHES

see that the name GRUEN *is on the watch*

6906)

Warmth and Protection with Light-Weight Comfort

WITH Duofold, you can give yourself the extra warmth and protection so advisable during the winter, without sacrificing comfort!

Because Duofold's unique fabric takes advantage of the well-known principle of the storm window. Its two *thin*, separate layers, with air space between are much more effective in shutting out cold and keeping warmth in, than a single layer much thicker. *It provides warmth without weight.*

The comfort and the sense of well-being that you will experience from Duofold will be more than you ever expected from underwear that can give you such warmth and protection against winter's rigors.

Choose from all cotton or mercerized cotton numbers. Or, if you prefer the added protection of wool, you can get Duofold with comfortable cotton in the inner layer and wool in the outer layer, where it can't "itch."

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Duofold made with cotton in the inner layer and wool in the outer layer, is *ideal.* Soft, soothing cotton next the tender skin—warm, absorbent, health-protecting wool away from the skin where it can't irritate. Send for booklet *"Health Protection for Infants and Children."*

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WEAR Knit UNDERWEAR

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Health Underwear for Men, Women, Children and Infants

SKOOKUM CHUCK

Continued from Page 25

the green whorls of the eddy beautiful long streamers of kelp waved gracefully, and below them hung motionless and dim a half dozen rock cod. Marshall's tensity of readiness relaxed; but a slight impatience remained over such a footling waste of what had been represented as precious time.

The afternoon wore on, and the sun dipped toward the high ridges across the channel. Outside the eddy the tide was racing by, hoarse and exultant. Clouds of white gulls and terns crowded every bit of driftwood that swirled past. Apparently they were just out for the ride; for, once their tossing and precarious craft had shot through into the slower water, they arose all together and flew screaming excitedly to the bend at Gillard Island, thence to race back. At the float the Kittiwake tugged and shrugged uneasily in the lesser surges of the back eddy, and the small boats inside the booms swung back and forth. Still no signs of human activity. Marshall glanced at his watch. Already five o'clock!

He heard the rattle of the galley stove in preparation of supper. At length X. Anaxagoras appeared, yawning slightly.

"Better get the tackle ready, I suppose," he observed.

"I thought your friend was so keen to put in every possible moment," Marshall could not help remarking

"He is."

"Then why isn't he out fishing?"

"Because he wouldn't catch anything There's nothing doing until evening. You must remember it doesn't get dark until about eleven o'clock."

"When do we start, then?"

"Right after supper."

X. Anaxagoras opened a long narrow deck locker and began to sort fishing tackle.

IV

BY HALF PAST SIX, though the sun was still high from its official setting time, it had disappeared from the channel, which had fallen into the cool of evening. Tom reappeared. He was now full of business.

"I'll take the dugout and let you folks have my skiff," said he. "The wife has her boat. You fix it between yourselves how you're to go. There's a few herrings in the live box that are too small for cod."

"Since it's fish we're after, I'd better take the skiff alone," decided X. Anaxagoras. "Betsy, you take Mr. Marshall with you and show him how it is done."

"I suppose you've got to fish with those rods!" observed Tom with an air of resignation.

X. Anaxagoras laughed.

"No, old-timer; since this is a meat expedition we'll forgo the sport for this once."

Tom brightened.

"That's the stuff!" he cried. "Let's go! The wife'll be along as soon as she has finished with the dishes."

They embarked.

"I'll let you row until we get to the place," the girl told Marshall, "but then you must do the fishing."

Marshall attempted to demur. She laughed. "It's not self-sacrifice on my part, I assure you," said she. "I consider the rowing less work."

"It certainly doesn't look to be what one would call sporting," agreed Marshall, eying the tackle.

This consisted of a winding of stout cuttyhunk line stained green, a huge lead sinker that weighed fully two pounds, a piano-wire leader, and a bright brass spoon, or wabbler, six inches in length. Accompanying this rig was a short gaff and a small billy like a policeman's club, but heavily weighted with lead.

"Looks as if we were going after whales," he observed disparagingly.

To both his remarks she replied merely by an enigmatical smile.

Tom led the way out from the inclosure of the boom stick, followed by X. Anaxagoras and Marshall in the order named. Marshall found his full strength and attention engaged by the drag and whirl of the current, though this was merely the back eddy, and not the direct tide. Especially did he have to buckle down to it in getting around miniature points, of which there were two. Finally the boats shot into a little area of still water in the bight behind the longer point. The tide hurtled by, deflected outward by the projection; the strong eddy swept back and outward to rejoin it. As definitely within these two strong forces as if they had been solid shores lay a smooth pond. It was not over two hundred yards across, but in it the rowing was undisturbed.

On it floated a number of boats. Their single occupants were moving in apparent aimlessness back and forth and round and about. They barely crawled. So slow was their progress, and so gentle the dipping of the oars, that they seemed barely to drift along. Over a little pulley fixed in the stern of each ran the green cuttyhunk, which depended nearly straight down. A bight had been tied in a slipknot around each fisherman's leg.

"Surely they're not trolling!" doubted Marshall.

"Yes. Why not?" asked Betsy.

"Too slow; the spoon won't work."

"Not too slow for this. And it isn't a spoon, it's a wabbler."

The occupants were as various as their craft. There were half a dozen white men. Three had skiffs—one a lapstreak double-ender, and the two others well-shaped dugout canoes, like Tom's, fitted with oars. Two bareheaded white women pulled what looked like pleasure boats. Two Indians, one old and one young, handled dugouts. A fat squaw, dressed in four different primary colors, had come to sea with a baby, two small children, some chickens and a dog

On the appearance of the flotilla a chorus of greetings went up. Evidently X. Anaxagoras and his sister were well known and liked. On Marshall they cast the curiously aloof scrutiny the backwoodsman bestows on strangers.

"Change seats," commanded Betsy. Her color had mounted and her eyes were sparkling. "Anything doing?" she cried to the assembly in general.

"Nothing yet," she was told

"Then," she instructed Marshall, "we'll begin at thirty feet. That is a safe bet for a starter. Do you know how to thread the herring? Here; let me show you. Now let out the line. You'll find it marked with knots. The first is twenty feet out, and then they come every five feet. Let out to thirty."

"Isn't that very short?" objected Marshall.

"Perhaps. We'll have to experiment. But sometimes I've used as little as ten. These salmon are very peculiar that way. You won't get a nibble at one depth, and five feet down—or up—you'll strike them. Wouldn't you think they'd swim down or up that far for an attractive meal? Not they!"

"There can't be much sport with this rig," commented Marshall. "You can just haul them right in."

"Oh, yes; you just haul them right in," agreed Betsy dryly.

Marshall let out the thirty feet, and settled back. The evening was very still. Inside the eddy the water was like glass. Back and forth, crossing and recrossing, the boats drifted slowly. Occasionally two of the whites exchanged a brief remark in a low tone. The Indians said nothing. There seemed to be not even an atmosphere of expectation to disturb the peaceful somnolence. Imperceptibly the twilight was infusing the air. This became noticeable especially when one of the fishermen lighted his pipe; the flare of the match shone bright and yellow in the dusk. More boats arrived, shooting down the current or craftily edging along the eddies.

"Where do they all come from?" speculated Marshall.

"The people? A few live here. Most are camped along in various small coves. They are here for the fish."

"Doesn't look as if they would get any tonight," he observed, now that the spell of silence was broken.

At this moment a boy in a rattletrap dory of venerable history, who had been hovering close out to the run of the eddy, raised an incomprehensible cry.

"Hern!" he cried. "They're in!"

"Herring," Betsy translated swiftly. "Yes; there they come; loads of them!"

But the glassy surface remained unbroken, as far as Marshall could see. He said so. But Betsy pointed out to him thousands of tiny bubbles rising from the depths, which she said came from the fish.

(Continued on Page 88)

Supplied with choice of No. 4, No. 5 or No. 6 Shot.

NOTE–Remington Game Loads are loaded exclusively in "Nitro Club" Wetproof Shells. Wetproof means just what it says.

Why you do *not* find the *name* of the powder or the *weight* on Remington Game Loads

AS the result of the discoveries about powder made in Bridgeport (see the panel at the right) Remington produced the *Remington Game Loads* and presented them to American sportsmen in 1922.

These shells mark two important advances in loaded shells—

For the first time shells are made to get specific *game*—and relieve the sportsman of the burden of choosing from among hundreds of combinations.

But even more important: *for the first time*, the weight of powder is adjusted to give predetermined *velocity, pattern and penetration.*

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There is a Remington Game Load specifically made for every kind of small game hunted in America.

Remington chooses the powder —from the highest quality American Smokeless Powders.

Remington determines the surest and safest velocity, pattern and penetration for *the particular game you are going out after.*

Remington tests the powder and loads the *right amount* to give that uniform velocity, pattern and penetration.

Powder varies—*Remington Game Loads do not.*

Remington takes the sole responsibility for the shell *complete*—the *powder* as well as the rest.

This is the ballistic chronograph which discloses the facts about powder. It measures velocities to the ten-thousandth of an inch.

These are the Facts disclosed by Remington's Ballistic Tests

A—A given weight of the same kind of powder doesn't always give the same velocity, pattern or penetration.

B—Powder varies batch by batch—even the same kind and make. One batch, for instance, gives a velocity of 925 feet per second. Another may fall as low as 840 feet per second.

C—This is nobody's fault. Powder comes that way.

D—The man who buys his shells by the weight and kind of powder, often misses a lot of game, and never knows why.

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(Continued from Page 86)

"Something's nibbling," announced Marshall suddenly - "very smal. '

"It's the herring hitting against your line," she told him.

At the same instant the quiet was broken by a clatter of oars. Everyone looked expectantly toward a man who had dropped his oars and snatched vigorously at the cuttyhunk hitched to his leg. He arose in his boat and began to haul his line in hand over hand. For an instant the concourse watched him intently. Then, as though at a signal, a wild chorus went up from every white person present. Some yapped like toy terriers, some barked with deep woofs, some howled as a dog bays the moon. It sounded like a particularly vociferous bench show. The Indians were on a broad grin.

"He's caught a dogfish," chuckled Betsy. "Terrible disgrace!"

"How do they know that?" doubted Marshall.

"By the way it acts."

The unfortunate fisherman drew his prize half over the rail of his boat. The creature surveyed him with its derisive shark grin, lividly white in the twilight. The man hit it with his club, disgustedly disengaged it, and dropped it overboard.

Something telegraphed Marshall gently along the line.

"I think one is biting at my hook," he said. "It doesn't seem to be much of a fish, anyway."

"Strike! Strike!" cried the girl excitedly.

Marshall struck. Instantly his arm was jerked under water and he was almost yanked out of the boat. He braced himself and hung on, and the boat began to move backward as though towed by an engine.

"Now you haul him right in," he heard the girl saying with a chuckle; and in spite of the confusion of the moment his mind had leisure to register a serious objection to girls who were too confounded competent.

He braced himself and took control, bringing the fish nearer and nearer to the top. It darted here and there with incredible speed, and three or four times all he could do was to hang on like grim death without gaining an inch. He had a confused impression of the other boats gathering more closely about, and resentment flashed in and out of his spirit; they might have the decency to leave him room. Then something swirled four or five feet from the boat, and he was drenched, blinded by a shower of water. Hastily he cleared his eyes. The line was now straight down, and a few feet below the surface he gained in the clear water his first glimpse of the fish. It looked to be half the length of the boat. The sheer surprise paralyzed him for an instant. What could he do with such a piece of dynamics when he did get it into the boat? He became aware of Betsy holding toward him the handle of the gaff. A chorus arose from the occupants of the other boats.

"Up high!" they chanted.

And then, as he reached the gaff downward, the huge thing made an unexpected roll and dash. The line hung loose in his hand!

"Too bad!" the girl's voice reached his dazed perception. "He was a good one. Try again. You brutalized him—held him too tight."

"What else could I do?" growled Marshall.

He was not precisely rude in his tone, but he had certainly forgotten to be polite in the usual Marshall manner.

"You have to play these fish, even with a hand line," she told him. "Let it run out when they take it too strongly, and tire them before you try to bring them to the boat."

"Why didn't you tell me that?" in the same tone and voice.

She chuckled.

"You were so sure you could haul them right in."

Marshall threaded on a fresh herring and dropped the wabbler overboard. He said nothing, but his movements were abrupt. The girl chuckled again.

"At least he's natural," she said, as if to herself.

▼

BUT now, almost simultaneously, three other men snatched at the lines tied to their legs and arose to their feet. Their thin green lines were cutting through the water; their boats were surging erratically here and there. They knew their business however; and first one, then another lifted his fish over the rail to the accompaniment of a chorus of "Up high!" Once in the boat the salmon seemed to take a new lease of life and thrashed about with powerful strokes of their tails until hit over the head with the club. Against the hollow structure of the boats the blows sounded loud and staccato, like the quick excited beating of a drum.

The spell that had held the little gathering of people in a silence of expectation now broke. They chattered and shouted at one another. Jokes flew, rough sarcasm, joshing. One or more salmon were always being landed, and the other boats were crowding in as near the spot as they dared in order to connect with the school. Sometimes they crowded so near as to cross the lines, and the man fighting the fish would bring in a snarl along with the salmon. But there was little or no ill humor. Each realized that the most must be made of the opportunity while the drive was on.

It was by now almost dark. The shores were black. Only the waters were still filled with light. They lay bright as quicksilver, brighter than the sky. Across them the boats moved like dark phantoms. Sound had become more significant than sight. The excited calls and shouts of the men, the swish of waters, the wild splash of the fish breaking, and the rattling slam-bang of the salmon beating their tattoo against the boats' bottoms until the club fell, were continuous. And every once in a while there came a swift, sudden, instantly hushed sound exactly like that made by a charge of spent shot hitting the water, only louder. It was some time before Marshall realized that this was made by the mad break of hundreds of herrings striving thus to escape the rush of their pursuers below.

He did not observe all these phenomena with either scientific or aesthetic detachment, but with a growing though leashed impatience. Everybody in the universe seemed to be catching fish except himself. The exultant cries of "Up high!" followed one another at second intervals; the rattling announcements of the landing of fish came from all about him. But his line hung inert, untouched, taboo.

Of course he did not wish bad luck to any of these hard-working men whose livelihood depended on their catch, but nevertheless he felt a primitive resentment whenever a new rattling broke forth, and an unreasonable exultation when somebody sang out, "Lost him!"

"Isn't it remarkable how they see the spoon at all?" Betsy was saying. "It must be pitch dark down there!"

"They certainly don't seem to see mine," Marshall grumbled, a good deal in the accents of a spoiled child.

"He's still natural," remarked she to the air; and Marshall for the fourth time repeated to himself his vow not to speak again. "Have you looked lately to see if your wabbler is all right?"

He hauled in his line. The herring had slid and twisted around the hook until it was hunched up in an apparent effort to swallow its own tail.

"No wonder!" she murmured, surveying this exhibit with interest. "It wasn't put on very well, was it? And of course with all these under-water currents you ought to look occasionally."

Marshall grimly said nothing. But he did a lot of thinking. How should he know these things? Why couldn't she have told him? Why did she wait until the whole evening was spoiled, until it was too late to do anything?

"It really doesn't matter, though, does it," she was saying, "because, of course, this isn't at all sporting fishing."

Marshall dropped the two-pound sinker overboard, weighted with uncomplimentary reflections and many regrets that the state of civilization to which he had been born precluded his putting the salmon club to a proper use. He was thoroughly ill-tempered, not only because he had no fish and because this creature made fun of him at every opportunity, but because she made him feel unwarrantedly like a small boy and did not care enough about his opinion of her to refrain! Which complicated thoughts were cut short by a prompt and vigorous strike.

He landed this fish, though at times the issue was doubtful. The power of the creature was extraordinary. At one time, when it bored straight down, and Marshall - under instruction—anubbed it, the stern of the dinghy was pulled down almost to the point of taking water. And when the young man had to give line to the rushes, he realized vividly that he ought to be equipped with either the proverbial toil-calloused palms or a pair of gloves. But at last the

salmon, tired down, was led gently alongside, and the gaff slipped under. Marshall heaved; and was surprised at the strength required merely to slide it over the rail.

"Ugh, tyee!" exclaimed one of the Indians who happened to be near enough to see.

"A perfect beauty! Oh, a monster!" cried the girl.

It occupied the whole forward part of the boat.

"Well, wind up; we may as well go in," said she. "The phosphorescence has come, and once that is in, it is useless."

And in fact the other boats, again silent, were already stealing away, blending in the black shadows of the shore.

Marshall again took the oars. His irritation had quite evaporated. In the intensity of the struggle he had worked it out of his system, leaving room for the entrance of a savage exultation over the great fish, at which he glanced with satisfaction from time to time.

He entered the inclosure of the boom at Tom's to find the others already arrived. A lantern hung from the net frames cast a flickering light over the float. The latter seemed to be literally covered with fish over which Tom was bending.

"How many?" called Betsy before they had reached the float.

"Pretty good, Miss Betsy, pretty good," shouted Tom, with an obvious satisfaction and relief in his voice. "There's twenty-five between the three of us, and all springs. How did you make out?"

"We got one," she replied cheerfully.

A short blank silence fell.

"One!" echoed X. Anaxagoras at last flatly.

Betsy chuckled to herself.

"Nothing like getting the jump on them," she murmured confidentially to Marshall; and at once the young man felt himself included in a comfortable conspiracy. "Don't go alongside for a second."

"What's the matter?" queried Tom after a moment

"Nothing's the matter," said Betsy superbly. "Now draw up"—to Marshall. "Get your minnows out of the way. We go in for quality, not quantity."

The boat sidled up to the float. Tom plucked the lantern from its nail. Its light swept across the noble fish laid out in rows. They were big fine salmon, running from twenty to twenty-five pounds each in weight; but with an inner leap of barbaric triumph Marshall realized that his own prize was larger than any of them.

"Jumping Moses!" Tom was exclaiming. "Come here, Sid, and take a look at this!"

Astonishment, admiration, speculation, scales produced. Fifty-five pounds. About the biggest spring ever taken here. Marshall discovered himself most unexpectedly the hero of a small triumph; and still more unexpectedly he found Betsy playing it up to extract the last drop of credit. At length Tom, whetting his butcher knife, addressed himself to the labor of cleaning the catch. X. Anaxagoras leaned against one of the posts, watching. Betsy and Marshall went aboard. She turned to him.

"We certainly put it all over them, didn't we?" she congratulated. "Put her there, partner!"

And he shook her hand. Just before he later dropped asleep, that moment of enthusiasm welled up in him again. Not a bad little scout at all, was his drowsy thought of her. But it must be pointed out that his reasoning faculties were then almost in abeyance

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by Mr. White. The next will appear in an early issue

MY CRYSTAL BALL

(Continued from Page 34)

when opportunity comes stalking our way we fail to recognize it. And thus, thanks to our own obtuseness, we go sniveling through life, wading in a sea of self-pity, excusing our shortcomings, defending our limitations, palliating our blunders, and always posing as martyrs who have been defrauded from that chance which would have made us rich and famous.

There is very little of the miracle about business success. Read the story of the man or woman who has arrived at the pinnacle of world-wide recognition, and it is rare to find that luck played any major part in the happy result. To ride on the band wagon we must first climb into it. The hearse moves more slowly, and is consequently easier to overtake.

If we would but realize that the influences which tend towards success or failure are, as a rule, the silent forces of life, grinding out hourly and inexorably the certain result! Facts are the powerful fatalities of destiny.

A lack of discipline is paid for sooner or later. If it is missing in the home and in the school, the want of it hits us like a boomerang when we sally forth into the world, often pathetic objects facing the struggle, dismally equipped and imperfectly prepared. Whether we receive this discipline normally in our youth or tragically through trial and hardship in our old age, we shall all be forced to acquire it, somehow or somewhere ere the sands of life cease to trickle.

So many of the younger generation seem to have lost the habit of thinking. Knowledge is absorbed through bromidic pills. Our minds are to be run after the fashion of the electric washer. All process is to be made easy. Lo! a button is pressed and the mechanism is set in motion. No individual effort is to be expected. We rock ourselves to sleep while the work, either mental or physical, is being done for us. We suffer from the malnutrition of our morale, while sublimely unconscious that our potentialities are being starved.

We have no longer any desire to learn. All we crave is that little education which enables us to slip through. Our speech may have improved, but what about the ideas to which it should give utterance? We are placing pleasure before business, the surest road by which to put ourselves out of business.

After all, there can be no such thing as teamwork accomplished separately. Employers and employes in order to produce effectively and efficiently must labor hand and hand, heart and brain together. It must be a partnership of give and take.

Not once but many times during the war and after the Armistice I traveled over the territory which has become popularly designated as Devastated France. Much has been said of it, much has been read of it. In many minds the impression exists that practically the whole of France was laid waste, whereas though the destruction was almost complete in eight departments, and though fighting occurred in two more, the fact remains that in addition there were seventy-seven which were never affected except by the increasing prosperity due to the expenditures of the Allies and of the various organizations which either passed through or occupied them.

It is perhaps fair to note in this connection that much damage was caused by the Allied guns. And the fact that the valuable resources of those rich provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, have been added to the map of France must not be underestimated. In the beginning it was claimed that 25 per cent of the economic wealth of the country had been destroyed by the enemy. Later this statement was found to be considerably exaggerated, until it has been admitted by the French themselves that it has not exceeded 10 per cent.

The official reports of the French savings banks have frequently attested that never have the deposits in them been so large as during the war and after it.

By encouraging the German coöperation almost at the outset, Belgium was rapidly rebuilt, but for one reason and another this work in France moved more slowly.

The amount contributed from this country for this restoration has already reached an unprecedented total. Miss Anne Morgan and Mrs. A. M. Dike have worked unceasingly and with unflagging zeal to rebuild more than one hundred villages in the Aisne, to provide the peasants with tractors and farming implements, to reconstruct homes, to teach hygienic and domestic science; in fact, to raise the general standard of living throughout the area in which they have so indefatigably operated.

Unluckily the Germans who remained in the vicinity during the early days of this agricultural aid in the Aisne benefited several times from a generosity which was not intended. On one occasion when they were

(Continued on Page 93)

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In these ways children will be better fed. They will omit foods not so good and eat these supreme foods instead.

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Look for this sign. Wherever you see it you can get a new Exide for your car or competent repair work on any make of battery.

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY FOR YOUR CAR

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This advertisement is addressed particularly to those who have long recognized the Exide as the most desirable battery, but have felt they could not afford the original outlay.

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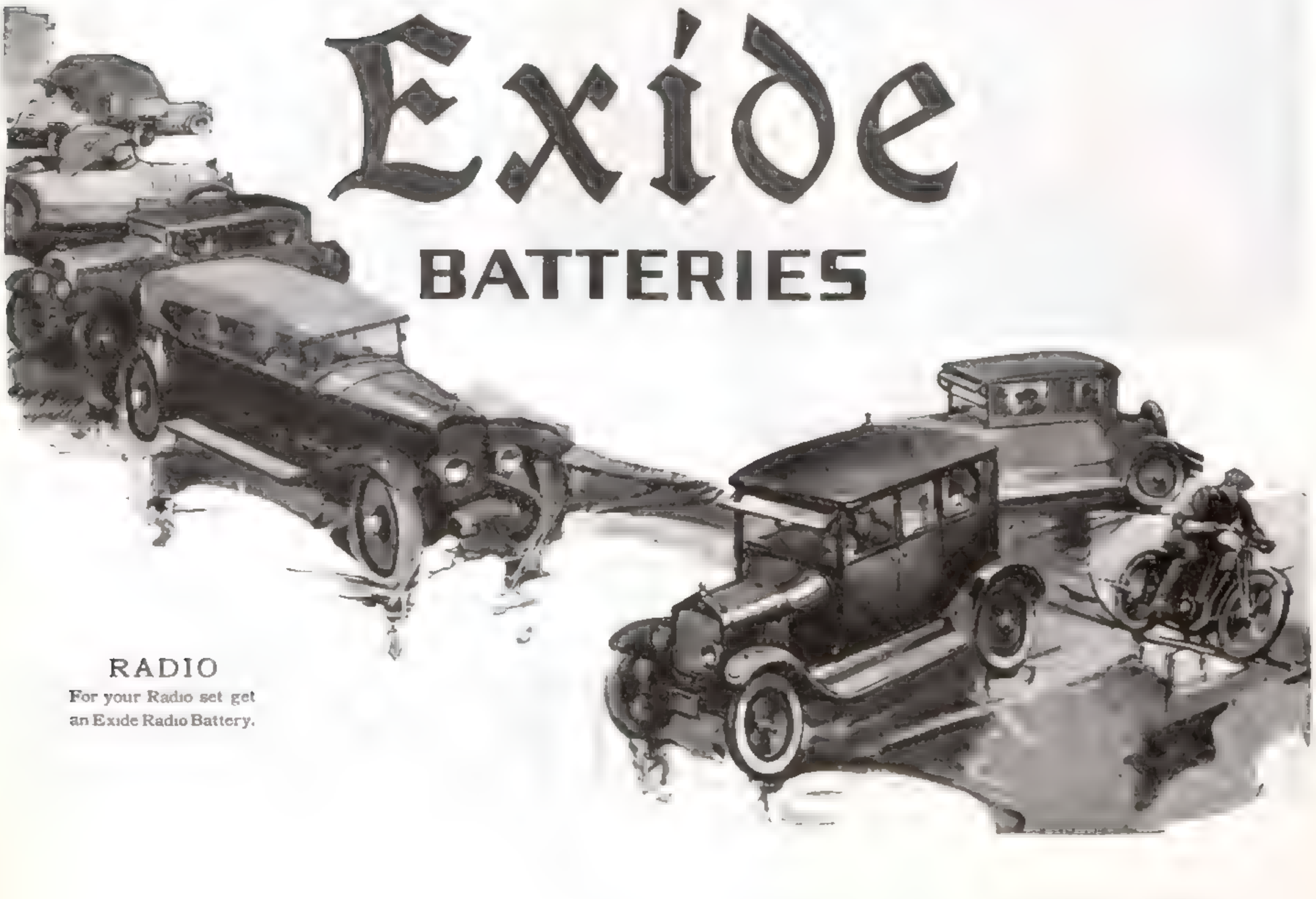

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Rollins Style 3000 is a new, heavier weight silk stocking. It contains two extra threads of pure dye lustre in these three-thread silk. A new method of knitting eliminates the loose threads that look like whiskers where heel and toe are run on at. The splicing at the heel is of silk, the sole is knit double and the back is seamed.

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ROLLINS HOSIERY MILLS
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ROLLINS HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children

(Continued from Page 89

only about fifteen miles distant they swooped down in the neighborhood and seized whatever was handy, amongst other things all the lovely white Leghorn chickens which had been thoughtfully transported from Versailles in order to spread this very excellent breed throughout the department. As some of the hens had been selected in America for their high grade of points, it did seem a pity to have them fed to the boches.

The loss, however, of the labor which the committee had put in, and of the farming implements which were in the railroad freight house at Noyon, was a far more serious matter, all of which goes to prove how necessary it is to be careful in the selection of one's neighbors.

So far as making any gesture even of repaying the vast sums owed to this country is concerned, the only great nation which seems to feel its obligation and which is liquidating it is Great Britain.

One realizes the part that Great Britain played in the war when one has traveled from the sea through the Somme and Picardy, when one has visited and understood the battlefields of Flanders, when one has faced that remorseless ridge at Vimy where German guns drenched the plucky Tommies, not once, but over and over again with bullets and poison gas as they stormed heights which it cost thousands of lives to take, one begins to realize faintly the magnificent courage of those British soldiers and the inspiring leadership of their officers. Sacrifice with them was the order of the day. They fought on and on, English, Scottish, Australians, Canadians, Irish, men from all over the British Empire, who were there for one job and one only, to mop up the enemy and to rid the world of the menace which had descended upon it.

From those early days when England, so poorly equipped and so hideously unready, threw in her strength without a moment's moral hesitation, she fought on and on, sometimes, as has been said, with her back to the wall, but never flinching, never weakening, never doubtful in her attitude.

The price she paid is still in the process of compilation. Not only did she suffer through the heavy death toll of her manhood but her economic losses have been beyond compute. The pinching poverty, the strained finances, the need of retrenchment have been felt to some degree in every British household.

A Square Deal for England

It is popular in certain quarters to accuse the British of greed and of selfishness, to influence inimical imagination by always pointing out that the underlying motive of everything which England does springs from the soul of avarice. This might be impressive were we not in our lucid moments confronted with the inquiry as to the basic impulses of the other nations which were for a while our companions in arms.

The war was over in 1918 so far as the British Empire was concerned. She buried her fears and her hates in the grave of her last soldier. She took off her Sam Browne belt and replaced it with a kit of tools. She will trade with her enemies, not despoil them. Her policy is one of common sense and not of hysteria. She does not propose to continue a war which ended with the Armistice. Hatred and revenge are luxuries which she finds too expensive. She will rule through industry and not through triumphal arches. Her iron and steel will not be used for destruction, but for construction.

Once I found myself facing an audience which was most antagonistic to Great Britain. It was at the time when our Irish friends were far from any settlement of their home cause. It took no little courage to voice even a temperate expression in favor of the English. Nevertheless, in the summing up of the respective accomplishments of our Allies, I began: "As for England ——"

But before proceeding my voice was drowned by a chorus of catcalls, of hisses, and even worse.

I stood firmly and waited until the hubbub had died down, then stepping to the edge of the stage and looking full at the gallery from which most of the disturbance sprang, I exclaimed: "I am well aware that you do not love England, but I refuse to leave this platform until I have made you respect her!"

The effect was instantaneous and the tide of sentiment was turned, until my closing remarks were greeted with a thundering applause.

I have always claimed that the one alliance which would really prove a steadying hand at the international helm is that between our two great Anglo-Saxon countries.

Even if we do not love each other, we should respect each other and become sensible working partners. To keep us apart, to sow discord between us, to inspire us mutually with envy and malice, is, of course, the policy of the nations which dread the effect of such a unity as I describe. Their one desire is to separate us. Their one fear is that we shall come together.

However, if the common sense of these two powerful countries registers sufficiently we shall sooner or later be able to radio our joint judgment and our determination to the uttermost ends of the earth.

The Anglo-Saxons may be cold and calculating, they may be callous, they may be stolid, yet they are as a rule safe bets, and at moments when reason should prevail are not apt to lose their moral balance or indulge in emotions which are senseless and unremunerative.

And how have the Russians fared in the memory of those friends and allies with whom they had cast their lot during those first years of the war?

Do we find even a reflex of appreciation of what they did in those early days when they put up that splendid fight along the Eastern Front and when they drove the wedge into the enemy's army thus forcing a division of its strength and diverting its forcefulness of attack?

Presidential Politics

How many now pay tribute to those disintegrated and straggling legions which fought on and on, month after month, unshod, unclothed and unfed, thousands of human beings the echo of whose misery was never even heard beyond their own frontier?

Without weapons of war, without munitions for defense, they bravely struggled, betrayed by their friends and slaughtered by their foes.

Was it any wonder that at last when falling by the way from sheer cold and hunger that they yielded to the subtle persuasion of those who at least promised them the security of bread and shelter?

The debt to the Russian people remains nevertheless inscribed upon the pages of history, crying aloud for a moral liquidation while rank injustice prevents even its acknowledgment. Yet there can be no such thing as oblivion for that nation which has laid down its life for its friends.

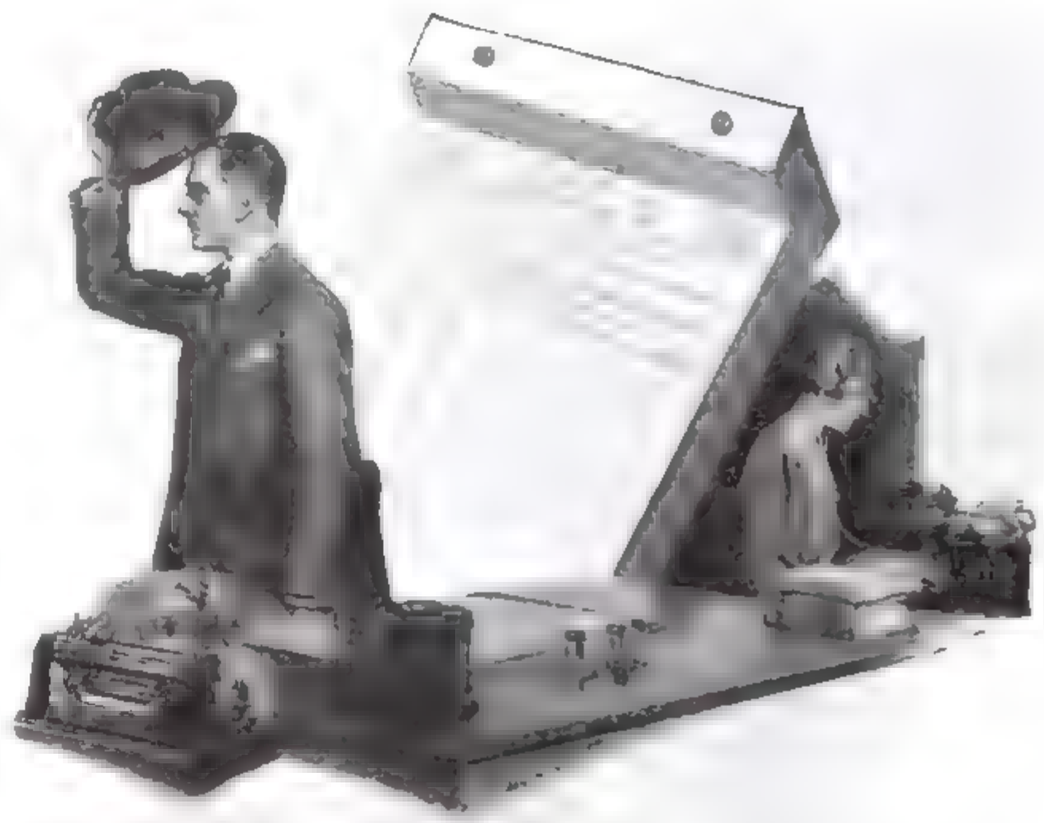
It was not until the presidential campaign of 1920 that I was literally flung into the new experiences of a political convention. To attend as a spectator and to attend as a delegate are widely different. I had frequently been present as the former, but it was not until I had been selected to go to the Democratic convention as one of the delegates at large from the Empire State, my running mate being Governor Alfred E. Smith, that I realized the importance and the interest of actually sitting on the floor of a convention and of casting a vote.

The beautiful city of San Francisco had been selected as the place where our convention would be held. The time was the end of June, and nothing could have been more delightful than the journey across the continent or our cordial reception by the townspeople upon arrival. Every conceivable thing had been planned for our comfort. Every possible arrangement had been made for our pleasure.

The convention hall itself was a model in all respects—the seating capacity ample, the ventilation perfect and the machinery most excellent. No words of appreciation would be excessive so far as San Francisco was concerned. The crowds were very great, but the skilled handling of them robbed us of their realization.

I had previously been appointed a member of the executive body of the National Committee, therefore I filled two offices. For this reason I had gone a few days ahead of the general delegation, as I anticipated some preliminary meetings of the executive body. This gave me a little time in which to get my bearings. I felt at a glance that I was to be vastly edified and amused, for from the outset incidents were not lacking to feed a sense of humor.

On entering the lobby of my hotel I was confronted by a large poster of a conspicuous candidate, the Hon. Mitchell Palmer, taken in the familiar pose of the old doctor who with raised finger claimed he was the purveyor of universal remedies.



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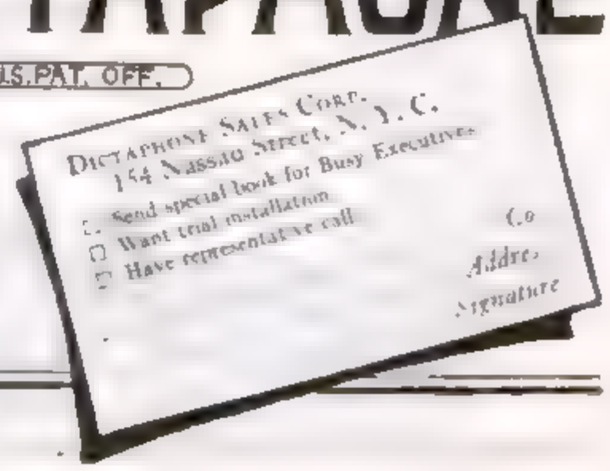

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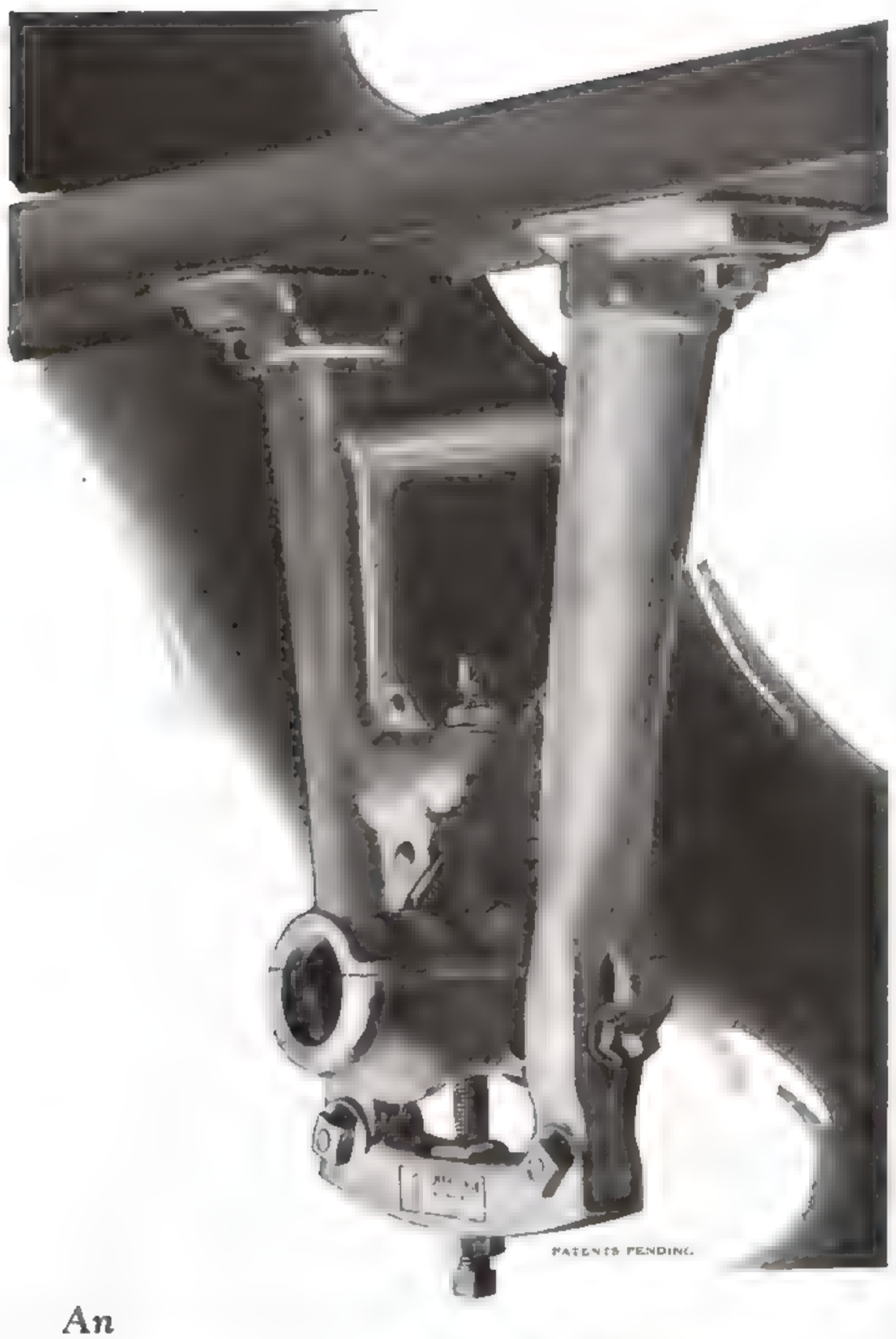

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PATENTS PENDING.

When I read the literature which Mr. Palmer's boosters were vigorously distributing I found it quite logical that he had copied the doctor, even to a pose.

No one seemed to have any definite idea as to who would prove the best man to rule the United States, for everyone was busily engaged in guessing as to which man ran the most likely chance of being elected were he nominated.

I satirically suggested that under these circumstances, as he then seemed the nation's hero, the name of Babe Ruth, baseball's home-run king, should not be lightly overlooked.

I found that we were rich in candidates. Never before had I imagined that there were so many citizens who wished to be President. They popped up from every section and from every state. One thing these gentlemen all seemed to share in common they were invariably presented by their sponsors as men whose private lives were pure and spotless. It was a consoling thought that the standard of domestic life was so high and that we belonged to a country in which marital virtue seemed so invulnerable.

For days we listened to orations, for days we cast the ballot. I began to think that the Democratic Party had too many men of noble achievement and of Christian character. We were embarrassed by our riches. So it was a considerable relief when the victim of our final choice was the Hon. James Cox, of Ohio, who bravely buckled on his armor and sallied forth to battle, the forlorn hope in a campaign which was doomed to defeat.

A sinister influence seemed to emanate from a life-size portrait of President Woodrow Wilson, which hung above the rostrum. It was badly painted but admirably lighted. The face had a mocking expression, the lines were hard, the eyes were staring. It was a haunting thing, that portrait. One seemed forced to look at it and to be pursued by it. How far this picture was responsible for some of our waverings I have never been able to determine.

It made me think of a little boy who, having been taken to see some great display of fireworks, gave a certain evidence of nervousness. He was asked whether he was afraid and answered, "Not exactly, but it makes my skin jerk." I am inclined to think that something made our skins jerk. Was it this Wilson portrait? I wonder.

Humor at a Premium

Everything was debated. We had some great orators and listened with a rare enjoyment to such men as Cummings and Cockran and Bryan, although our friend, the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, did not score as in former conventions. He had been hoisted by his own petard. His audience could not applaud on soft drinks. Upon previous similar occasions they had been warmed up. They had come in a genial and admiring attitude, but it was too much to expect that near-beer or pop would produce any great enthusiasm over catch phrases or over illogical arguments.

Cruel as it may seem, the man who had always proved a spellbinder fell flat, and William Jennings Bryan, who for years had dominated every Democratic convention, was listened to in a spirit of inertia and was discounted as a force which had been spent.

It was in the lobbies of the hotels that one received the most accurate slant as to what the people were really feeling.

My chief performance seemed to be that of giving copy to the press. I was sorry for the poor news seekers in this arid valley. The drinks taken on the quiet as ordered by the army of family physicians produced a strange effect. They seemed to induce melancholia rather than cheerfulness. Everyone was more or less enveloped in gloom. Laughs were rare. Impulses of hilarity were restrained.

Bad jokes, even, were hailed as lifesavers. The members of the newspaper fraternity would fall upon me pleadingly for just one story, for just one bit of news which might enliven their columns. It was generally the unexpected which furnished the material.

One night after an eloquent lady had proclaimed her views as a strict prohibitionist she challenged the audience to bear her out in the statement that to the disgrace of American manhood the breath of nearly every man she met at the convention reeked with the smell of whisky, especially as they gathered in the corridors of the hotels.

That evening I was interviewed and asked for my experiences on the subject. I replied that I had no comment to make, as I had never smelled the men's breaths.

"Does that mean," pursued my interlocutor, "that you deny the statements made by the lady orator of the afternoon?"

"I deny nothing," said I.

"Then you admit to smelling their breaths?"

"I admit nothing of the kind," I answered.

"Why not?" my questioner continued.

"For a very simple reason. I am either too modest or too fat."

This incident went the rounds, which, added to similar anecdotes, gave me the reputation of being the court jester of the convention.

Under the new ruling I was duly elected as the national committeewoman of the State of New York, the national committeeman being my very esteemed and able friend the Hon. Norman E. Mack, of Buffalo, New York. We shall be in office until 1924, when a new election will be in order.

I made up my mind after the ordeal was over that instead of returning directly to New York I would take a trip north into Canada and back over the Canadian Pacific. I was well rewarded, for the scenery is magnificent, comparing more than favorably with the Swiss Alps.

French Drama Since the War

Nowhere in the world is a more lovely spot than Lake Louise. This in itself is worth the journey. From British Columbia eastward one marvels at the enterprise of the Canadians. They are a great race and have barely scratched the surface of their resources.

Had it not been that we were consumed by mosquitoes in the higher altitudes all would have been delightful, but these insects seemed to us so large, so virulent and so persistent in attack that I am inclined to believe that they are some new variety, exceeding in strength and magnitude any of the species with which we have been familiar.

I am told by my friend the eminent Arctic explorer Vilhjálmur Stefánsson that mosquitoes at certain seasons of the year are the bane of those who travel in the Far North.

My last trip abroad was in 1921. It was chiefly undertaken in the interests of our business. I spent some weeks in our London office, saw many of my old clients in Paris, among them brilliant Francis de Croisset, whom I had known from his early days. He is a Belgian by birth, but very soon was naturalized as a Frenchman. He wrote his emotions at sixteen and lived them afterwards.

He began with passionate verse, which was his prelude to side-splitting comedy. He is the author of many successes. Perhaps his best-known play in America is Arsène Lupin, dramatized from Le Blanc's novel, which was one of the first of the detective series with which we have since become so familiar.

Many are the witty sayings attributed to him. After the spectacular divorce of Comte Boni de Castellane from Anna Gould, Boni arrived one evening at eight o'clock in the dining room of the most fashionable hotel at Trouville, while clinging to him were his two young sons, creating, so far as he was concerned, an unusual domestic picture.

De Croisset, who sat at a near-by table, remarked: "How much divorce improves one's habits!"

The superb private hotel on the Place des États-Unis in Paris, where De Croisset and his charming wife and lovely children live, was leased to President Wilson as his residence during the Peace Conference. Madame de Croisset is a daughter of that most brilliant and fascinating woman, the Comtesse Laure de Chévigné, who will never grow old, who will always be alluring and who will eternally be charming.

Recently Robert de Flers and Francis de Croisset have entered into a collaboration, a very common fashion among French authors, but one which has never appealed strongly to the Anglo-Saxon mind.

The upheaval of the war has not produced a beneficial effect upon the French stage. It is more trivial, more salacious and less original than it has ever been. Too much stress is laid upon form. Too much value is attributed to manner. What an

(Continued on Page 98)

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In it are exemplified the two sister arts of the master confectioner—the art of candy-making and the art of candy assortment.

It is hard to tell whether the delight of the recipient of a Norris Variety Box arises the more from the delectable qualities of the individual pieces or from the succession of thrills that come with the contrast of each piece with every other.

The proportion of the ever-coveted nut centers and fruit centers is surprisingly high—as a reference to the "table of contents," given below, will show.

A Norris Variety Box is a graceful remembrance at Thanksgiving. A special Thanksgiving wrapper encloses the box for seasonal gift making.

And when making up your Christmas lists, remember that the Variety Box is the gift candy par excellence.

Another Typical Piece from the Variety Box

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Cherries grow in many lands, but Italy produces the best for candy-making. So, the cherries for Norris candies are brought from Italy.

Each cherry—a veritable ruby, plump with luscious richness—is first pitted and then encased in a velvety sugar-fondant; this in turn is sealed in finest chocolate. As the juice of the cherry meets the sugar of the fondant, a wondrously delectable cordial is formed, in which the cherry finally is served.

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Brazil Nut Truffle
Double Mints
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Honey Pecan Nougat

Maple Walnut Cream Pecans

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Enclosed find $1.50 for a 1-lb. Variety Box

Name

Address

City State

Dealer's Name

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The other three qualities equally essential to complete satisfaction, and all developed to the highest degree in Bicycles, are:

Big indexes—prevent mistakes in playing.

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(Continued from Page 94

author has to give is of less consequence than how he gives it.

The eternal triangle has served its day in every country of the globe except in France. There adultery still reigns as the favorite theme.

Unhappily, when the French dramatists do strike out for something different, they are apt to plunge either into morbidness or to indulge in dialogue which would make even a Rabelais blush.

There is no Ruhr to be seized in art, and the dramatists of the enemy countries will roam at will in the theaters of the world. With a view to studying the literary output in Central Europe I journeyed some three thousand miles in an automobile, saw many authors and talked to many publishers. My wanderings gave me an opportunity of studying the economic condition in Germany at first hand. At all events, I was able to form an individual opinion which has prevented me ever since from being hoodwinked by investigators or by journalists whose opinions were packed in their suitcases before they started out to form them.

Probably there is no other word so abused in our vocabulary as "propaganda." It should be relegated once and for all to the archives. Whenever anyone states or writes his honest conviction, then the opposite side invariably hurls forth the suggestion of propaganda. It has become a manacle upon the public mind which would throttle and blind truth. It is high time that it should be done away with and that the after-war conditions should be viewed face to face. We have been victims of political hokum long enough. We have been told what to think. We have had rings in our noses as we have been led to the study of contemporary misstatements. We have been exploited by every nation in turn. We have received and listened to representatives from every country. We have had foreign bankers send us their juggled statistics, we have had foreign statesmen present their cases as though we were a nation of imbeciles.

If our land has never been the center of any physical disturbance, nevertheless since 1914 it has been the dumping ground of the political intrigues of Europe. We have been asked to declare ourselves. We have been asked to keep silent. We have been urged to activity. We have been influenced to inertia. We have been insulted and we have been cajoled. We have been wooed until we have rejected the suitor; we have been excoriated when once he was shown the door.

Dangerous Partnership

It is high time that the American people should remember a few home truths and that we should refuse to become partners with a militarism which is still stalking unchecked under the pretense of national needs and of international justice.

The day for sophistries and sentiment should be over. What is needed in the world is economic production and not military occupation. Business men and not politicians should direct international policy.

France and Germany should become industrial partners. Their only mutual protection lies in mutual trading. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Storehouses filled with merchandise will prove a better guaranty than arsenals bulging with ammunition.

But even as individuals become bored when a tale of woe is too often poured into their ears, so will the Anglo-Saxons become bored if they are eternally asked to listen to the grievances of their neighbors. And just as private doors are finally closed to private bores, I predict that it will not be long before our national gates will close with a dull thud upon those who are wearing out our patience and our forbearance. There is no surer way of turning a friend into a foe than by lending him money in his distress, which he conveniently forgets to repay.

The war of 1914 has been fought and won. Peace is being fought and is not yet won. Instead of sending statesmen and generals from one country to another, instead of planning conferences which, as a rule, lead to naught, instead of projecting official visits which are costly and unproductive, the men of business insight and financial foresight should get together and face the international situation as it really is. Oratory and sentimentalism should be replaced by facts and figures.

If the bankers of the world would combine for the extension of industrial credits, if they would find some practical method by which exchanges could be standardized and stabilized, if the Treaty of Versailles, drawn at a time when men saw red rather than azure, could now thoughtfully be revised and reconstructed, then there might be a happy issue out of the affliction into which all the nations of the world are plunged; but until hatred is discouraged, until the promise of peace seems as vital as the echo of war, until intelligence supplants emotion, international problems will remain unsolved.

It is extraordinary to find that in no other country is the war mentality still so apparent as in America. It seems to pervade every drawing-room, to color every debate and to infest every forum. In many circles it is a fetish not to forget. In many minds the guns are still booming, and the walls of their souls are plastered with dugouts and trench lines. When this rampant spirit of continuous conflict is crushed, when hatred is replaced by love, when forgiveness is no empty phrase, then and not until then will the peace of God descend.

Plans for the Future

And now as I come to my closing paragraphs, my crystal ball refuses to reflect today's actualities; therefore I shall refrain from any reference to those with whom I am now in contact. Their nearness to me, whether as creators in literature and in art or their proximity as valued friends, would color my estimate and would bias my view. I should be writing without the perspective of a background and with a foreground which would not be in focus. Should I attempt any summing up of their personal traits or talents, my crystal ball might reflect merely a musty misconception of them.

By and by I may return to a closer study of these contemporaries. I may even frame them as individual silhouettes. My present today must automatically become my yesterday, and the haze of the noon sun will become dissipated by the afternoon's shadows; so let me ring down the curtain, not because I feel that my life is over but because I have reached the present, when my experiences would only be a daily diary.

I am now sixty-seven, yet am looking forward, making plans ahead which twenty years cannot cover, and dreaming of a future in which I may still be privileged to play a part. I do not want to die in a state of rust. I wish to keep the shield bright so long as my hand is strong enough to hold it.

Years in themselves mean nothing. How we live them means everything. Smoked glasses before the mind are more to be dreaded than smoked glasses before the eyes. Do not shut up our outdoor souls within our indoor limitations.

If your spirit keeps alive, if your brain remains, if your sympathies do not shrivel, if you realize that the immortal that is within can carry you on and on, even to the very moment of the great passing, then you will never know age in the accepted sense, and when God in His mercy calls you, He will find you ready for that short journey for which your whole life has been but a preparation.

You will be like the old ship brought into its last port. No more battling with heavy seas, no more fighting with tempestuous waves. The dawn of peace is upon the waters, and looking up you will feel that all your trivial weaknesses, all your petty ambitions, all your foolish judgments, all your ignorant intolerances, all your puerile jealousies have at last fallen from you, conquered by the transcendent mercy and understanding of the God Who gave you life.

As a little child you came into the world. As a little child you will go out from it.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth and last of a series of articles by Mim Marbury.

THE FIGHTING INDUSTRY

Continued from Page 21)

these fifteen months, in the metropolitan district alone, reach the amazing figure of between $8,000,000 and $9,000,000. And there are thousands of smaller boxing clubs all over the United States, from Maine to California and from Florida to the Canadian border, which, though yielding lesser amounts, nevertheless swell the total to an unbelievable figure. I say "unbelievable" because it is to be remembered that these millions of dollars are paid by millions of people to see young men fight each other, strictly commercially and without malice aforethought.

What is the great lure of this sport to the eagerly supporting public? Are we, as Mr. Arthur Brisbane has declared, still living in the Stone Age? With this article in mind, I wanted to try to find out the answer to this question.

The day following the recent battle between Dempsey and Firpo for the heavyweight championship of the world, I followed the example set by the somewhat wild-eyed populace of New York, which was asking at random, "What did you think of the fight?" With a method in my madness, however, I more carefully chose the targets toward which I pointed my question. Having some 90,000 witnesses of the battle from which to choose, I experienced little difficulty in selecting the representative types whose answers to the question, when surveyed collectively and in perspective, might shed some light upon the other question which was in my mind.

"It was a great fight," replied an ex-champion middleweight who is also an ex-middleweight. "Dempsey proved that he can take it as well as give it. And Firpo surprised me by putting up a better scrap than I expected him to. I'm not sure, though, that Jack did the best thing by making a rough-and-tumble fight of it from the jump instead of outboxing and outguessing Firpo for a few rounds. You see ——" And so on into the subtle technicalities of the fistic art.

"It was wonderful!" replied a society woman. "I never saw so many people packed into one place. There were many well-dressed women there too."

"It was the first prize fight I had ever seen," confessed a lawyer. "I enjoy watching a baseball game occasionally, or a good tennis match, but I always thought I'd dislike sitting through a fight. But a friend of mine got me a ticket for this fight and insisted that I go with him. Did I enjoy it? Well, I should say I did! I'm a real fight fan from now on. In all my life I have never experienced so much excitement as I underwent during those four or five minutes. Afterward, I felt sort of stimulated, as if I had taken some healthful exercise. Did I find it brutal? Well, it wasn't exactly ladylike, but I wouldn't call it brutal. I rather expected to leave the ringside spattered with gore; but as a fact I couldn't see that either man was even a little hurt—more than temporarily, that is."

Everyone Understands

"The endurance of both men is amazing," declared a doctor. "The ordinary man would have had his neck broken by any one of the blows landed by either fighter. Did I enjoy it? Oh, I'm an old-timer at the ringside. I see so many sick people that it is a real recreation for me to watch two nearly perfect physical specimens of manhood."

"It was a great scrap while it lasted," said a young business man. "Think of it! A half million bucks for a few minutes' easy work! Not bad, is it?"

"The thrill of a lifetime!" exclaimed a young lady. "That Firpo isn't such a bad-looking fellow, is he? No fooling!"

With these answers written down and spread before me, I endeavored to find the one big reason for the pugilistic lure which all of them must contain, and I discovered that each answer set forth a different reason and no two of them the same one. Here then, in the very variety of them, lay the one big reason I sought.

Boxing is the one sport which holds forth interest for everyone, men and women, young and old, those who comprehend the fine points of the game and those who have never before witnessed a boxing contest. Baseball is a monotonous, tiresome bit of clowning to the spectator who does not understand the rules of the game. Golf is ludicrous to the uninitiated. Horse racing is not very exciting if one does not hold a pari-mutuel ticket. But to find interest and excitement, which means to find enjoyment, a boxing contest requires no knowledge of the Marquis of Queensberry Rules on the part of the spectator. Everyone understands a fight.

Perhaps, indeed, it is the latent cave man or cave woman in us which so stirs us to excitement when we behold a boxing match; but the final decision in this case must rest with the anthropologists. If this be so, and our instincts are roused by the sight of wild brutality, of lust and bitter hate, then our instincts are being deliciously fooled by the modern boxers. For there is neither wild brutality nor a lust for blood nor any bitter hatred in the fighting industry. There may be a lust for money present; but, after all, that is why fighting is an industry.

An erroneous idea, cherished by a minority, is that boxing is almost on the moral level with the ancient gladiatorial combats or with feeding martyrs to the lions. The entertainers of this theory imagine—for surely they have never witnessed a modern boxing match—that the men enter the ring in a state of simmering fury, hating each other with an abandon that is superlative.

And then—well, what might you expect to happen when such maddened enemies are turned loose one against the other?

Painless Knock-Outs

But I am acquainted with two professional fighters who were born and reared in the same town, were inseparable pals all through their boyhood and, both desiring to enter pugilism, trained together at the same gymnasium. A short time ago it happened that these two boys were matched to fight each other. It was a six-round preliminary; but it was a rip-roaring fight all the way, the sort of slam-bang contest which makes the spectators stand on their chairs. At the end of the bout the judges agreed that it was a draw, and the fighters left the ring amid the approving cheers of the crowd. I followed them into the dressing room.

"Well, Jim," said one, with his arm about the other's shoulder, "I'm glad we put up a good scrap. That means we'll get a chance to meet in a return bout and pull down more dough."

"Yeh," agreed the other. "You know, Bill, I sure thought you had me there in the fourth round when you had me hanging on the ropes."

Bill sighed regretfully.

"I tried; but I just couldn't get over the finishing punch."

"Better luck next time," grinned Jim. "Only I wish it to me."

That is one instance of the bitter hatred which usually exists between opposing fighters. Either the men are total strangers and therefore are not particularly interested in each other, excepting from a business standpoint, or, if they are acquainted, they are nearly always friendly. But friendly or not, they fight the best they know how, for their pugilistic existence depends on each and every showing they make.

Even the knock-out blow, particularly the one to the jaw, which renders the recipient completely unconscious, is without any injurious aftermath. It is as painless as an anæsthetic. I have been induced to slumber by this method a number of times, so I know whereof I speak. The victim sees a large white sun approaching with monstrous rapidity and, *pari passu*, growing to an unbelievable hugeness. When he awakes, perhaps thirty seconds later, he is ready and willing to continue the fight, though he is, according to the rules, twenty seconds too late.

The knock-out blow of this type is entirely mental, its effect being produced by the sudden jarring of the nerve centers of the brain. To show what little physical effect it has, I shall repeat a story told to me by Mr. Joseph F. Hagan, whom the reader will probably more readily recognize by the name under which he fought—Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. He said:

"I was fighting one night in Brooklyn, about twenty-five years ago, and in the second round of the ten-round bout my

Continued on Page 101)

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WILL your boy be in a fix like this a few years from now? Will that little chap whose future seems so rosy be left by some misfortune to shift for himself just at the time he should be going to college or a vocational training school?

The "Want Ads" of the newspapers tell many a heart-breaking story of desperate need and pathetic incompetence—of mere children dropped out of school in their most impressionable years and thrown into the terrific competition of the working world, without training, without equipment.

All that this boy has to offer a business world that needs trained intelligence are pounds of bone and muscle, and an untrained, undeveloped brain.

* * * *

Look through the "Help Wanted" columns in the newspapers and read advertisement after advertisement beginning "Expert", "Competent", "Educated", and then ending up with either "big pay" or "high salary for the right man"—The big jobs and big money are offered to the man with training.

You do not want your child to take a back seat in life. You do want him to be a leader in his chosen line. Other fathers and mothers want exactly the same thing, and yet how few—oh, how few!—realize their high hopes. Why?

When you look at that dwindling line of school boys pictured below, you will probably guess—and guess correctly—that just about *one* family in *three* can afford to enter their boy in high school and only *one* family in *fifty* can see him clear through college.

Most of the other boys dropped out because their families just hadn't the money. They couldn't afford to keep their children at school because they trusted to luck that when the time came, somehow, some way, the money would be found. But it wasn't.

* * * *

Now what are you doing to make it possible for your boys *and girls* to get a good education? How are you going to have the money ready when you must have it—in 15 or 10 years, or sooner?

It's all right to be hopeful and optimistic, but it is far better to prepare for the day that is on the way.

High schools—Normal schools—Technical schools—Business colleges—Universities—Seminaries—Art and Music schools—Training schools of all kinds—cost money—real money.

* * * *

Then why not do these essential things and do them now?

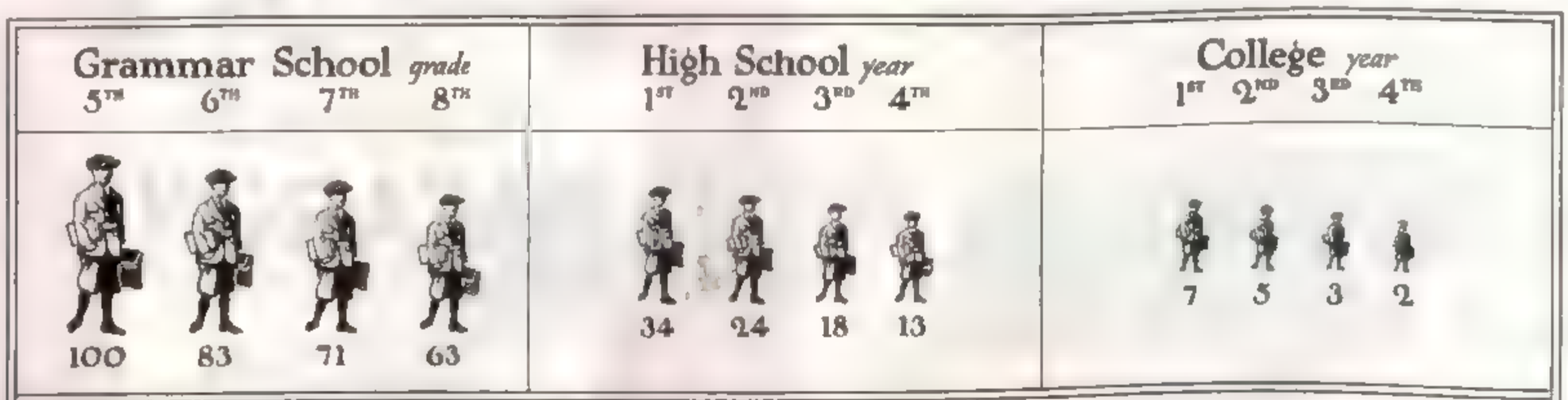
1st—Find how much it will cost to give your children the kind of higher education you want them to have.

2nd—If you have the money now, put it aside and use only the interest upon it for yourself.

3rd—If you haven't the money, figure out a way of saving so that your Education Fund will be ready when needed.

4th—Begin now—this week, not next week—to lay aside the first small payment on the necessary sum. Let nothing interfere with the regular putting aside of that amount.

The mere fact that his father and mother are making a sacrifice for him, is likely to inspire any red-blooded boy to *make good* and get ready for his big opportunity. The pride of knowing that your children are to have their chance will more than pay you for what you do. Plan now—and carry out your plan.



Here is the significant story of the children who enter the 5th grade of the public schools of the United States. Only 63 of each 100 graduate from grammar school—13 from high school—and 2 from college, according to Bulletin No. 34 of the U. S. Bureau of Education.

Another Bulletin shows that in the biographical book known as "Who's Who in America", which lists more than 20,000 successful living Americans, there are 87 times as many high school graduates and 800 times as many college graduates as there are those who have had only grammar school teaching.

By giving your children the kind of training they need, you will make them happier, more successful men and women, and your country will be the richer for your contribution of better citizens.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will arrange, if you like, to supply your boy (or girl) with funds needed, in case of your untimely death—or if you live, for that matter. If interested in this phase of the question, write for booklet describing our Educational Fund policy.

But in any event begin now to prepare for what you must do *in case you live*. Statistical records prove that of the parents who read this page most of them will live for fifteen years or more, but failing to make early and proper preparation will be unable to carry out their present good intentions as to educating their children.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

(Continued from Page 97)

opponent swung a right uppercut which landed flush on the point of my jaw. I fell into a clinch, where I forthwith fell into a sound slumber. When I regained consciousness I found myself in my dressing room, ready for the shower. Of course, my first thought was that I had met with defeat, and a dismal thought it was.

"'Say, Harry,' I asked one of my seconds, 'what round did he get me?'

"Harry regarded me queerly. 'Get you? What are you talking about, Jack?'

"It was my turn for surprise. 'Why, wasn't I knocked out?'

"'Knocked out—hell!' exclaimed my second elegantly. 'Who are you kidding? Why, you knocked him cold in the ninth round.'

"And this proved to be the truth. Yet through seven rounds of furious fighting I had been as soundly asleep as if I had been in my bed at home. To this day I don't remember that fight.

"But," added Jack O'Brien, "I must have had a knock-out punch hidden away in my subconscious."

Yet the knock-out blow is considered by some the greatest evil of boxing, the Exhibit A in the proof of its brutality. In certain portions of the country, boxing is permitted only with the proviso that it be an exhibition, or sparring, bout; and the character of the match is determined by the presence or absence of a knock-out. However, the other, seemingly lesser, blows are the more painful, and often more lasting in their effect. Certain facial disfigurations frequently accompany a fighting career—the well-known cauliflower ear, the flat or humped nose, and other deflections from the standards of beauty. But the professional fighter is quite willing to avoid his mirror and satisfy his esthetic soul by gazing upon the beautiful face imprinted on the silver dollar. The laborer, the artisan—all bear inevitable marks of their calling; and even many of the sedate white-collar class possess a sallowness or thinness or flabby fatness which is not altogether pleasing to the artistic eye. Yet this is not considered an evidence of the brutality of their vocations.

I have said that the fighting industry does an annual business of $8,000,000 or $9,000,000 in the metropolitan district alone, and I have intimated that a similar sum is probably garnered throughout the remaining sections of the country. But what is the *modus operandi* of the fighting industry? How does it keep a sensitive finger on the pulse of the public, seldom putting on a show that is a flop? How does it waken public interest in a proposed bout? Let us remove the cover, as it were, and see the wheels go round.

The School for Apprentices

Here we have a three-ring circus. They are all performing at one time, but it is obviously necessary to inspect them one at a time so that we do not, as at a real circus, come away with the puzzled knowledge that we have seen so much we have seen nothing. Behold, then, Ring Number One.

This is the apprentice school of the boxing industry. Its habitat is hundreds of the smaller sporting clubs in hundreds of cities all over the United States, and its fighters are the third-raters, some of them good enough to battle their way to the top and others the veriest dubs of the padded gloves. In a district covering several states there are probably several dozen of these small clubs, so that the demand for fighters is fairly equal to the supply. Therefore, the better known of the local fighters are kept busy, some of them fighting two, three or four times a week, excepting when such injuries as a sprained or broken hand necessitate a brief lay-off.

The box-office receipts at any one of these shows are comparatively small, anywhere from $500 to $1500. Out of this must be paid the club's overhead, the referee, who receives from fifteen to twenty-five dollars, the judges—if the boxing law of the particular state requires them—and the fighters in all the bouts on the evening's program. In those states which limit the duration of any one bout to four rounds, as in California, there are usually seven bouts on the card, requiring the services, of course, of fourteen boxers. Where the bouts are longer there are fewer of them; but the average length of a program is about twenty-eight rounds. In the first instance there are five preliminaries, rising in the order of their importance to the semifinal; and after the semifinal, the main event.

The services of the preliminary fighters can be secured for a song—and I do not mean a song like the ditty about bananas. Many of them are willing to fight for nothing but the glory in it, or because they love to fight, or because it is the only way for them to get a start in the game. If these fighters hope to show again they must either have merit or they must be screamingly funny; in other words, they must please the spectators.

Some fighters who are actually devoid of merit are engaged again and again merely because they can make the fans laugh. They are not intentionally funny—the knowing fan will turn thumbs down on the fighter who is not grimly serious in the ring; but some of these third-raters are funny in spite of themselves. A few years ago, in Nashville, Tennessee, I saw a bout between two negro fighters. The boxing style of one of them brought continued roars of laughter from the fans. Crouching so low that he was practically on his haunches, protruding his nether lip in what might be construed as grimness, popping his eyes fiercely and flailing his long arms, he reminded one very much of his anthropoid ancestor. He was beaten in this bout, but he was engaged for the next show; and worsted again and again, yet he was repeatedly engaged. He is probably still performing locally—if he has not yet learned how to stand up and fight with a straight face.

Comedians in the Ring

A short time ago, at the Hollywood Stadium, I saw a bout in which one of the participants was indeed a physical freak. Although he was only a bantamweight, scaling about 118 pounds, he was as tall as the average middleweight, with arms and legs as long. Really he was so thin that he seemed to be seen always in profile. He towered above his normally short and stocky opponent, and when they fell into a clinch we could readily visualize our friends Mutt and Jeff. The fans delighted themselves with cheering him on by the name of Beany; but the grand farcical climax developed when, in a clinch, he swung a free arm about his opponent and hit himself in the back! Incidentally, this boy had merit as well as being funny, for he won his bout handily; and he may go far in his profession if he does not knock himself out with one of his own kidney punches.

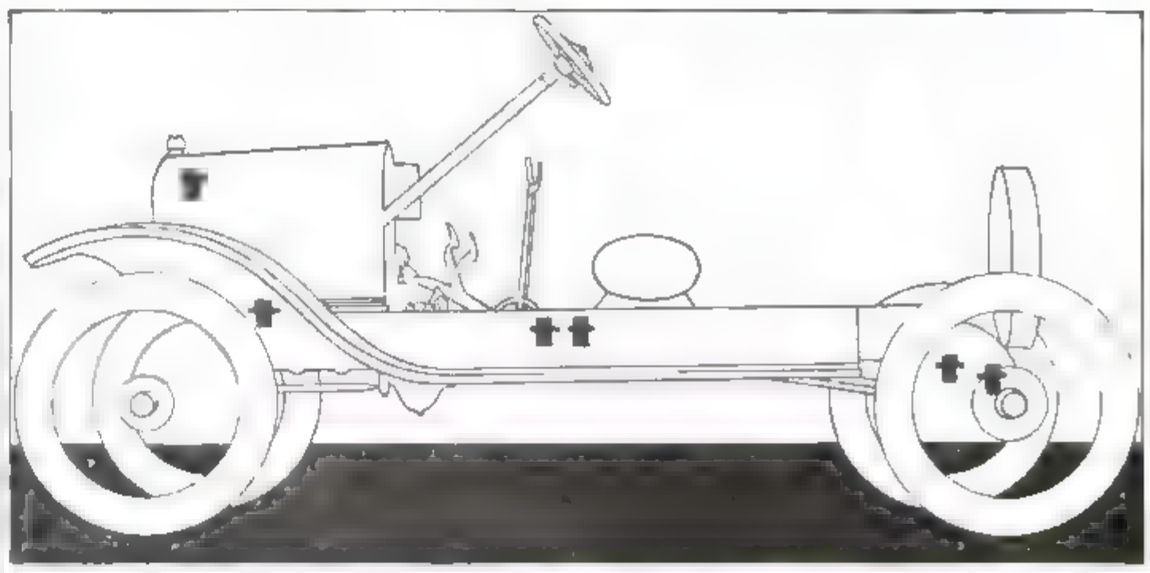
Entertainment is the chief concern of the fighting industry, and in Ring Number Three of our circus, humor plays an important rôle. That is why, particularly in the South, each program usually lists a battle royal—four to eight men, wearing heavily padded gloves or wielding stuffed cloth clubs, blindfolded and turned loose against each other for a round or two.

But if humor is the hors d'œuvre of these programs real fighting merit is the pièce de résistance. By it alone can the fighter rise to semifinalist and to principal of a main event; and until he achieves the highest local honors he cannot graduate from small-time boxing.

The first preliminary boys, then, receive nothing, or perhaps five or ten dollars for their services. The semifinalists split a purse of from fifty to $100, and often less. The men of the main event either take their chance on a percentage of the house or require a guaranty like their big brothers. A well-known and popular main-eventer may receive from $100 to $1000 for a fight, and sometimes more than $1000 if he is a good drawing card and is able to attract an unusual amount of people to the club. A few of these men earn upwards of $10,000 a year, their managerial commissions reducing it by one-quarter or one-third. Therefore, if they go no higher in their profession, or slide back too soon—as most of them do—they can realize about $40,000 or $50,000 during the seven or eight years of their fighting life. And it might be added that of all classes of fighters these men are most likely to save something of their earnings against the day when they can no longer fight. They are usually married men with families, their interests, social and business, centered in a limited locality; and their success is not so dazzling that it affects them as greater success does their more glorified superiors.

Behold, now, Ring Number Two, which is situated in the vicinity of New York City.

This is the middle ground of the fighting industry. Among its performers you will



Here are the Vital points *to Lubricate on a Ford*

New high pressure lubricating system forces in lubricant under 500-pound pressure

WHAT is the cause of most Ford repairs—violent jerks and chatters—the br-r-r-r of rear axles? A recent survey showed that 80% of all repairs on moving parts comes from one cause—lack of *proper* lubrication. Most Ford drivers keep their motors oiled. But the hard-wearing chassis bearings are neglected. The reason is they're hard to get at. The result is repairs that could be avoided.

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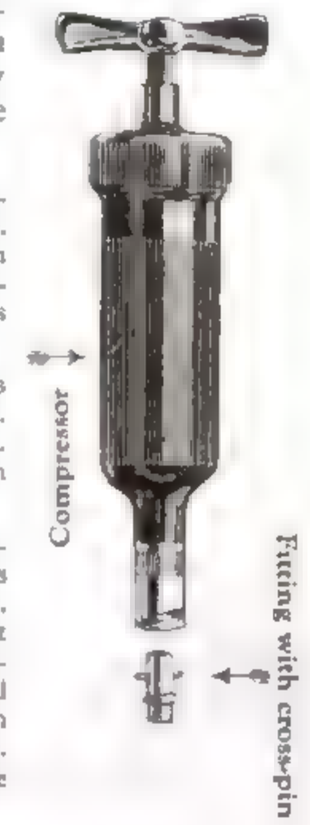
The Alemite System does away with grease cups. A hollow fitting with a cross-pin, as shown on right, goes on every bearing. The Alemite compressor locks on to these fittings with a quarter turn of the bayonet coupling. Then an easy twist of the handle forces the lubricant into the heart of the bearing under 500-pound pressure. In 5 minutes you can lubricate every point on your car. Use it every 500 miles.

Nearly 4,000,000 cars are already equipped with Alemite. It is standard equipment on most well-known automobiles, for it makes chassis lubrication easy and sure.

Today you can get this same system for your Ford. Low priced, easy to put on. You can install it yourself in 10 minutes.

The cost is but $3.99 complete. It will save you 5 times this cost in repairs in one year. Get it today from almost any dealer. But if more convenient, use the coupon and we'll send your set direct with full directions for installing. Send no money. You pay the postman on delivery.



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find some of the fighters we have just been observing. They were formerly the principals in the main events of Ring Number One, the very best of the lot—city champions, state champions, district champions, army champions, navy champions, national-guard champions, all manner of champions, who, coming here, begin again as mere third-raters. Most of them have forsaken their former managers and have attached themselves to the staffs of some of the more prominent Eastern managers, placing themselves under contracts. These managers, by the way, have anywhere from ten to forty fighters under contract to them; and of every purse earned by each of the boxers the manager receives one-third

The newcomer finds a new pugilistic world before him here. He is like the high-school senior becoming a university freshman. His past achievements count for little, except that they have opened the door wide enough to allow him to enter this newer, larger world. He soon realizes that everything is done on a much larger scale—everything, that is, with the exception of the money paid to him for his first fights. But the pay doesn't worry him now any more than it troubled him when he was beginning his career in Ring Number One. His goal now is the championship of his class—the championship of the world!

The first thing he must do is to apply to the State Boxing Commission for a license. It takes two months to receive this, and meanwhile he keeps in training, his new manager wising him up to the finer points of the game, which he did not require to win his minor championship.

After he receives his license his manager finds an opponent for him for his first big-league fight. The wise manager selects one who is not so good that defeat for the newcomer would be a foregone conclusion; yet it is better that he be a man over whom a victory would give immediate prestige. The ideal for the purpose is one of the fighting industry's trial horses.

The trial horse is a man who is almost always a veteran of Ring Number Two, or even an erstwhile performer in Ring Number Three, who has back-slidden and is trying to stage a come-back. Any man who aspires to the championship finds this trial horse an obstacle in his path. He must defeat him and, so to speak, step over his prostrate form on the upward way.

Meeting the Trial Horse

If the manager does not believe that the newcomer is yet good enough to meet the trial horse he eases him along for a while to gain him experience, matching him with other newcomers who know no more than he does. But sooner or later he meets the trial horse, unless he hopelessly falls by the wayside.

When this bout is arranged the manager gets in touch with the sporting writers of the newspapers. He gives them a generous earful about the new fighter of his who will box the trial horse. The manager is a man of imagination; the sporting writers are men of imagination, plus the power of expression. Together they work out a story that causes the reader to sit up and take notice; yes, and to come to see the fight. The sporting page of the daily newspaper is the aorta of the heart of the fighting industry.

On the result of his match with the trial horse, as I said, the future of the newcomer depends. If he is victorious he is almost ready to leave Ring Number Two and enter Ring Number Three. If he is defeated, but has made a good showing—that is, has not been defeated easily, but has revealed a certain ability and gameness—he is given another chance, or even more than one more chance, to brush aside the obstacle. When he at length wins over the trial horse he meets other men who also have defeated the trial horse; and when he has conquered all these, he is permitted by common consent to make his bow in Ring Number Three.

But before we direct our gaze to the last ring, let us keep our attention centered a moment longer on Ring Number Two, where there is a little left to see.

The performers here are also divided into three classes; first, those who fail to hold their own and thus drop back to the bushes whence they came or renounce the fighting profession entirely; second, those who evince enough ability to remain but not enough to carry them higher; and third, those who are battling their way to the summit and near-summit of pugilism.

The first class does not remain long. The first few fights in which they engage here often serve to spell their doom, and for these fights they receive nothing, or just a few dollars. They are the first preliminary fighters on the programs of the bigger boxing clubs.

The second class is more fortunate financially. They make a creditable showing in all their fights and are used in the main preliminaries and the semifinals; and they are paid anywhere from several hundred to several thousand dollars for their services in a single bout. They are booked frequently, and they can add to their incomes by acting as sparring partners to the fighters above them.

There is a thin margin between this class and the third class. Men of the third class remain in that class only long enough to show whether they will rise to greater fields of endeavor or will become permanent members of the second class. They fight a few preliminaries, a number of semifinals, and, being continually victorious, move upwards.

And now let us direct our gaze to the seats of the mighty and the mighty nearly mighty—Ring Number Three.

Fast Company

Here we find the nine world's champions—flyweight, bantamweight, featherweight, junior lightweight, lightweight, welterweight, middleweight, light-heavyweight and heavyweight; also the leading contenders for these championships, some of whom are known as the American champions or the champions of various countries.

How pitifully few are the performers in this ring! Only nine world's champions, and not more than three or four recognized contenders for each of them, making a total of about forty or fifty men. Of the thousands of boxers in the fighting industry only forty or fifty rise to share the big money which is the goal of them all. Thousands of men battling and toiling and struggling, giving hard, hard labor for very small pay, devoting thus the prime years of their lives—from eighteen to twenty-eight—burning their bridges behind them by rendering themselves unfit, because untrained, for any other trade or calling, few of them saving anything of their earnings because they see always before them the golden vision—of all these thousands, only forty or fifty to reach the shining goal!

And actually only nine of this number have reached the ultimate goal. Never can there be more than nine at one time. Yet upon all these forty or fifty fighters depends nearly 50 per cent of the total revenues of the fighting industry. But let us first consider the status of the championship contender.

Without him the champion would exist only in name; his earning capacity would be no greater than the main-eventer of the bush league; the fighting industry, as an industry, would become anæmic and would die for want of its lifeblood. It is obvious that the champion could not thrill the public—and incidentally extract large sums of money from it—if he had no one with whom to fight.

The genuine contender, with all the qualifications of a contender—I will later tell what these qualifications are—is welcomed by the executives of the fighting industry with open arms, if not always with open purse. He is sought for throughout the world, to the furthermost corners of the earth. And the most eagerly sought for of them all, and the most elusive, is the heavyweight; for if nearly 50 per cent of the total revenues of the fighting industry depends on all the champions and contenders, then at least one-half this 50 per cent depends on the heavyweight division.

In 1921 Jack Dempsey fought Georges Carpentier, and 90,000 people paid $1,600,000 to see the fight. In September Dempsey fought Luis Firpo, and more than 80,000 people paid in over $1,000,000 at the box office. A short time before the latter fight Jess Willard battled Firpo before 100,000 people contributing another $1,250,000 to the coffers of the industry. None but heavyweight fights could bring in such huge totals. The largest receipts ever attracted by a bout in the other divisions were $450,000 paid by 60,000 people to see the lightweight championship fight between Leonard and Tendler at the Yankee Stadium in New York City several months ago.

It can be readily understood then that the main dependence of the industry is the

(Continued on Page 105)

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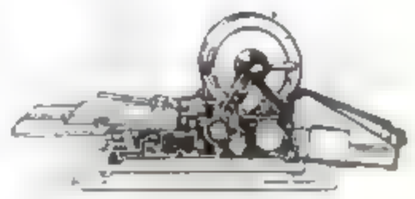

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C R M C - 1 23

(Continued from Page 102)

heavyweight champion and the qualified contenders for his crown. As I said, the chief concern is, where to find these qualified contenders? But what are the necessary qualifications? And, once found, how is the contender exploited? Now we may witness the real workings of the fighting industry's machinery, the wheels within wheels, the permissible tricks of the trade.

Here we have a heavyweight champion, useless to himself, to his manager, to the industry in general, to the public, unless he matches his supreme skill against that of an opponent. Obviously he is willing—nay, eager to fight. But with whom? There are only three or four possible contenders, and since he has, let us say, been champion for several years, he has met and defeated all of them. He must spend his time in idleness until a new contender is found.

The main reliance of the champion's manager and of the promoter is the foreigner. There is no qualification of a contender to surpass that qualification of being a foreigner. His nationality lends color, gives an international aspect to the affair which is of itself worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to the industry. It is the capitalization of native pride, of patriotism, of the fascination of humankind by the exotic. How well Barnum knew the value of the Wild Man from Borneo, the Grand Duke of Highjinks, and Laughing Hyena the Full-blooded Indian! Even so, the fighting industry knows the value of the Wild Bulls of the Pampas and the Gentlemen Georges of Gay Paree.

The executives of the industry, therefore, look over the list of foreign champions. They are, for the most part, a poor lot. In their own countries they have no one with whom to fight. But they are champions, nevertheless—and let it go at that.

"Well," says the champion's manager to the promoter, "if the champ and I don't get a match soon, we'll both have to go to work."

"And so will I," agrees the promoter. "But looking over the list of available foreign champions, I fail to discover one who could, by the most clever measures, be worked up into a successful fight with the champ."

"Ah, then, I suppose I am reduced to the necessity of getting a vaudeville contract." And, brightening: "But how about the champion of Pazaza? I like the sound of that country—Pazaza."

"But where is Pazaza? I didn't know ——"

"Nevertheless, there is a Pazaza. It is on the map, and is in the Balkans, or Africa, or South America, or somewhere. And I haven't the least doubt that there is a heavyweight champion of Pazaza."

The National Hero of Pazaza

"Nor I," again agrees the promoter thoughtfully. "I can even now see him almost as plainly as if he were standing before me. He is a husky boy, this champion, and no question about it. He entered pugilism only on the advice of his friends after he had licked twenty-six fellow Pazazans at one and the same time. He has been raised exclusively on cornstarch pudding and wild honey, and his daily training consists of attacking, single-handed, the neighboring country of Bologna and annexing some new territory for his own native land."

"Ah-so-lute-ly! He is the national hero of Pazaza. Everybody in his country would rather see him win the world's heavyweight championship than eat a square meal. They are wild about him and about fighting. They are willing to bet forty-eleven million Pazazan pesos that he can beat the champ."

"Enough! There is no doubt that the champion of Pazaza is our man. But who is the champion of Pazaza? And—where did you say Pazaza is?"

A week or two later a cablegram is received from the industry's representative who has hurried to Pazaza from his headquarters near by:

Have found man. Name Lupino Hibby Doodum. Weight two-twenty. Can lift safe with right. Doesn't know he has a left. Am teaching him what boxing means. Hard job. He will soon be undisputed champion of Pazaza if I have to get knocked out by him myself. Send carfare for two. Bringing him over within two weeks.

The next day a small item appears in the daily newspapers, something like this:

MILFITCH, PAZAZA, October, 5: In the first round of a scheduled twenty-round bout, Lupino Hibby Doodum, heavyweight champion of Pazaza, knocked out Ignace Hokum, champion of Bologna, winning the championship of all the Balkans.

Doodum is soon sailing for America, where he will hurl his defi at champ.

This item is followed at brief intervals by other similar articles about Doodum to the effect that he is cleaning up not only Pazaza and Bologna but Hyfitz as well. Now the public knows that such a person as Lupino Hibby Doodum exists and that such a country as Pazaza is on the map. It begins to believe that it knew this for a long time.

"Now then," says the promoter, when Doodum has appeared on the scene, "let's take stock. Here stands the heavyweight champion of the Balkans, Lupino Hibby Doodum, of Pazaza. He is husky, all right, and if he hasn't a beautiful sock in that right arm I never saw a right arm. He is, however, a dub. Not only could the champ knock him cuckoo in three seconds, but so could any of the champ's sparring partners. However, he can learn a lot in six months, and by getting a crowd of old men and dubs for him to practice on, he ought to add up a string of knock-outs with that right arm of his. With such training he might even be able to give the champ a good fight—while it lasts. Now then, let's go."

Putting Doodum on the Map

In the next six months Doodum has fought and defeated a half dozen fighters, who are set-ups, carefully selected for him. Nearly all the fights he has won within a few rounds by a knock-out. The sporting pages are beginning to buzz; the public is beginning to buzz; but as yet it is a tiny, scarcely audible buzz.

"The buzz should be louder," reflects the promoter. "It must be louder. So far Doodum has defeated men the public never heard about. Now what can be done?"

"The former champion," the publicity man suggests, "is flat broke, having lost his fortune in unwise investments. He wants a fight or two in order to recoup. Why not?"

"But the ex-champ is a has-been. He's been out of the game for years, he's getting old and he's out of condition. He can't fight any more."

"What's the difference? The public thinks he can still fight. It always thinks an ex-champion can still fight. The fight would draw. We can get double instead of "

"Double!" exclaims the promoter with sudden inspiration. "Triple, you mean! Look here! Why not first stage a heavyweight elimination program—the ex-champion and our dear Doodum each fighting an easy mark on the same card? But no; we won't be hoggish. We'll donate the profits of this bout to charity. It won't draw such a big gate. But the advertising! Oh, man! Then the ex-champ and Doodum! And then the winner against the champ!"

"Which means Doodum against the champ."

"Of course. There is one chance out of a hundred that the ex-champ will defeat Doodum. He's through, and Doodum is strong. Now for the publicity campaign! Don't forget that Doodum can lift a safe with his right arm, that he was raised on cornstarch pudding and wild honey, and that the nation of Pazaza is betting its national debt on its hero."

As it has been arranged, so does it come to pass. And although the champ defeats Doodum quickly and decisively, yet the public agrees that it has been given its money's worth. It has seen but a few minutes of fighting, but it has been actually entertained for months; and with the single price of admission has been included the thrill of anticipation, and an endless topic of discussion, than which there is no greater form of entertainment.

Thus are the workings of the machinery of the fighting industry. It is fair and square and clean, as you must have observed. Never a fighter enters the ring who does not strive his level best to win. He may know beforehand that he is being matched against a man who will surely defeat him—but that is part of the game, and despite it he gives the best he has in return for what is paid him. And the industry as a whole does the best it can for its friend, the public. It fools it a little, as the public likes to be fooled; and even Barnum could do no more.

Now let me address myself once more to the wage earner whom I mentioned at the

Straube

PLAYER PIANOS

At the end of a day

AS the roll unwinds, music works its magic. Gone are the cares of a work-a-day world. A dear, old tune touches the chords of tender memory—brings back boyish dreams—stirs the fires of inspiration.

Whatever your mood as you sit down before the Straube Artronome you find it sympathetic, responsive. For it is as ready to reflect the exuberance of youth in the latest and gayest of popular tunes as it is to free the majestic music prisoned in the score of a composer's masterwork.

And, seated here with the pneumatic expression controls at your finger-tips, you know the thrill of playing the music you like best in the way you wish to play it. The Artronome puts the technical skill of the artist at your command; it is you who provide the interpretation.

You will appreciate the glorious tone of the Straube Piano. If you play by hand the touch will delight you. And your good opinion of the Artronome player action will continue to grow, as day-in and day-out down through the years, it gives you music as you prefer it; ready on the instant, and proving by its dependability the high quality it embodies.

Drop in at the Straube dealer's store today and try the Artronome. A few moments will reveal the pleasures it offers. The dealer will gladly explain the advantages of its many exclusive features. Models for foot power or electrical operation.

The Melo-Harp is one of the most popular of Straube's exclusive features. Brought into play by the mere touch of a button, it gives soft, sweet, harp-like tones, thus adding variety to the exquisite tone of the Straube Piano.

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Send the coupon for your copy of the latest Straube catalog, illustrating and describing the various models of Straube-made instruments. Inquiring involves no obligation.

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An exclusive feature of the Artronome player action, the patented Pendulum Valve, is at once the promise and guarantee of dependability in the Straube Player Piano. Your dealer will tell you why and explain other exclusive features of the Artronome.

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Kindly send me a copy of the Straube catalog without obligation to me. Check if you now own a piano ☐ or player piano ☐

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Street

City _____, State _____

If interested only in straight pianos for hand playing check here ☐

Straube Pianos Sing Their Own Praise

Crossroads of Conversation

Could the telephone directory in the hands of each subscriber be revised from hour to hour, there would be no need for the information operator. But even during its printing and binding, thousands of changes take place in the telephone community. New subscribers are added to the list. Old ones move their places of business or of residence.

Though their names are not listed on the directory, these subscribers must be connected by the highways of speech with all others in the community. To supplement the printed page, there must be guides at the crossroads of conversation.

Such are the information operators, selected for their task because of quickness and accuracy, courtesy and intelligence. At their desks, connected with the switchboards in central offices, they relieve the regular operators from answering thousands of questions about telephone numbers that would otherwise impede the rendering of service. If they are unnecessarily asked for numbers already in the directory, service is retarded.

"Information" stands for the most complete utilization of telephone facilities.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

beginning of this article—the young man who shook his head so enviously when he read that Jack Dempsey had received $500,000 for less than five minutes' work in the prize ring. Do you still believe that there is easy money in the fight game? Well, there is big money in it—for about nine fighters among 10,000; but there is easy money for no fighter. And just how big is the money earned by those chosen few?

Let us trace, as an example, the financial career of Battling Jones, who is really no one, but who represents a world's champion of one of the divisions under the heavyweight class. He begins fighting as a professional at the age of eighteen, and for four years he performs in Ring Number One and Ring Number Two, as I have previously indicated, earning hardly enough to pay his expenses during this bitter time. Then he wins the world's championship. For the fight with the champion whereby he wins the title he is paid practically nothing; his pay is the chance offered him to win the championship. Well, now he has that championship, and he is all ready to reap his just rewards.

He fights, as champion, the leading contender for his title, and receives $40,000 for one evening's work. Out of this amount must be paid, of course, his business expenses.

Mr. Eddie Mead, the manager of Joe Lynch, world's bantamweight champion, told me that 40 per cent of the earnings go for expenses. He lists some of these expenses under the following headings:

Sparring partners; bags, gloves, clothing, and the like; gymnasium fees, railroad fare, hotel bills, entertaining, publicity, photographs, office expenses, trainer, manager's commission.

These, he says, are but a few of the fighter's expenses. But assuming that, indeed, 40 per cent must be deducted from the gross payment, then of Battling Jones' $40,000 purse there remains but $24,000.

How the Money Flies

How many of these gross purses of $40,000—which are worth to him only $24,000—he receives during his reign as champion depends, of course, on the length of time he retains this championship. He may hold it only a few weeks, like Criqui; or he may hold it a short time, lose it, and regain it, as did Lynch; or he may hold it uninterruptedly for many years, like Leonard. But let us say that Battling Jones finishes his career at the age of thirty, having earned a gross total of $500,000 in twelve years of fighting, this being a net total of $300,000. During the eight years between his winning of the title and his retirement he has lived high. After so many years of poverty the sudden affluence has affected him in a somewhat natural manner. He is just a boy, remember, with the normal boy's improvidence. In the glory of his youth he does not realize that there will ever come a time when he cannot make more and more money with his skillful fists. The money is now coming to him in golden streams, and to him the streams seem inexhaustible. Therefore he lives high. Not only does he himself live in comparative luxury but he usually sees to it that his family, too, shares some of his good fortune. His parents get a new house, perhaps, and his kid brother or sister an automobile something like his own. For he is generous—oh, much too generous. How easy it is to spend $15,000 or $20,000, or even $25,000 a year—if you have it in abundance to spend! But even then, let us say, our Battling Jones retires with the goodly sum of $100,000 in the bank.

Yes, but Battling Jones is through. Not merely is he through with fighting but he is through with earning money in any way. He is thirty years old; he has no education or trade or calling. His twelve years of fighting have unfitted him for any other pursuit. He has no business education; for he knew that his manager, who was getting so much money for him, was wise, and he left every business detail to him. Therefore, being unable to earn more, this $100,000 of his must last him the remainder of his life. He has grown accustomed to spending $20,000 a year. Can you see how long his savings will endure?

He possibly realizes this himself. But it is a pity that he does not also realize his own utter lack of business ability. He knows only that his $100,000 will not last very long and that he must increase it. Thus he falls an easy prey to every get-rich-quick scheme in the alluring world of such schemes. He does not even get a chance to spend his $100,000!

The Promoter's Profits

In the case of the heavyweight champion the circumstances are so similar that it would be mere repetition to cite an example. The only difference is that the heavyweight's earnings are perhaps ten times as great; but also his expenses are ten times as great; he lives correspondingly more lavishly. And if he retires with ten times as much in the bank—well, it takes no longer to lose $100,000 in an oil field that is devoid of oil than it takes to lose $10,000 in a single dry well.

There you have an idea of the easy money and of the big money in the fighting industry for the fighter. Financially he has less chance for ultimate success than the lowliest clerk of the white-collar class whose income is small, perhaps, but steady—steady throughout his life. There are not a half dozen retired fighters living today who are not practically impoverished. And I know not of one fighter who died leaving an estate of consequence.

Are the champions of today different from those who have gone before? Who can answer that question but Time?

Even the promoter lives not in the purple land of easy and big money. He is a gambler, and fortunate is the gambler who breaks even. The promoter of Ring Number One risks small stakes for small winnings. He plays penny ante. The promoter of Ring Number Two ventures a slightly higher limit, and the promoter of Ring Number Three shoots the works.

And when the last-named individual stages a fight from which the receipts amount to $1,000,000 or more, 50 per cent goes to the fighters and their managers, 5 per cent goes to the state treasury and 10 per cent to the United States Treasury. And how about the remaining 35 per cent? Well, he builds great arenas, seating 100,000 people. Lumber is high, and so are the wage demands of carpenters and builders. He employs hundreds of ushers and attendants. He has hundreds of policemen at the scene, and firemen waiting with apparatus in readiness. Why, a list of incidental expenses would fill this column! He is, indeed, a genius, in that he does not lose his shirt, as the saying goes, instead of making a little profit—really a very little in the final accounting.

As large as the fighting industry has become, it is growing larger each year. Each year its revenues are doubled and tripled. And where do the millions go? Well, the fighters get some of it, even though they do not keep it long; the promoters get some of it, though theirs is mostly glory; the referees and judges and timekeepers, and so on—all of them get a little of it. But, my boy, if you feel that you must enter the fighting industry, for the love o' money—be a manager!

Have you lost or gained weight today?

The answer is of vital importance to every member of the family. Accurate daily weighing discovers the first indication of a change in physical condition.

Don't trust ordinary unreliable scales and try to guess the weight of your clothing. Keep an accurate record by weighing yourself every day in your own bathroom, on a

Health-o-Meter

Automatic Bathroom Scale

In thousands of homes the daily weight [illegible] Health-o-Meter [illegible] proper recreation

For every mother who would guard the [illegible]

The Health-o-Meter is small [illegible] finished in white enamel, and registers weight from 1 to 250 pounds

Ten Day Free Trial Offer

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The gum side of Stik-tite patching sticks instantly and permanently to your auto top. The outside matches your top material. Anyone can apply it as easily as sticking stamps. Mends holes and rents, prevents leaks. Ample outfit 25c at dealers', or postpaid.

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A new degree of freshness and sweetness

THE ROYAL GETS THE EMBEDDED DIRT

ORDINARY cleaning methods can't keep your rugs and drapes sweet and fresh.

They remove only the surface soil and litter. Underneath this is embedded deep in your rugs, the worst dirt, and usually the most dirt. You can see it in the Royal jar-of-water laboratory test below.

This embedded dirt must come out before any room can be *really clean*. It is musty and unwholesome. Germs swarm in it. Footfalls and draughts are constantly stirring it into the air.

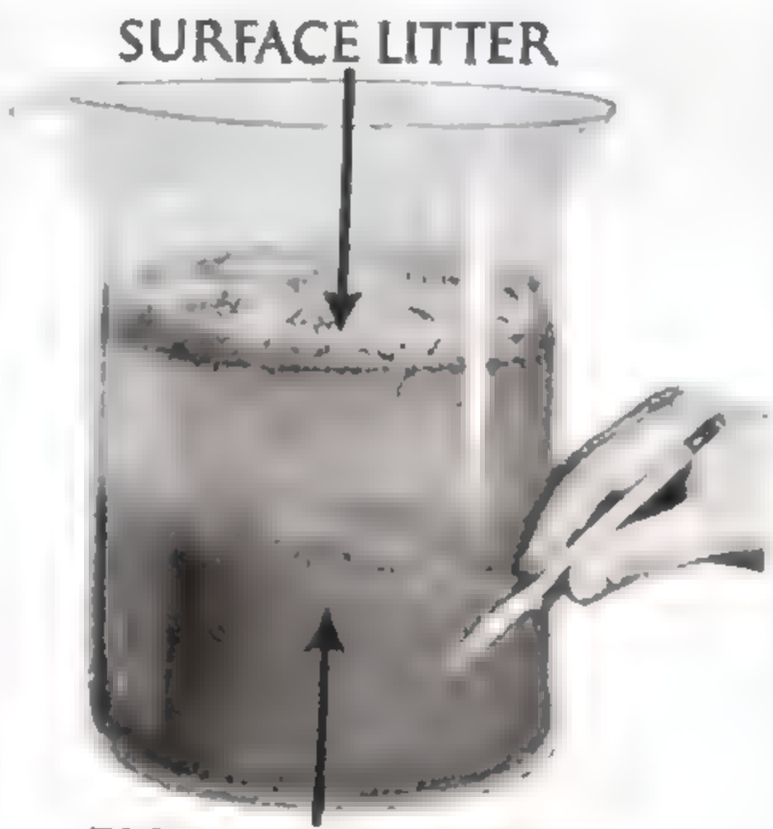
Removing the embedded dirt

Even vigorous beating dislodges only a part of this embedded dirt. Sweeping simply stirs it up into the air. There's only one way that it can be effectively removed —*with powerful air suction, scientifically applied.*

Women everywhere who take good care of their homes keep them fresh and sweet with the Royal—the Electric Cleaner that gets ALL the dirt. The powerful suction of the Royal is so applied that it lifts the rug, opens up the nap, and sucks the embedded dirt, as well as the surface litter, into the bag. The wide Royal nozzle, with its long, protruding ends gets into corners and out-of-the-way places and does a thorough cleaning job. It will even clean hardwood and linoleum floors. It can not harm your rugs;—it cleans by air alone

Ideal for all cleaning

With the convenient Royal attachments you can clean upholstered furniture, mattresses and hangings just as easily and thoroughly. So versatile are these attachments that with them you can also quickly clean fireplaces, registers, drawers, and inside of automobiles.



A laboratory test—dirt, taken from a rug by the Royal, emptied into a jar of water. Note the much larger portion of EMBEDDED *dirt [it sinks]—and how thoroughly the Royal removes it*

Easy to use—and built to last a lifetime

The Royal won't tire you out. It is light in weight, easy to carry or roll around. The convenient trigger switch on the handle saves stooping to turn the current on or off.

And so sturdily and simply is the Royal built that it will last a lifetime. Every part is guaranteed. It is practically troubleproof.

Ask for a demonstration

You'll get a new conception of real cleanliness, freshness and sweetness in your home with a single demonstration of the Royal. Clean one rug in any way you wish. Then ask the Royal dealer to send a Royal Man to clean this same rug. (No obligation on your part.) Note the amazing results. If you don't know the Royal dealer in your vicinity, write us.

THE P. A. GEIER COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio

Manufactured in Canada by
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Also manufacturers of Royal Vibrators, Hair Cutters, and Royal Driers, and Royal Clothes Washer

ROYAL

The Electric Cleaner that gets ALL *the dirt*

"Look for the Name in the Selvage"

The instant you see the name Skinner's, you know your tailor has the right idea about linings. With tailors and clothing manufacturers who use only the best materials the choice is invariably Skinner's Satin. They know the distinction it adds to garments and the *wearing quality* that has been unequalled for three-quarters of a century.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia MILLS, Holyoke, Mass.—Established 1848

Skinner's Satin

All-Silk or Cotton Back

GUN RUNNING AND THE TRAFFIC IN ARMS

(Continued from Page 11)

The scale on which these transfers were accomplished is not widely known; but, as one instance, the entire Ehrhardt factory at Düsseldorf, including some 350 guns and howitzers and all the plant for making them, a shell factory, and fuse and cartridge shops, passed quietly to the part ownership of the firm of Vlessing, of The Hague, and most of it is still in Holland—a secret arsenal whose ownership is very, very vague and whose eventual fate is yet to be decided.

Holland, whose land frontier and canal systems favor the illicit importation or rather exportation from Germany, has had other shipments of arms as well, in addition to those arms properly taken from German troops retreating from Belgium into Netherlands territory which were stored by the Netherlands Government at the Kattewickj Arsenal. Even these were offered for sale to private purchasers twelve months ago—some 60,000 stands of rifles and carbines, 5000-odd machine guns and a quantity of trench mortars, oddments and so on.

Where are they now?

Battlefield wreckage is usually collected and passed to the equivalent of our salvage-corps organization. The enemy left a good deal behind on French and Belgian soil. The guns and ammunition are doubtless scrap, but the Mauser rifles left Europe for Anatolia and gave heart to Kemal Pasha's braves.

The Austrians left Mannlicher rifles on the Italian front, and now you can find quite a quantity of these weapons in China and altogether too many are loose in Northern Africa.

Even our disposals board here in Great Britain, or rather the board of trade, was the victim of a perplexing incident by which a job lot of Russian rifles reached the Bolsheviks. Endeavors on the part of earnest Scandinavians to secure Russian rifles, some 600,000, from America for the use of the soviet authorities were, however, frustrated by the action of the late President Harding, who vetoed their export.

The evil arises from one source only, and it could easily be checked by united international action. Military or quasi-military arms and ammunition should be manufactured only under license for a responsible government, and obsolete, part-worn or surplus arms and ammunition, or their parts, should never be sold, but should be destroyed in government factories.

The Obvious Cure

As it is, any individual or firm can buy arms from a government selling department, or in some countries even buy unlimited supplies of military arms and munitions at open auction. These may be ostensibly purchased for conversion into cheap sporting arms, or purely for their scrap value; but once in individual hands, there is no safeguard against leakage. Some may be scrapped, others secretly and discreetly resold. No one can check how many have been converted unless an exact system of surveillance, such as now exists in Great Britain, is adopted by other nations. Even with a system there is the possibility of leakage if the laws are broken; but in that case there is opportunity for punishing the guilty parties.

The revenue brought in by the sale of surplus and obsolete arms is not great; in any case it is not comparable to the losses inflicted on the business community by disturbances in which these arms or other surplus arms sold by another nation have played a part. The cure is obvious. Stop the sale and stop the traffic; but the agreement must be international, embracing not only nations that are members of the League of Nations but all the world.

So far we have dealt only with the ex-government arms. There remain two other problems: The manufacture of military and semimilitary arms, and the measures to be taken to counteract the present distribution of arms and achieve a fairly wide measure of automatic disarmament.

In the case of the majority of the powers, their military small arms and machine guns are manufactured at purely government establishments, corresponding to the British Enfield Small Arms Factory. In addition to these, there are big industrial concerns which also manufacture the military-pattern rifle for their governments under contract. Such a concern is the Birmingham Small Arms Company. In most cases these concerns sell for themselves, and also supply smaller gunmakers with parts for making sporting models of the military rifle or similar arms with the same breech bolt and action, but built to take ammunition of the same or a different caliber. The result of this practice is that there is no sharp line of definition between a military rifle and a sporting rifle. Both are made of the same parts, on the same principles, take the same cartridge and vary only in detail of woodwork and finish.

The Mauser, Mannlicher-Schönaver, Springfield and Lee-Enfield actions of standard military caliber are all recognized as sporting rifles, though the ammunition used in sporting arms is provided with a bullet different from the military model. Nevertheless, at a pinch these quasi-military arms will handle the ordinary service cartridge. Thus the arms sent by Germany to the Irish revolutionaries during the war were sporting-model Mausers and the ammunition was the ordinary military issue.

The range of European military cartridges rises from the small Mannlicher-Schönaver of 6.5 millimeters through intermediate sizes up to eight millimeters, and it is not until we reach the caliber of nine millimeters that we arrive at a distinctively sporting size which is not really based on a military caliber.

Disguised as Sporting Rifles

At the moment the world is flooded with cheap and dangerous quasi-military rifles made out of converted war stock. A new military rifle, properly made, will now cost between six and seven pounds to manufacture; but sporting rifles apparently new but made out of ex-service components are selling in Europe at prices ranging from sixteen to thirty-five shillings. Mauser rifles converted into crude shotguns sell for about a pound; Mauser sporting rifles for about two pounds ten shillings.

This disposal of pseudo-sporting rifles that are still effective military weapons is a purely technical evasion of the treaty provisions; but it appears that the board of trade, though realizing the real nature of the arms in question, have consented to accept these nominal amendments. The British soldier who will probably have to face these weapons in enemy hands in some remote quarter of the globe will not be notably impressed by the difference between a Mannlicher of 6.56 millimeters and one of 6.6. The paper difference of four-hundredths of a millimeter will leave him cold.

The point one may raise in defense of the board of trade is that their fiat concerns only British dealers in the United Kingdom, and that in any case, whatever they might desire, the unscrupulous foreign dealers would do whatever they liked. International agreement and cooperation with regard to control of the arms trade are essential before any equitable agreement can be made.

The peculiar thing is that there is no real reason why the sporting community should require any weapon taking a military type of cartridge. Big game of a dangerous nature is seldom tackled with a weapon of less than 400 caliber. Smaller game can be shot just as effectively by any of the smaller American cartridges, which, though of nominally military caliber, are yet far shorter than the military equivalents and do not require a military type of rifle. The old system suited the rifle-manufacturing interests. It was convenient to them to use one set of tools for both military and sporting arms and cartridges, but the convenience of the trade must stand aside before the interests of the world.

Complete and drastic changes separating the sporting from the military rifles and cartridges are essential. The change would actually benefit the trade, as new arms to the new standard would be universally required. The sportsman would have to suffer, but in practice the change from old to new would be no worse than the change from the now obsolete old black-powder

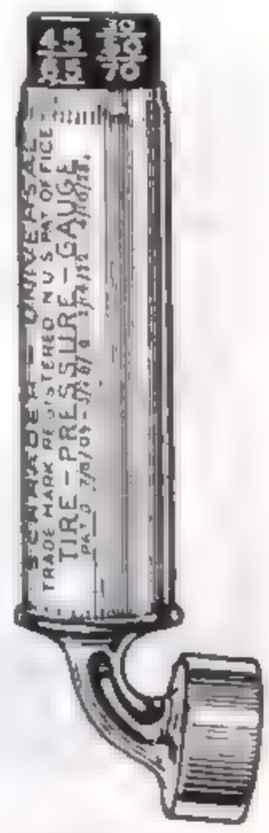
"I hear about long mileage —why don't I get it?"

"I do not skid my tires by applying the brakes too suddenly.
"I drive slowly over ruts and rough roads.
"I do not scrape the side walls of my tires against the curb.
"I have fabric cuts promptly repaired.
"My wheels are in alignment.
"My tires fit their rims.
"My rims are true and clean.
"I do not understand why I cannot get maximum mileage out of my tires.
"I wonder if incorrect inflation can be the reason why my tires wear out too soon."

That's just the reason. His tires are seldom correctly inflated. That is why they wear out long before their time. Some day this man will awake to the importance of correct tire inflation evenly maintained. And he will attend to the job himself. He will own and use a Schrader Tire Pressure Gauge.

This device will tell him at a glance the exact air pressure in his tires at any time. He will find his favorite make of tire yielding more mileage.

The Schrader Gauge is accurate and will last for years. On sale at motor accessory shops, garages, and hardware stores.



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Tire Valves · Tire Gauges

Sunshine-Energy *all year 'round*

SCIENTISTS measure—easily—the energy of sunshine.

It's here! It builds life—growth—development.

It's the ever active vitalizing force that thrills men and all growing things in El Paso and on thousands of acres of fertile farm lands near by. It inspires the nerve-worn and builds into every man, woman and child, rich resources of well-being, courage, strength—a joyous, vigorous power to accomplish anew every day.

This is all free if you want it. El Paso, the Gateway to Mexico, is the Capital City of Sunshine-Energy.

Study these Opportunities

El Paso is the meeting place for eight railway systems all of which grant stop-over privileges. It has fine schools, a great trading area, good accommodations and a wealth of entertainment and recreation for seasonal guests. And for those interested in farming, unusual advantages exist in the rich alluvium lands in the Rio Grande Valley, irrigated by Elephant Butte Lake.

A Message for You

El Paso has a message and an opportunity for every family in America—for *you*. It is the message of Sunshine-Energy,—the opportunity of independence—of profits on your investment of money and industry. You ought to know about it and we want to tell you. Our new booklet, "El Paso and the New Southwest," explains more about what is here for you. The Gateway Club was organized to serve you free of charge in every possible way and to welcome you when you come. The opportunity is great. The Sunshine-Energy is everlasting. Fill in the coupon and let us send you the book. Address

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Any railroad ticket agent in America will sell you a ticket with a 10 day stop-over at El Paso at no extra cost. *Visit Old Mexico,—fare 6 cents.*

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Send me the free booklet I have indicated.

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Name _____

Address

express rifles to the modern high-velocity smokeless arm, and it would affect only those small bores of quasi-military type and caliber.

Not so important as the question of rifle manufacture but very interesting is the problem of the machine pistol, or submachine gun, as it is called. These are little-known arms which came into existence during the last stages of the war and afterwards. In essence they consist of a small carbine type of weapon weighing some eight pounds. The arm is in fact a machine gun firing pistol cartridges, and has magazines holding up to 100 rounds. These particular arms are essentially a revolutionist's arm, ideal for street fighting.

Except as an arm for trench warfare or semimilitary police forces having to deal with armed risings, it is difficult to see what honest need they can meet; yet we are faced with the fact that they exist and have been manufactured in quantity and are on the open market for anybody who wants to buy them. Here, one would say, is an arm that is useless for sport, cumbrous for self-defense and could not serve any honest purpose, but which in the hands of political fanatics might provoke disaster. Had the sale of this arm been rigidly confined to governments, there could be no more objection to it than to any other form of machine gun; but its public sale to individuals provides an additional reason for the control of manufacture.

The problem of the pistol and revolver is also important. In England the Firearms Act of 1920 has practically killed the sale of these arms. The service revolvers will in future be made at the government factory at Enfield, and the only private British firm which made pistols is increasingly concentrating on the manufacture of sporting guns and rifles. Our system of license, registration and permits has achieved much, and though the evilly disposed can always get a pistol somehow, it is not easy to obtain secretly any serious quantity of these arms, and as time goes on even individual pieces will be hard to acquire.

On the Continent the conditions are different and the unhampered sale of pistols progresses. It is a complete mystery where they all go to, yet a prodigious output of many hundreds of thousands of cheap yet effective arms is annually absorbed. Belgium, Germany and Spain are the chief producers; France, Italy and Czecho-Slovakia also manufacture, but in lesser quantities of the cheaper kinds, and the markets radiate all over Europe, America and even to the west coast of Africa.

The Pistol Problem

The pistol is essentially a weapon for self-defense or offense, is readily concealed and is used at close quarters. It is in particular the modern weapon of assassination. It is useless for sport and is not an essential in any orderly or civilized community where the police are efficient and citizens support the law against the lawbreaker.

Recent events in Egypt and a record of black years in Ireland have shown the power of the pistol in wrong hands. The Treaty of Versailles prohibited the Germans from manufacturing pistols of military caliber. Despite this there is reason to believe that a certain amount of manufacture of their nine-millimeter caliber still continues, and that barrels for this caliber cartridge can be fitted to the new arms they are making.

It is certain that since the war Germany has evolved a series of pocket pistols which are almost as effective and far more convenient than their standard military type. As there are no government orders for these arms, the sale is confined entirely to individuals or for export.

Belgium also manufactures a considerable number of pistols, and a large order has been placed by Jugo-Slavian interests for some 50,000 Browning military-model automatics.

Spain has a large industry, mostly in the Basque country, where the factories are busily reëquipping the civil guards and the army. An enormous export business in cheap pistols is done, but practically no rifles are manufactured. No proof house exists, and Spanish arms are issued unproved and not subject to the usual international safeguards.

Military pistols are admittedly an essential, but they should be manufactured under government license and control. The other varieties, such as pocket pistols, present a more difficult problem. In some countries they are necessary for personal or household defense, but it is very doubtful if their unhindered sale should be permitted. The international adoption of licensing or permit regulations similar to those applied in the United Kingdom would very largely check this unnecessary and growing traffic in very dangerous articles and, above all, prevent their movement from one state to another.

The pistol makers are relatively few in number, and there are very few firms—except possibly in Spain—where the same factory does not manufacture other goods less open to objection. Viewed from a purely dispassionate standpoint, it does seem ridiculous that the interests of, say, 100 pistol makers and an attendant legion of factors and retailers should be allowed to outweigh those of the law-abiding citizens of the world in general. Besides these new manufactures, a more serious evil exists in the stocks of surplus arms now available.

Surplus-arms dealing is a peculiar trade in that the stocks of goods are so large, and the sums of money changing hands on a deal involving 100,000 or 200,000 rifles and appropriate ammunition are so great, that the deals are seldom carried on by individuals, but usually by groups of speculative financiers. In nine cases out of ten the original holder of the arms is either a government department or a large firm or syndicate which has a semiofficial standing as an authorized selling agent on behalf of the government. Sometimes these firms are actually armament or small-arm manufacturing concerns themselves, and have long-term options on the disposal of government-owned stocks.

Sales by Indirection

The purchasing end of the deal is necessarily a government too; but such are the conditions of Europe today that instead of the government of Ruritania purchasing direct from the government of Industria, the affair is negotiated as a deal between private individuals or syndicates. There are reasons for this.

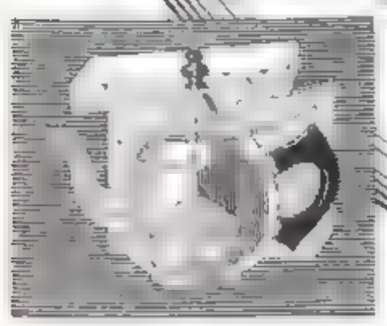
In the first place the Ruritanian Government has a depleted treasury, a bad rate of exchange, a heavy debt to its allies; and in spite of primitive bellicose ambitions against its neighbors, it is obliged to pretend that its policy is so far in keeping with the desires of the great powers that it wishes to stabilize conditions, develop its peaceful resources and reduce its armaments. Direct negotiations are therefore out of the question.

In the second place there is the sordid question of commission. A high standard of official incorruptibility is the rule in the United Kingdom; other countries have, however, other customs, and utter corruption is the rule. On an important contract everybody from the responsible minister down to the office boy expects his bit and it is a recognized practice. This difference of custom favors the intermediary. A tactful syndicate or firm can so arrange matters that these little favors can be honorably and delicately brought about; but direct dealing between the semi-Oriental Ruritanian Government and any big Western power is precluded because no official mechanism for tactful bribery exists in government departments subject to audit.

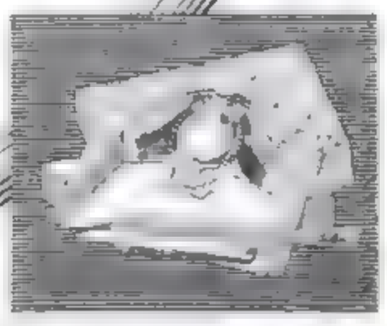
The Ruritanian Government therefore lets it be quietly known in financial circles that it is prepared to buy a job lot of arms on certain terms—say, so much cash, which may be part of an earmarked foreign loan for port or railway development, and the remainder in paper or bills payable at future dates, with possibly a concession or so. Then the fun begins.

The syndicates, usually cosmopolitan banking houses, send out their runners to find available supplies of suitable arms. Shady individuals who talk glibly in millions but seemingly lack the cost of clean linen offer to put up guaranties of hundreds of thousands of pounds. The news of a deal to be done radiates from capital to capital, offers of all kinds at all kinds of prices are made by speculators who do not possess a rifle or a cartridge. Options are secured on existing stocks. The armament firms tender for the manufacture of new goods, but in most cases there is not money enough to warrant manufacture; so they, too, through secret agents, endeavor to negotiate the sale of old or surplus stocks. The small wholesale arms dealers, whose business it is to know of all the available firearms in the

(Continued on Page 112)



Viko Tea Pots, eight styles, 1-pt. to 1½-qt. capacity, $1.00 to $2.70



Viko Crumb Trays and Scrapers
two styles, 50c and 75c

Viko Tea Kettles, four styles, 3½ to 8-qt. capacity, $1.85 to $3.10. Viko Casseroles, two styles, 2-qt. capacity, $1.80 to $2.[illegible] Viko Individual Percolators, 1-pt capacity, 90c. Other styles, 1½ to 3 qts., $1.65 to $3.00. (Prices somewhat higher in extreme West and Canada)

Give Her *Useful* Things, Too

Of course you are going to give her *nice* things, pretty things, for Christmas—but give her *useful* things, too! Nothing will make her more happily sure that life is a real partnership of common interest than your thoughtfulness in seeking to make her work pleasanter every day in the year.

Scout around in the kitchen tonight! Isn't it about time that battered old tea kettle was being pensioned? Look at the wabbly handle on that saucepan! What a relic that ancient coffee pot is!

Make a mental note to replace the down-and-outs with shining VIKO, The Popular Aluminum. And don't forget a modern Viko percolator. You like good coffee yourself!

There is a place for Viko on every Christmas list. Sons and daughters can give it to mothers and grown-up sisters. Parents can give it to grown-up daughters. There are Viko kitchen utensils, scores of attractive miscellaneous articles, and captivating Nursery Rhyme Toy Sets of real aluminum pots and dishes—something to please everyone.

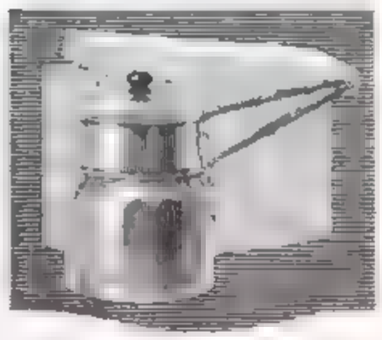
"VIKO" on aluminum ware means *quality, popularly priced.* Good stores usually sell Viko. For Christmas they have it in handsome holiday boxes. Write for Miniature Catalog No. A5 to help you plan your selections.

Dealers—Ask Your Jobber

Nursery Rhyme Toy Sets, 75c to $1.50

Nursery Rhyme Toy Sets, 75c to $1.50

Viko Percolators, six styles, 1-pt. to 1-qt. capacity, 90c to $3.00



Viko Double Boilers, two styles, 1-qt to 4-qt. capacity, $1.20 to $2.10

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

VIKO
The Popular Aluminum

How Wives Learn About Sauerkraut

"WELL, Ethel—if you aren't cooking sauerkraut!"

"Yes, Harry wanted it for dinner tonight. He insists on having it now at least twice a week—and really, I'm awfully fond of it myself."

"We used to have it back home, but since I've been married I haven't known where to get it."

"Why, you can get it at any grocery store. I get mine at Powell's, and it's *delicious!* One of the men at the office told Harry to eat it. Harry wasn't feeling just right and this man lent him a little booklet that tells all the things the dietists have been finding out about sauerkraut. It's wonderful!"

"Why, I always liked it, but I didn't know it had any particular value for health."

"Oh, yes. It's what the doctors call a conditioner. It contains lactic ferments—a good deal the same as that Bulgarian soured milk, you know—and they prevent germs from getting in their deadly work and all that sort of thing. Dr. Holmes says they're using it at the General Hospital. He says it's a wonderful food for people who have diabetes, and for everybody."

"Well, I must get some—that's all there is to it. I'll surprise Jack with it tonight. How are you cooking it?"

"Oh, I'm trying a new recipe in this booklet. There are a lot of new recipes here. I've tried three of them now and they're splendid! Take this booklet and read it over. It's very interesting."

* * * * * * * * *

Everywhere people are talking about sauerkraut—and eating it. For the facts about its value as a natural conditioner and regulator are important. Mail this coupon now for your free copy of the booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food."

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at groceries, delicatessen stores and meat markets.)

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Clyde, Ohio

You Want This Interesting Booklet—FREE

The National Kraut Packers' Association P-21
Clyde, Ohio
Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes.

Name

Address

City State

(Continued from Page 110)

world, quote their wares to a hundred different applicants and seek for enough financial support to carry the deal through. Gradually the tumult dies down and at length the Ruritanian Government signs its contract with the particular financial group that has submitted the best or the most profitable proposition.

There is, though, a wide gap between signing papers and the delivery of the goods. A hundred thousand stands of arms involves a few trainloads of goods, and a ship or several ships may be needed to take the cargo. Delivery f. o. b., North Sea—or it may be a Mediterranean port is a different thing from delivery c. i. f., Ruritanian port, and here the matter passes out of the realm of finance into that of gun running. A vessel may clear from Antwerp or Triest with consignments for Kamchatka, but a wireless message may divert her for a cruise in the Baltic or the Ægean first. Sometimes a curious lighterman or stevedore calls the attention of the police to an odd cargo. Sometimes a complete deputation of dockyard workers could not persuade a properly bribed official to move in the matter before the ship has cleared. Sometimes the diplomatic protest of an interested power is simply paralyzed by a good hard-boiled lie.

"No such ship, no such cargo. We are pursuing inquiries at other ports."

Long-Lived Rifles

In other words, the authorities of an exporting nation may or may not take action, according to the political merits of the situation. Until general international agreement is arrived at, gun running will continue. In this country the board of trade has to license or refuse to license all shipments of arms and kindred war material, and endeavors to assure itself that every transaction is in order, and that the destination shown on the papers is the eventual destination, and not merely cover for reshipment from a foreign port.

In the past three years existing supplies of military rifles and machine guns, light and heavy artillery, aircraft, equipment and military gear of all kinds have been diffused throughout Europe and have even percolated to the Far East. Some of this material is in the hands of governments, some is held by private groups of speculators and exists as a dangerous form of private property which can be sold to anyone. In any case it is not only a danger now but remains a danger for an unascertainable number of years, for it may pass from hand to hand and from race to race—a danger in the hands of natives long after it has lost true military value as a modern armament. This vitality of rifles is astounding, for though the muzzle loader is almost extinct, even in Africa today Chassepots and Gras rifles of the early '70's are still in use; and Sniders of a decade later are current commodities and effective arms among the savages today.

Practically speaking, a rifle, irrespective of utter neglect, the ravages of rust and loss of accuracy, remains a potential weapon so long as it is capable of being fired and so long as ammunition can be obtained for it. This question of the supply of ammunition is the keystone to the whole problem.

The average man has no idea how few metallic-cartridge-making concerns there are in the world. Most of the larger states have official factories where small-arms ammunition is made; cartridge factories of kinds exist even in Kabul and Abyssinia, but such is the complexity of the modern ammunition that it is doubtful if many of these government establishments would function without buying part-manufactured materials outside. So far as private manufacture is concerned, the metallic-cartridge industry is so organized that it represents a very narrow ring, which is part and parcel of a larger combine, involving associated interests in explosives, metal foundries, chemicals and soap works, engineering and tool-making plants.

In the United Kingdom, Nobel Industries, Ltd., concentrates the whole metallic-cartridge trade in one group. In the same way Continental factories in many countries are controlled by the European Nobel group.

This peculiar concentration of the trade in the hands of combines or associations, and the interlocking of these groups with kindred groups in other countries, makes the problem in some ways a very complicated one, but in other ways it simplifies matters considerably. It hampers individual national action toward the restriction of the arms trade, but on the other hand the concentration facilitates joint international control and effective surveillance.

Once the private sale or manufacture of any kind of military cartridge, or sporting cartridge capable of being fired in any existing type of military rifle, is prohibited, and the manufacture of such ammunition is permitted only on government orders, a fatal blow has been struck at the illicit arms-dealing trade.

If reform is carried a step further and all existing supplies of either military arms or ammunition in private hands or on which sale rights or options of sale have been granted are called in and repurchased at the price at which they were sold by the governments to the firms in question, and are then destroyed, the cost to the world in general is negligible compared with the losses that can be inflicted on world trade by the continued existence of these supplies as potential merchandise.

The situation is serious, for during the past year, and in some cases during the past month, attempts have been made to secure arms for delivery in Europe. The purchasing or would-be purchasing nations have been Lithuania, Jugo-Slavia, Finland, Rumania, Greece and Poland. There has also been a steady illicit traffic in arms with soviet Russia, and there have been negotiations on the part of the government of Afghanistan. Certain stocks have been sent to South America. A small shipment was passed through the coastal zone into Abyssinia under rather impudent circumstances, and there is, of course, a steady munitionment of rival Chinese armies under obscure circumstances. The soviet government is arming the Mongols of Central Asia against the Chinese, and the arms traffic in the Far Eastern republic of Siberia is regulated only by the political considerations of the moment.

Insurance Against Revolution

Quite apart from the various discreditable deals by agents of established governments, such as the attempt to smuggle twelve batteries of mountain guns with complete stocks of ammunition and a few thousand machine guns from Triest to a Jugo-Slavian port, and the secret purchase of 35,000 German Mauser rifles and ammunition by Lithuania from a Berlin firm, both of which events occurred in mid-August this year, there is the action of revolutionary elements to be considered.

The military value of a small shipment of small arms and a handful of machine guns may not be great in the case of conflict between two nations; but in the case of civil war or revolution, even quite small secret deposits of arms may prove a deciding factor. The Bolsheviks have not yet abandoned their doctrine of world revolution, and there are unsteady elements in many countries both East and West.

The United States wisely prohibits the export of modern small arms to the Philippines, and Great Britain pursues the same policy with regard to India, Burma and certain African regions. Experience has proved that in regard to turbulent and backward races a rigorous limitation of the supply of arms—without which any serious trouble is impossible—is the best insurance against risings and petty wars provoked by agitators or rising naturally but regrettably out of the warlike qualities of the race. The recent recognition of Afghanistan as a sovereign state, with acknowledged right to purchase and import modern armament, is an instance of how an embargo or restriction limiting the danger capacity of a small but turbulent frontier nation is relaxed when conditions of government and political stability in that state appear to warrant it.

It is an experiment, and a bold one, for should the none too secure government of the ameer collapse, much of this armament will find its way to the independent and fanatical tribes of the northwest frontier of India, and a more than usually costly campaign will result. If at the same time any red revolutionary association could distribute a handful of arms and start a blazing propaganda in the south, an embarrassing situation which could only be dealt with by forcible measures might all too easily result.

Gun Factories in Full Blast

In the same way the Bulgarian and Rumanian revolutionary elements have long been preparing deposits of arms, mainly Mauser pistol-carbines and other similar weapons whose compactness and portability make them particularly useful for street fighting.

In Scandinavia, when the last red wave was at its climax, shipments of arms were bought in Europe and secretly distributed among the Bolshevik elements in the Baltic. The existence of these secret stocks has been countered by the creation of more arms, and the rifle factories of Sweden are now in full blast, manufacturing rifles presumably for the whites.

Reaction no less than revolution turns to the arms traffic to achieve its ends. A steady secret reorganization of the armament existing in Hungary has been in progress for some time, and shipments originating on the complex German canal-and-river system find their way down the Danube to Budapest. The Czecho-Slovaks realize their danger and in turn seek supplementary armament from France, and so the poison spreads.

As international action must depend on the good faith of the governments concerned, cynics may doubt that any pact or convention would really stop this traffic. True, there would inevitably be evasions; but owing to the conflicting interests of most of the nations and their geographical grouping, joint agreement or conspiracy to evade any such convention would be difficult and unlikely. Taking a by no means optimistic view of the probabilities, it seems likely that 80 per cent of the present disreputable traffic would be rendered unworkable, not because of any change of heart, but purely because the financial hazards and the risk of confiscation of the goods, not to mention any further penalties, such as fines or imprisonment for responsible individuals, would ruin the trade as a business proposition.

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR

(Continued from Page 10)

Instead of digging into business, I'd keep thinking of lakes and woods and mountain streams. It's fierce when a man gets run down that way. Some nights I couldn't sleep for hearing the reel spin.

"What you need," said Hugh Halsell, "is a nice long rest, with a change of scene. Then maybe you'll get back on your game. Try some place different."

"Where'll I find it? I've tried 'em all."

"I know a place in Maine where the black-bass fishin' is A1."

Well, it was to laugh.

"Sure!" I said. "I know just the sort of place you mean. The week before you get there they've been hauling 'em out by the dozen, and none under three pounds. But the minute you appear the fish go on strike, and you've got to hire a car and go away over to Coon Lake, where they're catching big ones. I know all about those places—they're always biting where you ain't."

"Well," he said, "a friend of mine had some fine luck there last year. He told me any dub could catch fish in that lake."

That's the way I happened to go, gentlemen. Somehow I expected to find a sort of camp where a feller roughed it, but it turned out to be just like all the other places in the uncharted wilderness of Maine—nice comfortable hotel, with lakes all around, and a nine-hole golf course, and some tame deer. But the fishing was good in spots—I'll say that for it. They ran small, but now and again they'd take to striking fast.

The first thing you do is to hire a guide, and that's where this McCarty and I hooked up. He was a big fat guy with a round face and baby-blue eyes and a long mustache. Well, sir, McCarty had the innocentest expression I ever did see. It ain't natural for anybody to be that innocent; but I figured maybe it was the life—fishin' all the time, you might say. He was

(Continued on Page 117)

The HUMPHREY

Radiantfire

REG. MARK REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

For That Cold Room

Cold, chilly rooms are bad for youngsters—and all of us. Many people realize this but continue to dress in the morning with shivers and chattering teeth. But another body of folks—nearly 600,000 of them—have adopted the Humphrey Radiantfire and banished shivers forever.

If natural or artificial gas is available, you too, should have this great home comfort. It will work miracles in reducing your coal bills and provide the cleanest and most healthful form of auxiliary heating. The line of period models and portables meets every requirement of the home.

The Humphrey Radiantfire is sold by your Gas Company or Dealer. Please ask for it by name.
If you insist upon our trade mark we will gladly share the responsibility of your investment.

GENERAL GAS LIGHT COMPANY, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

NEW YORK, 44 WEST BROADWAY SAN FRANCISCO, 768 MISSION STREET

"IF IT'S HEAT YOU WANT YOU CAN DO IT BETTER WITH GAS—IT'S CLEANER"

HIS OWN

$5

SET NO. 1

Three piece combination set. Sterling silver buckle, Butler finish with burnished border and initial. Beltogram, chain and swivel of sterling silver, Butler finish, burnished border and initial. Belt, fine hand boarded cowhide with gray suede lining. Complete set $5. Other combinations $3, $4 and more.

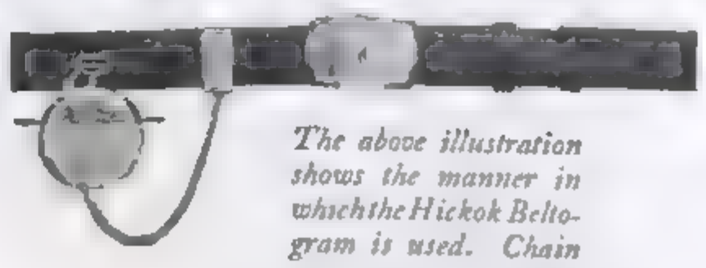
$2

SET NO. 2

Beltogram in case. Sterling Silver with sterling silver chain and swivel. Butler finish, burnished border and initial. Others at $1, $1.50 and more

HICKOK BELTOGRAM

The Correct Watch Guard



The above illustration shows the manner in which the Hickok Beltogram is used. Chain your watch to your belt and carry it conveniently in the little pocket of your trousers.

HE NEEDS MORE THAN ONE BELT

In a period when the mind of everyone turns to the selection of a practical, serviceable gift the HICKOK Belt and Buckle or the Beltogram, a correct watch guard, will prove all that is smart, appropriate and satisfactory.

Your own dealer has a bountiful assortment, expressly selected for Christmas. Every design is impressive and every case a gem. They will delight and surprise you. Produced by HICKOK and safeguarded by his name.

At Leading Men's Shops, Department Stores, Etc.

Mail Orders Filled Immediately

HICKOK

CHOICE

SET NO. 3

$2 *Belt and buckle combination. Buckle silver frost Butler finish, burnished border and initial. Belt, fine black hand boarded cowhide. Others $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00 and more.*

SET NO. 4

$3 *Belt and buckle combination. Sterling Silver Buckle, Butler finish, with burnished border and initial. Belt of excellent black hand boarded cowhide. Others at $1.50, $2.00, $2.50 and more.*

The Perfect Christmas Gift

Encased like a jewel, with each buckle resting on a background of richly colored satin. Styled and made to endure for many, many years. A perfect trouser support and a pleasant and constant reminder of someone's interest in someone. The initial buckles and beltograms have been artistically engraved and the belts hand-tailored of sturdy, lasting leather. Select the right gift and the one most certain to please and to gracefully serve Father, Son, Brother or Friend.

HICKOK
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
NEW YORK CITY CHICAGO TORONTO

$4

SET NO. 5

Buckle and beltogram combination. Sterling Silver Buckle, Butler finish, burnished border and initial. Beltogram, sterling silver chain and swivel. Butler finish burnished border and initial. Others $2.00, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00 and more.

BELTS

Bird's Rugs

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

HARD SURFACE — A Labor Saving - Dollar Saving Floor Covering — WATER PROOF

Easily Cleaned — Durable - Economical

As easy to care for as they are Economical to Buy!

YOU might spill the syrup jug on a Bird's Rug and a minute's "going over" with a damp mop would make your rug clean again—spotless.

Waterproof, smooth-surface, Bird's Rugs defy ordinary domestic mishaps. Good looking, too. Soft, mellow colors and artistic patterns make Bird's Rugs just as beautiful as they are sanitary and labor saving. Appropriate for any room in the house.

Their wonderful wearing qualities will surprise you as much as the economy of their cost. You can get them in all standard sizes priced from $9 to $18—and every rug, big or little, is sold with the positive guarantee "Satisfaction or your money back."

Ask your dealer for Bird's Rugs and Bird's Floor Coverings. If he does not carry them, mail the coupon to

BIRD & SON, inc.
Established 1795
Pioneers in felt-base floor coverings
East Walpole, Mass.
New York: 295 Fifth Ave.
Chicago: 1429 Lytton Bldg., 14 E. Jackson Blvd.
Bird & Son, Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

Bird's Paroid Roofing (Smooth Surface and Slate Surfaced)
Bird's Art-Craft Roofing
Bird's Shingle Design Roofing
Bird's Asphalt Shingles
Bird's NEPONSET Black Building Paper
Bird's NEPONSET Wallboard, Cream White Finish
Bird's Asphalt Felt
Bird's Built-up Roof
Bird's NEPONSET Fiber Shipping Cases and Shoe Cartons
Bird's NEPONSET Felt-Base Printed Rugs and Floor Coverings
Bird's Press Board and Special Papers

840

Write to us on coupon below and receive illustrated folder in colors showing beautiful designs of Bird's Rugs, including Pattern 710 here illustrated, and also information about plan which will enable you to see the rug itself in your own home without further trouble

Name _____

St. No. _____

City or Town _____

State _____ R.F.D. No. _____

BIRD Satisfaction Guaranteed

Look for this Mark when buying floor coverings. It is your guarantee of Satisfaction or your Money Back

No house should be built or furnished without a Bird Product

(Continued from Page 112)

a powerful thinker too. I've seen that feller set all day long in a boat and never say a word or move a muscle of his mug. I never did see a face which told so little. He'd just set there and think and chaw tobacco, and then chaw some more.

We got along pretty good, both being prohibitionists. I hadn't brought any along, and this McCarty said prices were plumb ridiculous in Maine. Sometimes we'd see fellers in other boats tilt their heads back, and then the scandalous figures the bootleggers were demanding for Canada wine and rye whisky would fetch McCarty out of his trance and he'd give a lecture on prohibition it was worth going to Maine to hear. Seemed to feel awful bitter about it.

The hotel wasn't a third full; but of course there was the usual number of bright, sunny spirits who want everybody to be just one big happy family, so come on, boys, and we'll organize a Loved Ones' Day. You know that blah-blah kind. They're the fellers who're killing the League of Nations and setting brother to hate brother.

Well, they celebrated Mothers' Day, and then somebody up and remembered poor old dad, and they had a day for him. As soon as dad was buried in the dead past, a guy with a sweet, bleating tremolo called for a Sweethearts' Day.

The idea went big. Everybody clapped and cheered and the women all piped, "Hear, hear!" It seemed like most of them were married, and figured the day was meant as a tribute to them, so each one patted her hair and purred and looked at her old man sort of soft. I suppose if it wasn't for delusions—well, anyhow, the scheme caught on.

My friend Bowditch was drove nearly crazy by it. He'd come down there for his health, Bowditch had, and this was what he was getting.

"Sweethearts' Day, hey?" he snorted, and his eyes were awful wild to see. "Fine! Let's show 'em some real sweetheart stuff."

"How? This business is meant for wives only."

"Possibly," he said. "But they don't specify whose wife, do they?"

The way that feller could strike to the heart of things sometimes was a caution.

"No-o," I admitted. "That's a fact. Yours is not a bad idea, but there's one serious objection."

"There's a dozen," he said, "and I've seen 'em all. But I wasn't thinking of this home talent."

"What were you thinking of then?"

"Why not import a bunch of girls from that burlesque troupe playing Portland and do the thing right?"

The idea hit me hard. Somehow I liked it. In the first place, it showed the right spirit—if they wanted a Sweethearts' Day, Bowditch was willing to cooperate and do his share. He was a practical cuss too. Yet—well, you know how it is. A thing like that can be so easily misunderstood at home.

"Oh, all right," he said, "if you're scared! Then let's organize a Sincere Drinkers' Day. All the guides will volunteer."

Now he was a prohibitionist like myself. It just goes to show what sacrifices a good American will make in the desire to serve.

"Yes, but who'll supply the booze?"

Of course we had to give up that plan too.

"It's always the way when you try to help your fellow men," said Bowditch bitterly. "Let's live our own lives and go fishin'."

We couldn't duck Sweethearts' Day though. It sure enough dripped honey all over the place. In the lounge that night a feller got up on his hind legs and recited a piece he had composed about wives and sweethearts. Seemed like he figured they were the same thing. Anyhow, he was one of those guys with tears in their voices, and it was more than Bowditch could bear. Strong man though he was, he just sat there and shuddered. Every once and a while he'd sort of break into low, moaning sounds, and for days afterwards the poor feller couldn't speak of that pome without emotion.

We did get some fishin' however. Bowditch had brought a man along with him—an Englishman named Tom. Tom hadn't ever done any fishin' so of course he had beginners' luck. The very first time he wet a line he hooked a big one. It didn't act just like a black bass ought, I admit; but Tom reeled him in and it was one of the finest specimens of a bullhead I almost ever seen. His whiskers hung away down and he had swallowed the hook and sinker and about eight feet of line. If Tom hadn't pulled him in when he did it's like he would've taken the rod too.

I'll never forget, gentlemen, the whoop Tom let out when he grabbed that bullhead around the waist to hold him in the boat. He was plumb out of his head with pride. Yes, sir; just couldn't make head or tail out of the queer way their guide acted, for the guide gave the bullhead a sour look and said, "Hell! Who's a-going to take him off?" And before Tim could stop him, he up and hit the bullhead a couple of hard licks over the forehead with a monkey wrench.

I could see the bullhead didn't like it. His face took on a kind of grieved expression and I reckon his faith in human nature was hurt. But I'm here to tell you, gentlemen, it never pays to get rough with a bullhead. That hasty action cost the guide ninety cents for another wrench.

Well, they started to argue and wrangle. The guide wanted to cut the hook out of the bullhead and toss him back where he belonged, and to hell with him; but Tom wanted to preserve the fish. Said he'd never met up with a bullhead before and had taken a fancy to this one; he liked his disposition, and aimed to keep him. Maybe he would take him home to Long Island and train him to be a pet. All the time they were arguing back and forth, the bullhead, he just laid there in the bottom of the boat, eying 'em and taking it easy. Now and again he'd give a flop to help Tom's case; but when they couldn't settle the dispute, he seemed to grow tired of the talk and dozed off.

"Of course we'll keep 'im," said Tom. "He'll die, anyway, if you throw him back."

"Die?" snorted the guide, his voice shaking like this. "Who ever heard of a bullhead dyin'? You could wear yourself out beatin' that fellow over the head with an oar, and then chuck him back and he'd go on about his business as healthy as you are. Busted a good wrench too."

They had it pretty hot for a while, but finally Tom coaxed the hook and sinker out of Percy, as he named him, and they went on fishin'. He wouldn't let Percy associate with the bass and white perch they caught, but rigged him up a sort of bed in the ice box, where he snuggled down for a nap.

I never did find out whether Tom took Percy to Long Island or not. But that bullhead was alive and happy the last time I saw him, and was following Tom around the golf course. He seemed to take to the game from the start, but Tom admitted Percy was apt to tire after nine holes.

"Wait till 'e's in training for it," said Tom.

Where he kept that fish I can't say. Bowditch claimed Percy slept in Tom's bed, and I've no reason to doubt it—stands to reason he wouldn't lie about a little detail like that.

This McCarty I'm telling you about had been in the Navy. What he did there I can't say. Cooked, maybe—anyhow, I never did see a man quicker at opening cans. Both his arms were tattooed clear up to the elbow. It was right pretty too. He had a flaming-red dagger on the left arm, with a blue scroll all around it, and some sort of motto.

There was a favorite cove he used to take me to when we couldn't get a bite anywhere else, and it made him as mad as a hornet when anybody fished there. It's right funny how guides get to thinking they own the waters they like to fish in. Now with me, all I ask is for them to give me seventy-five feet and not bang on the boat. Let 'em talk all they have a mind to. It's surprising how much conversation fish can stand—or maybe they just decide to end it all after they've listened awhile. Anyhow, I've seen 'em strike good with people talking all around and children yelling from the bank. But just let some bonehead thump the bottom of his boat loud enough and the bass knock off for the day.

We were using frogs and hellgramite mostly, and one day a guy fishing near us borrowed some frogs. Turned out to be a New Yorker, resting up after a hard winter. Belonged to one of the old representative New York families—Koenigsberg his name was.

Well, it seemed like he was all run down. Had been playing the market or something. I never did find out exactly what happened, but it was a-plenty, gentlemen, and he'd decided to go fishin' in Maine to recuperate.

"A man who buys on margin is a sucker," he told me. "He's the biggest sucker in the world. And the man who takes a tip on the market is a bigger one. Oi, oi!"

I could see that his nerves were all shot to pieces—he was awful jumpy. No matter what we started in to talk about, it'd end up by his bringing the conversation back to stocks and the market. From what I could gather, he'd loaded up with Golden Rule Oil in the early spring, so as to be ready for the summer boom, and they'd cleaned him good.

"But never again!" he said. "I've learned my lesson. I was a sucker right. If you ever catch me taking another tip on the market, you're welcome to send for the ding-a-ling wagon."

His guide used to sort of trail us out to the fishin' grounds, and I saw considerable of Koenigsberg. He was a pretty good sort, at that. Seemed to know all the Wall Street kings by their first names too.

Koenigsberg talked considerable about his fish. He was one of those fellers who think anything they do is more interesting than what everybody else does.

"Queer thing about that big bass I caught today," he says. "I hooked him three times before I landed him. He got off twice and came right back for more."

"That's nothing. I've caught fish with two or three scars, and I've caught 'em with an old hook still in their gills."

"You'd think they'd have better sense, wouldn't you?" he says. "Imagine grabbing at something you've been stung on before! No wonder they say poor fish, hey? I guess that means no brains."

"Maybe their memory's bad."

"They're easy marks, any way you figure 'em," says Koenigsberg.

He wasn't cut out for a fisherman. He hadn't the knack, you might say, or the patience. Fishin' is a gift. In my opinion, gentlemen, fishin' is one of the highest and most beneficial of all human activities. Of course there are folks who dispute this, but what kind are they? If you examine into their records and opinions, you'll find them lined up against golf too.

When a feller goes about fishin' right, he brings into play every quality that ennobles the human race. It takes all he's got of concentration and artfulness and patience and sportsmanship. And look at the benefit to his health and mind—and—and morals. Look at the sense of proportion it gives a man. You can be worried pretty near bughouse, so that petty pin-prickin' troubles size up as big as a mountain and the doc says if you don't take a rest right quick he won't answer for the consequences; and then you go fishin', gentlemen, and first thing you know, none of the fool things that worried you so terrible amount to a hill of beans, and you see how triflin' a whole lot of the problems you sweat over every day actually are; and you go home, and your wife hardly knows you, and her mother says, well, all she's got to say is you must have a guilty conscience. Also, I maintain, without fear of successful contradiction, that there's no thrill in all sport like the one you get when a big black bass strikes and comes tearin' out of the water. Oh, boy!

Koenigsberg never did get this viewpoint. It has to be born in a man, I reckon. He was out there just to kill time and let the dust settle, and he used to grow awful impatient.

"This is fierce," he'd say. "Let's stir up some excitement."

"This is all the excitement I need. Watch your line—you've got a bite."

"Let him bite—I hope he chokes. It is nothin' but one of those bait-snitchin' rock bass. I'm using worms."

He never tried to cast. Just sat there, stillfishin', and now and again taking a drink. No, sir, Koenigsberg never will be a fisherman.

"Tell you what," he said. "This afternoon we'll go to different places, and I'll bet you ten dollars I catch a bigger fish than you do."

"Weight or length?"

"Length."

"And what kind of fish? Bass, or do you include pike?"

"Bass the same kind like we've been catching. Are you on?"

"I'll take you."

This here McCarty I've been telling you about hadn't said a word all morning. Just set there, thinking and chawing, and now and again spitting over the side. But on the way home he kind of raised up and said, "Ten dollars, huh?"

A pipe-smoker's challenge to other smokers

Is there a smoker in the audience who can answer this one?

Nearly every smoker is particular about the kind of tobacco that goes into his pipe. While he may smoke a pipeful from a friend's pouch for the sake of companionship, for day-in and day-out smoking he prefers his own brand.

And yet if you ask the average smoker what it is he likes about his tobacco, he may have difficulty in answering you immediately.

Mr. Joe Rivers, whose letter follows, is a confirmed Edgeworth smoker. In attempting to describe what he likes about Edgeworth, he coins the word "tasty-smellfulness." But as this does not entirely satisfy him, he puts the question up to other Edgeworth smokers.

Larus & Brother Company,
R[illegible]d, Va.
Gentlemen:

Being a pipe smoker of no mean experience (having tried most pipes and pipe tobaccos) I've watched your smokers' letters in the magazines for some explanation of a taste that for me applies only to Edgeworth.

It is extremely difficult to describe this, because it seems to come as the smoke filters through the mouth and nostrils at the end of a draw from the pipe—a sort of combined "tasty-smellfulness" that most satisfies the smoke appetite.

Why don't you get some of your smokers who can write, to describe this?

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) Joe Rivers.

Probably there are any number of reasons why men smoke Edgeworth. One friend actually admitted he smoked it because his wife liked the shape of the Edgeworth glass jars to fit on her pantry shelf.

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If you will also include the name and address of your regular tobacco dealer, your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

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"That's the bet."

He didn't say anything more until we'd traveled another three miles maybe, and then he asked slow, "Do I cut in for a slice?"

"I'll split with you."

He didn't thank me or so much as murmur, but there come a kind of dreamy expression over his face.

Well, I made sure Koenigsberg had me beat on that bet, for the best I could do that afternoon was a fifteen-inch black bass, and I knew he'd shrink half an inch by the time we landed and he'd dried out. We measured him half a dozen times in the boat, but he wouldn't do better than fifteen. And when we pulled in to Bean's wharf, there was Koenigsberg, a-holding up a fish.

"Fifteen and a quarter, inches," he said. "How about it? Do I win?"

Before I could answer, this McCarty said, "Let's measure 'em," and we went into a boathouse and did so. Well, sir, that bass of mine measured fifteen and a half inches.

I just couldn't figure it out. Naturally I didn't want to act like I was surprised and maybe crab the bet, but that fish ought to have shrunk to about fourteen and a half, and it worried me. So just to be fair, I measured 'em again. Sure enough, I had him beat.

"I guess you win," said Koenigsberg, "though mine's heavier. Here's your money. Say, I'll tell you what—got any sporting blood in you?"

"Well, it might test thirty-five gravity, maybe."

"Then I'll bet you twenty dollars that tomorrow I catch a bigger bass than you do."

"Length?"

"Weight—weight only. I'm cured on that length proposition."

"You're on."

Next morning I bumped into him in the lobby just as I was starting out about nine o'clock. We never did any of this daylight stuff up there. My experience has been that black bass strike best around ten in the morning, and again from five o'clock to sundown. A bass is an awful intelligent fish you don't often catch him up at dawn.

Koenigsberg was all worked up about something.

"Say, I may be late starting today."

"How about that bet then?"

"To hell with the bet! It stands, but I've got more important things to think about. Got a letter here that'll keep me busy most of the morning. Trying to get New York on long distance."

"No bad news, I hope."

"Best in the world. Here, read this. That's hot off the stove. The guy who wrote it is a friend of the private secretary of the first vice president of that company and plays golf with him. I'm going to buy a thousand shares at the market."

Now a thousand shares is quite a chunk to bite off, and I whistled.

"Oh, on a ten-point margin of course."

"Well, good luck."

"Better get in on this," he said. "This is real inside stuff."

Well, it did look that way. Anyhow, we ended by Koenigsberg buying a thousand shares. Yes, I bought some too. Not much—I lost only about four hundred dollars.

It was near noon before we could get New York on the wire, so we didn't start out fishin' until past four o'clock. Then we went in opposite directions. Koenigsberg said it would be fairer not to fish in the same place; and this McCarty said, after we'd separated, that he'd prefer being as far away from those birds as the lake would let him.

Well, gentlemen, I sure enough kissed my twenty dollars good-by a dozen times in the next two hours. Not a strike did I get—not so much as a feeler. A bass turns a frog around so he'll go down head first, and sometimes when they ain't hungry they'll play with 'em; but nothing even came near my hook. Along about half past six I began to get sarcastic about the place McCarty had brought me to.

"Wait! We'll get some."

Just before sundown we did. They started to strike. In twenty minutes I had seven, but none of them sized up very big. Then suddenly they quit, and we were just getting ready to pull up anchor when I tried one more cast—you know how it is about that one more cast; it's like saying good night to your girl—I tried one more cast and hooked onto a dandy.

"Don't play him! Bring him in!" said McCarty.

It was the first and only time I ever saw him the least bit interested in proceedings. So I brought him in. He was a pretty fair bass, and when we flopped him on the seat beside the ruler he measured seventeen inches.

"He'll win," said McCarty. "We can go home."

Well, we headed for the dock, and there stood Koenigsberg, grinning from ear to ear. It sure made me uneasy.

"I guess this is my lucky day," he says, before we could even step out of the boat. "I guess I'm bad. Hey? What d'you think of this baby?"

Gentlemen, it was a noble-looking fish. Clean and shiny black, and nineteen inches if it measured an inch. I got that queer sinking feeling in the stomach—you know how it is when you see a fine fish somebody else has caught.

"He's a long one, ain't he?" murmured this McCarty, as cool as a cucumber. "But it's weight we're going by."

"Sure! But you can't beat this baby," said Koenigsberg.

"I don't know about that. Fish're awful queer, and that bass of yourn don't look like a hefty one to me." And then he brought out the one I'd caught.

"Pay me," said Koenigsberg the minute he set eyes on it. "Mine's longer and thicker through."

"Got a pair of scales, Ed?" yelled this McCarty, and Ed said he had. So we went up and weighed them both.

They weighed Koenigsberg's first. It tipped the scales at an even four pounds. Then they put mine on. Well, gentlemen, that bass weighed four pounds five ounces.

I just couldn't believe my eyes. A bass of that size had no moral right to weigh so much.

"The scales're on the bum," cried Koenigsberg. "They're the ones you sell on."

"They're the same that weighed your fish," said McCarty.

"Weigh 'em again, and you keep away from the scales. I'll weigh these fish."

This McCarty never said a word, but stepped back and let him do the weighing. The result was the same as before.

"Well, you win again," said Koenigsberg, sort of snapping it out, and he took up my bass and hefted it. "Damned if I ever did see a fish weigh like this one."

"Fish're awful queer," said McCarty.

I was 'most afraid to look at him. Something was rotten in the state of Maine, I felt sure of that; but McCarty's eyes were so pure and serene I felt ashamed. Gentlemen, his face showed no more expression than a bullhead's.

"Here, take your money," said Koenigsberg, about ready to bite. "I'm through. I'm cured. But I'll tell you what—I'll bet fifty more I beat you both ways tomorrow."

McCarty shook his head in a gentle, sorrowful sort of way.

"I wouldn't take that bet if I was you," he said to me. "Luck like yours can't hold always." It struck me he was talking good sense. Fact is, the kind of luck I'd had was worrying me. But I didn't say anything that night.

Next morning when McCarty and I were alone away out at the far end of the lake, I said, "Mac, tell me all about it. Come clean. I want to know how a fifteen-inch bass grows half an inch between the water and the wharf."

"They'll stretch an inch if you break their necks good," he said in his slow voice.

"All right. That's that. But how come about the weight? How did a seventeen-inch bass of average width happen to tip the scales at four pounds five ounces?"

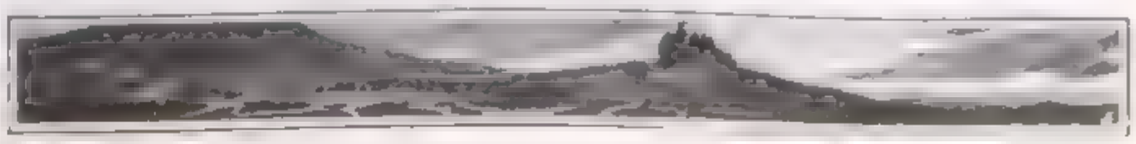
"Oh, that? There's nothing to that," he said with simple dignity. "I filled him up with sand."

Gentlemen, what could I say to so loyal a heart? For a long time we just sat there and fished. At last I raised up and asked, "Mac, what's that motto on your arm?"

"You mean this here tattoo around the dagger?"

"Sure."

"Death before dishonor!" said McCarty.



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(Continued from Page 19

that large class of learned men who, having acquired a store of mere knowledge, assume the manner of mental superiority and with it often lead masses of well-intentioned persons up a mountain of yesterday's facts, and then start them down the other side on the toboggan of sentimentalism and unintelligence toward a chaos of impracticability. One of our national dangers is their influence so well-meaning that the infernal regions need never worry again about paving. A canny foreign statesman calls them "Your lobbying preachers and your campaigning teachers!" The one group may know how to save souls if they would only keep at it, but they often botch it when they try to save the country, and even spill it all over the carpet when they try to save another country. The second may know how to teach boys and girls facts, but heaven help us when, without some special personal fitness, they begin to gallop around, waving policies and programs. I have spent some years in politics and I, for one, would join a wise Providence in subscribing a fund for those teachers and preachers who, unless they are called by special fitness, will stick to their own appointed and, I fear, rather neglected field of knitting. There still remains in the fields of religion and education enough work to be done to provide most of those who have tackled the jobs with a full-time eight-hour day.

It is good mental machinery, rather than knowledge, which creates man power. I remember that Grey, among other things, spoke enthusiastically about the number of natural-history museums he had found in America.

He said, "We, on the other side of the water, have no such number, and this indicates that your nation takes a great popular interest in the study of Nature. But it is not the mere knowledge of Nature, nor even that sense of rhythm of the world's life, which counts most. It is the development of the most useful of all mental tools—observation. Observation is the door through which everything comes to the mind and its impressions are the basis of all memory."

The Power to Observe

Among the big figures of our times, the presence or the absence of good mental machinery has been very marked. Lloyd George, putting aside all other considerations, has as fine a mental machine as I have ever seen. The gears shift from low to high without a sound. He sees and hears. He smells and feels. If there is anything in alertness and aliveness which escapes this Welshman, I have never noticed it. This and his genius for expression are the qualities which have carried him so far, in spite of his impatience with slow processes, with preparation and dull facts and mere knowledge.

Roosevelt had a good machine. With his one eye—the other was almost blind—he saw more than nine hundred and ninety men out of a thousand. He had trained his observation so that it was like a very fast motion-picture camera. I remember watching him read books. He could turn pages almost as fast as the philosopher John Fiske could, and Fiske could absorb everything worth while in a book in an incredibly short time. It was done by the unconscious use of the best faculty anyone can develop—mind photography. Most of us, for instance, in reading first photograph letters, then some of us can take a single snapshot of a sentence. Then if we are skilled we get a fairly good plate of a whole paragraph. I believe Roosevelt and Fiske had learned to get a print of a whole page in a very short time exposure.

Harding had much better machinery than was guessed by more than a few close observers. He had none of the air of alertness which characterized Roosevelt and Lloyd George. But at times, when he appeared complacent and quiescent, he was absorbing like a blotter. He had a rare and peculiar characteristic; he did what Roosevelt and Lloyd George failed to do very successfully—he concealed the results of his observations and often was not credited with having made any. Up to the day of his death, and, indeed, to this day, there walks about a much-advertised man who has been long in the public eye and who believes, without any word from Harding, that Harding gave him all confidence. As a matter of fact, Harding knew the man, had his measure, saw through all his devices, distrusted him, and if he had lived would probably have broken with him.

The point I want to make is that closeness to our big men reveals that the first contribution to intelligence is not learning, or even education in its narrow accepted sense, but the mental machinery of the man. The lesson is that we ought to be more than careful to discount the old heavyweight stuff about knowledge is power. Knowledge, valuable as it may be, is mostly about yesterday; power comes from quick intake, efficient functioning and quality output of the living mental machinery of today.

An example of professorial mind as opposed to alertness came up at a banquet given in New York not long ago. An English professor, who had picked up the scheme of equalizing international exchange and stabilizing currency, gave a long exposition about how it would be possible to have a variable coin—call it what you will. This coin was to fluctuate in value, according to the fluctuation in value of a certain list of standardized commodities. At the table was an artist who had no great knowledge of finance or economics, but a good mental machine. He asked a knock-out question. He said, "Why not let the value of the coin stay fixed as a measure of value, and have a variable yardstick, quart, bushel and pound?" The professor gave a gasp and flopped about in the bottom of the boat. A great banker, who was sitting next to me, whispered in my ear, "A case of being learned versus one of being alive."

The quality called imagination is necessary to intelligence. But it is the most dangerous tool in the whole kit carried by leaders of men. To be without it is to be without the cutting edge, and yet many of our great men lose their mental thumbs and fingers playing with it. One of the marked distinctions between Roosevelt and Wilson was that the first saw that the world was a plastic moving thing—in its flux; but the second allowed himself to believe that the world was in his flux. Imagination will stand only on legs of facts.

The other day a man who in large part is responsible for putting one of the smaller European countries on its postwar feet said to me:

"The trouble with Poincaré is the same trouble which afflicts the whole elder statesmanship of Europe. Europe will never be out of her troubles until a new, younger generation of statesmen are in the saddle. The older group deal with all the precedents of yesterday, and their primary instincts are fears and hates. After the war, it was at first the wild idealism imported into Europe from overseas which did the damage by too much imagination; now it is the lack of imagination which does the damage. Even the peoples of Europe say to themselves, 'We are right in our claim for this!' Or say, 'It is in our power to do this!' And seldom ask the vital question, 'Whether we may or whether we can, are we wise to do it?'"

Counterfeit Intelligence

Imagination is closely linked with something commonly called these days the open mind. Not long ago, I—and perhaps you—read a book about the human mind, which was written to emphasize the fact that all the troubles in the world came in part from rationalization, or the process of thinking to justify one's own opinions as they exist already, and in part from the lack of creative thinking, which is the process of forming new opinions. I certainly laughed heartily through that book, because the author disclosed that, believing in birth control and new and freer marriage regulations and all the new-isms, he was somewhat put out by finding old-fossil minds so closed that they would not agree with him. When he was doing the thinking it was always with an open mind; when the other fellow was doing the thinking it was always with a closed mind. But is the majority man who says "The earth is round" the man with a closed mind? Is the minority man who asserts anew that it is flat the only creative thinker? This writer-professor of the human mind was so eager to show the error of sheep thinking, that any thought which had been thought before seemed to him less worthy than the thought which had never been thought before. And so, somewhat sore because the world does not agree with his own theories, he has closed his mind on the subject of the open mind.

I cite the case of this book because it is an example of the false currency which today passes for intelligence. Many a reformer, inventor of new idealism, social theorist and modern thinker—those with a surplus of imagination who call themselves the intelligentzia—falls into the absurd error of believing that any opinion, institution or experience of the world's yesterdays must be rejected merely because it belonged to yesterday. Their following is made up of that flock of gulls who are foolish enough to believe that the old world and old human nature have suddenly come to a rebirth. It never has, and who knows that it ever will? It will go upward—thank God!—on a slow, hard climb; and our leaders, who are worth trusting, will take us a little higher up the hill of personal and community responsibility and right living. But beware those medicine men in our tribe, who make ghost dances about a new world!

The Mania for Believing

I sometimes feel that there is nothing much one can do about those who are bitten by the will and the desire to believe anything, especially if this belief is connected in some way with what is called goodness. Bryan was a good man, but not a very good Secretary of State. He would not face facts, just as a great many of our countrymen—and women will not face facts today. Bryan and they have a preference to believe just as they choose. As a prominent New York attorney said to a United States senator not long ago:

"What is the use, for instance, of presenting facts about Europe, and our possible connection and responsibility to Europe, to these interventionists? There is no use. Their present opinion—if it is not founded on their pocketbook—is the same old benevolent hysteria. It is not founded on facts and therefore there is no hope of changing it by facts. You may have gone over there. You may know that we have put abroad, in various ways since the war, about half the amount we put abroad during the war and have done our full share in contribution already. You may know that, while we have been doing it, countries abroad have spent about an equal amount on armament. You may go abroad and look with a microscope for peace movements. You may find that the League, so far as it attracts any attention at all, is regarded over there as an instrument of one great power and is supported by one nation's propaganda. You may see that we cannot stick our nose in the door without being pulled this way and that between two great European forces. You may see that the only power we have left to influence the situation is in our complete freedom of independent, unpledged action. If we let that go it has gone. But when you set the facts forth to those who have an intense desire to believe the contrary you will set them forth in vain; the good and often religious folks who desire to believe against the facts will continue on their way, and among them you will find judges and college presidents, philosophers and professors, ministers and students."

Desire to believe, among our leaders of thought, is not blocked by education or learning or knowledge. It could only be blocked by the rarer treasure—intelligence.

I remember that during the war an eminent preacher was telling of German atrocities in a Philadelphia club. He had adequate testimony of eyewitnesses to prove that the enemy cut off the hands of little children, who were found the next day, after a retreat, wandering about.

A doctor reminded him that with severed arteries a human being bleeds to death in six minutes. The preacher—a good and usually wise man—was furious. He exclaimed as if condemning the other, "Doctor, don't you want to believe that story?"

We, I trust, are a clear-thinking people. I have watched in the field of public life for twenty years the common sense of our country; but, if we have any national danger, I know what it is. I know how it corrupts some of our best, and certainly many

(Continued on Page 125

This is Velie's Greatest Year—

Buy Your Closed Car Now

These are closed-car days—and Velie has a beautiful closed car line. Buy your Velie now, before winter gets into full stride. Drive in warmth and comfort during the winter season, when your car means most to you.

Illustrated below is the distinctive Touring Sedan, lavishly appointed, with its choice mohair velvet interior and frosted silver fittings—complete in its equipment, from disc wheels, aluminum step plates and rear guard rails, double nickeled bumpers, two extra cord tires mounted on side carriers, trunk containing two suitcases and hat box, to cigar lighter, vanity case, clock, flower vase and smoking set.

In addition you have the following models from which to select: the handsome, five-passenger standard Sedan; the choice and roomy five-passenger Brougham; the attractive four-passenger Coupe.

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Velie's most outstanding superiority is its wonderful valve-in-head Velie-Built Motor; pressure lubricated, even to the piston pins, vibrationless at all speeds; its counterpart cannot be found in any car that sells within hundreds of dollars of the Velie price. It is not unusual for Velie owners to average better than twenty miles to the gallon.

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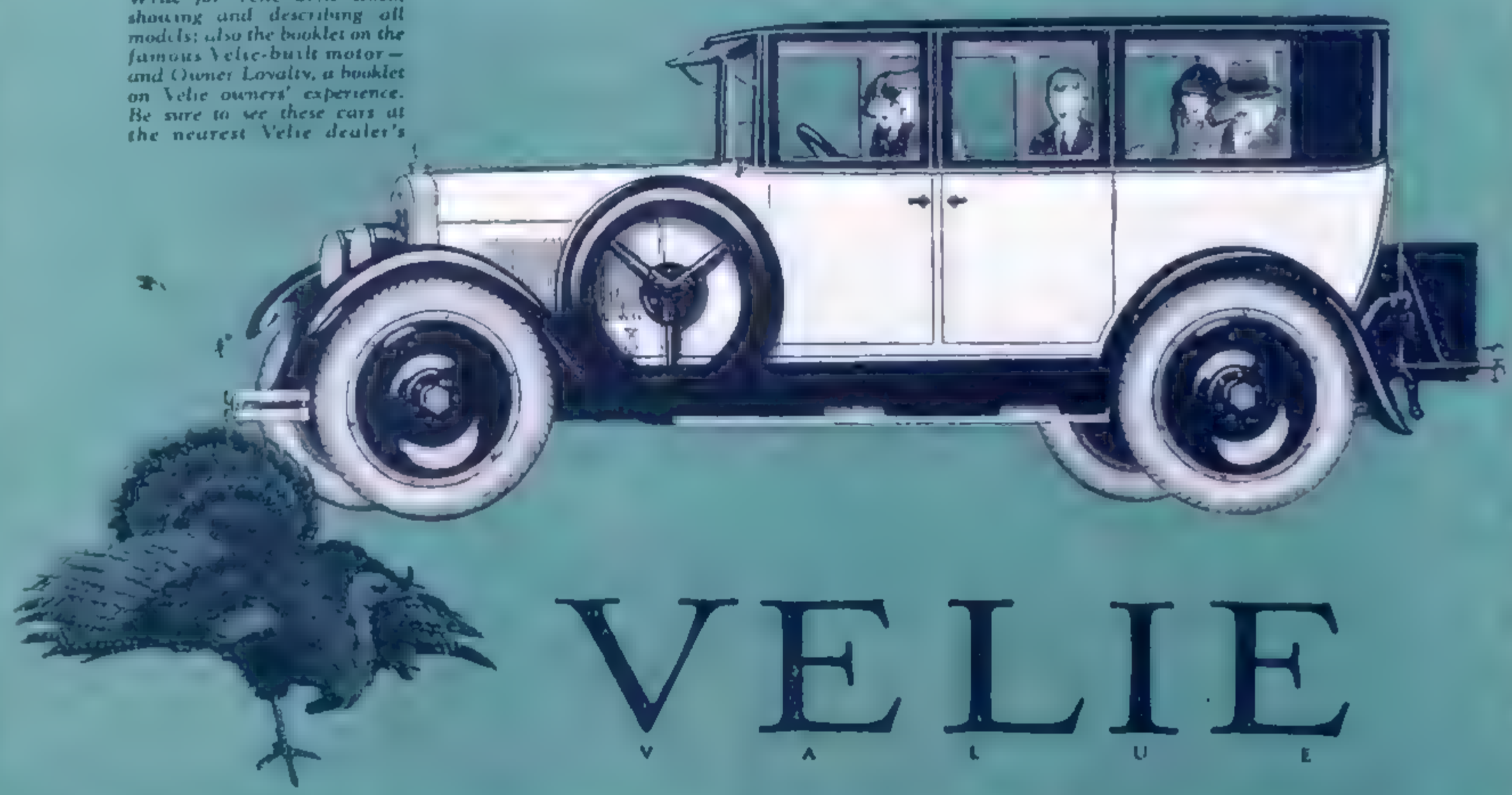
Write for Velie Style Book, showing and describing all models; also the booklet on the famous Velie-built motor—and Owner Loyalty, a booklet on Velie owners' experience. Be sure to see these cars at the nearest Velie dealer's



VELIE
VALUE

Back in 1903

Less than a century ago, a French mob wrecked a tailor shop and half murdered its proprietor—because he had invented a sewing machine! Here in America, a crowd hooted Fulton and his steamboat. "Get a horse!" was the shout that greeted the first motorists.

So it has ever been with anything that departed from precedent—the world first doubts, but often remains to cheer.

In 1903, when the 10-key Dalton appeared, skeptics shrugged their shoulders and said "It will never do."

For this Dalton adding-calculating machine was a radical departure in the field of figuring. It had only 10 figure keys. Its method of operation was entirely different.

But the Dalton principle was right. It needed only Time to prove it.

Now in 1923

The Dalton is to be found wherever men use numbers.

Of course today's model differs from the first—it has refinements and improvements that give it still greater efficiency. And while in 1903 there was but one Dalton model, today there are upwards of 150 models, answering every conceivable figure need of business.

But the fundamental principles that distinguished the first Dalton remain unchanged.

The machine you buy today possesses the same scientifically correct 10-key "touch method" keyboard embodied in Dalton No. 1; the same simplicity of operation that enables anyone to use it without previous training; the same speed, versatility and durability—the same superior figure service that saves minutes and money wherever it is used.

Today, get in touch with a Dalton Sales Agent and have him explain, without obligation to you, these principles that have made the Dalton such a pronounced success. Have him demonstrate, on your own work, in your own office, any one of the new Dalton Super Models, priced from $1,200 to as low as $125, and comprising—

1. a simpler, faster adding-calculating machine
2. a simpler, faster bookkeeping machine
3. a simpler, faster statement machine
4. a simpler, faster "cash register" machine.

You'll find Dalton Sales Agencies in more than 300 leading cities of the world. Phone or write the nearest one, or, if you prefer, write us direct.

Have him call!

In your territory is a Dalton Salesman who can offer helpful suggestions as to the most economical methods of handling figure problems of all kinds. *Phone him.*

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Agents for Canada:
The United Typewriter Co.
Toronto, and Branches

Foreign Sales Department:
Dalton Bldg., 83 Reade St.
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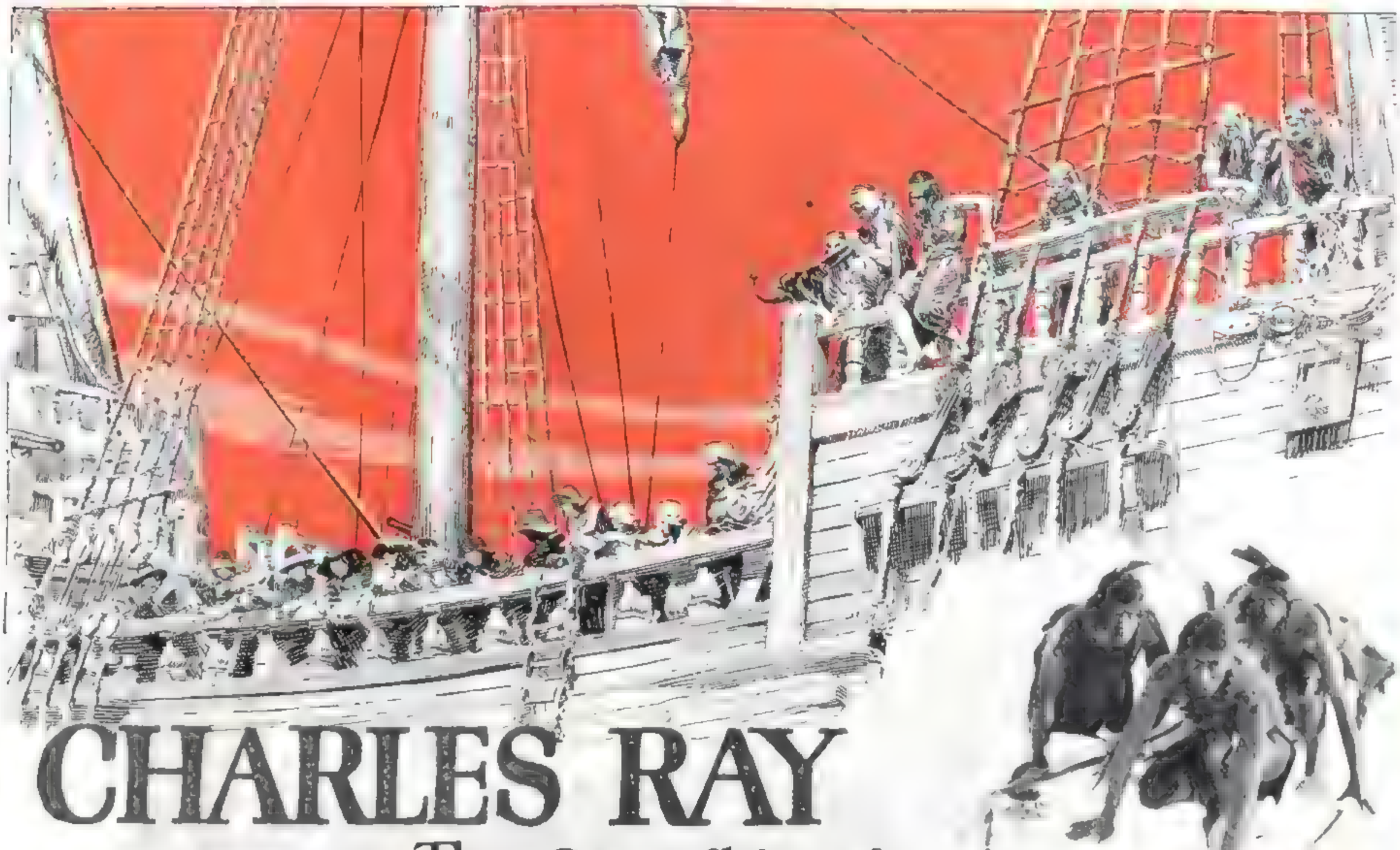
Dalton

ADDING-CALCULATING · BOOKKEEPING

This is Dalton No. 1, the first 10-key adding machine ever made. Although twenty years old, it is still in service.

STATEMENT *and* "CASH REGISTER" MACHINES



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in The Courtship of Myles Standish

CHARLES RAY AS JOHN ALDEN
His characterization of the gallant Pilgrim is the high-water mark of Mr. Ray's distinguished career.

EVERY nation has its great romantic story. Ours is not a mere legend nor a tale of bloodshed on ancient battlefields. No! America's beloved historical story is thrilling, romantic and *true*. It is the heroic adventure of a little band of men and women embarking in the Mayflower for a new world, a wilderness of unknown, mysterious dangers.

"The Courtship of Myles Standish" is both dramatic and true, and therefore all the more dear to American hearts, young and old.

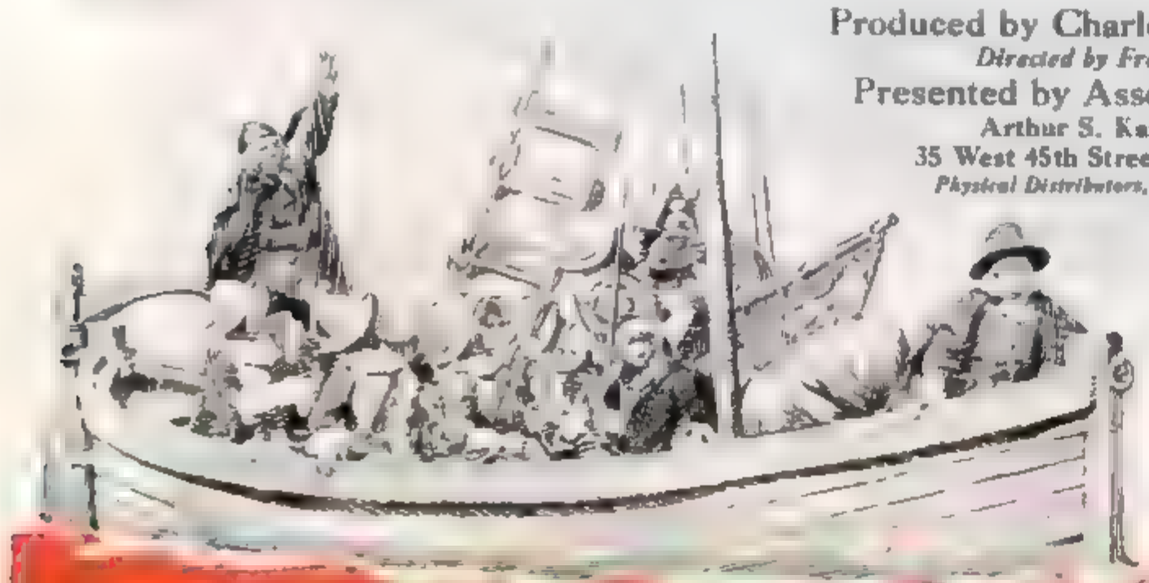
Vividly pictured on the screen—with all its adventure, treachery, loyalty, danger and love—this favorite of all new-world stories is coming to you with a great star in the rôle of John Alden. And to Charles Ray every American owes a debt of gratitude for having conceived and created this magnificent production, this stirring epic of our early heroic history.

This picture will be shown in all of the better theatres. Ask your exhibitor when he will show it for you.

Produced by Charles Ray Productions
Directed by Frederic Sullivan
Presented by Associated Exhibitors
Arthur S. Kane, President
35 West 45th Street, New York City
Physical Distributors, Pathé Exchange, Inc.

against the lurking dan... skinned savage in the ... of Captain Standish he ... his courageous band.

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"



Close upon the first Thanksgiving came the first marriage in the new land

This is An Encore Picture

(Continued from Page 120)

of our most benevolent leaders. It is the desire to believe. It is the insistence that the world is a world as we would like to have it rather than a world as it is. It is this tendency to go into the meeting place - to push in if need be—with an armful of smiling hope and grinning benevolence but with intelligence checked in the cloakroom.

An equal word of caution, of course, must be said against the other extreme. It is true that one of the best national characteristics we have is our idealism, our hope, our desire for change for the better, our discontent with yesterday. It is common enough now in Europe to hear men, in a reaction from the hysterical and drunken idealism which was loosened after the war, declare: "I am a realist!" But we do not have to choose between goodness and good sense any more than we have to decide whether to be a blond or a cornet player. Fortunately there are no bans on a wedding between idealism and intelligence.

Lloyd George asked me once about another Secretary of State—Hughes. He said, "I hear that your Mr. Hughes is a great deal like ——," naming a recent American leader. "I hear that he is obstinate in his opinions."

I laughed and said, "The difference lies in this: Hughes gets the evidence first and makes his opinion afterward."

This virtue was Roosevelt's. It is Root's. I think it is true of the English premier, Baldwin. Intelligence—true intelligence may make a man a judge and as a judge he may be an idealist. But a judge—idealist or not—who dismisses the witnesses, bars the evidence and refuses to take testimony is a fool. When some of us cannot overcome our desire to believe we are like that foolish judge; when the self-styled realists among European statesmen not only insist upon taking the testimony, no matter how depressing it may be, but afterward pass judgments without imagination or hope or vision, they are equally astray from progress and promise.

The Forgotten Question

If we are to demand that our leaders put aside this desire to believe, which will make a crimp in their intelligence, we may as well go on and insist that while they are taking evidence they take all the evidence. Many know what Roosevelt told those who came and petitioned him to intervene to save Korea from the Japanese. He said in effect:

"If you want me to intervene I suppose you want me to tell Japan what she should do. That probably would have little effect. You may want me to tell Japan what she must do. Then I need the force to make her do it. It will take so many billions and cost so many lives. Put that fact into your petition and say that you want this expenditure to be made if necessary and then I will act."

The trouble with mouth idealists is that they always forget to answer the question, "What will it cost?"

On another occasion a Japanese diplomat, at a private dinner, talking then confidentially, spoke of our desire for a paternal interest in the Chinese and Koreans.

"Well," said he, "just consider instead of China and Korea, Mexico and the Philippines. Suppose we sent Buddhist missionaries into Mexico and the Philippines who were inclined to take the view and spread it that the United States was exploiting Mexico and using oppression, to hold back independence from the Philippines. Suppose we allowed Japan to be filled up with the idea that the United States really wished to conquer and enslave Mexico, and we reported the list of measures taken by the authorities in the Philippines to suppress insurrection. Then suppose we proposed to the United States that Japan or her citizens should interfere in the relations between the United States and Mexico and the Philippines! Perhaps you would say to us, 'We have a Monroe Doctrine; Mexico and its condition are vital to us because so near. The Philippines are our own problem and we are improving the Philippines without any apparent return, just as you are building roads, schools, courthouses and forests in Korea. Mind your own business! If you meddle in Mexico or the Philippines, we will fight.'"

I suppose there is not one per cent of Americans who have had hope for the rebirth of China—which now also appears not to have been founded on facts—or who have believed that Japan should handle the Koreans with dainty indulgence, who have ever turned the questions around. And yet that was the intelligent thing to do. A dislike for the Japanese or any other nation, even if one has it, is a poor excuse for setting intelligence out on the bricks.

Fortune put me into a position to have a good acquaintance with the Paris Peace Conference and those who carved its destinies. The unwillingness to face facts and the desire to believe were the rocks on which its failure to set the world ticking again still rests, like an old hulk with broken ribs. Dreamers, of the best intentions, liked to believe that it was possible to make over maps and in a night draw boundaries which hitherto had been drafted sometimes by a kind Providence, through centuries of economic evolution and racial struggle. The same man who talked about self-determination would agree the next minute to setting up a territorial home for some race upon land where dwelt hundreds of thousands who would, under self-determination, shut out the race which it was proposed to be installed there.

Lloyd George stumped and stamped, promising the English the cost of the war out of the hides of the vanquished; it was wholly against facts, but the English believed it because of the desire to believe. The French intoxicated themselves with a sum for reparations which, compared with what they would be willing to take today, was grotesque and—to anyone who would face facts—utter nonsense. If anyone in Paris had been intelligent he would have been called pro-German or a cynic who did not vision a new world. If anyone had asked what we had done in the way of carrying out, in good faith, the conditions of the Armistice, he would have been arrested. I asked someone in our own delegation to write down the number of Wilson's fourteen points which had survived, and he wanted to punch my nose. At the close of the Paris Conference intelligence appeared to be an extinct species; one had to go back to the United States and dig down into the voters to know that intelligence had been seeded down again for next year's crop.

I remember sitting, after a private dinner party in Washington, with three senators and four congressmen and two European diplomats and one French general. It was just as the Paris Conference was coming to an end.

I said, "What if the Germans refuse to sign? Suppose they merely refuse and sit back. What shall we do?"

Growls! And the answer of two senators and three congressmen was clear.

"March on to Berlin!"

This sentiment was decorated by oratorical phrases and fist-shaking.

Thereupon the French general put down his cigarette and sighed and smiled and described what it would mean to march on to Berlin what it would mean in lives and money. He ended:

"Ah, yes, it could be done. But where should we find repayment for such a luxury? I fear it is a little necessary to recognize what shall we say? —the realities."

I confess I was irritated. At that time I felt a certain burning fervor to march on to Berlin. I wanted to believe that marching on to Berlin was just, noble—and wise. The French general irritated me by suggesting obstacles to my own desire to believe.

Intake and Outgo

More and more, as time goes on, I believe that the happiness of a man, as well as the fitness of his intelligence to assume a position of leadership, depends upon the balance between his intake and his outgo. Occasionally, in the last year or two, I have asked others who have unusual opportunity to observe prominent men, to consider the value of this balance. I spoke once to Harding about it, and we discussed various men whose minds served as examples.

At last he said with an exclamation, "You have hit upon something!"

Now what I mean is this: There are plenty of persons—we see them from time to time about us—who have an unusual ability for absorption. They absorb conventional education, they absorb books, they possess a live observation. All the ways into their minds are broad highways, well paved and surfaced and oiled so there is no dust. I have known men of this type who have faculty of intake much superior to some men who have been our own Presidents and other people's premiers. And yet they seem to lack the quality of greatness. Of course, what they lack is ability to express what they have taken in. The ways into their minds are avenues; the ways out are rocky, winding paths with a steep upgrade.

I knew a man with whom I worked closely in association in the time of the high pressure of the war. Seldom have I ever seen a man who wore more the appearance of greatness, of spiritual and mental stability. I never met a man more fitted to intrust with an investigation of any subject. He could absorb everything within sight, sound or smell—ordinary observation, truth, facts, books and he could grind the whole business up and bake it into a set of conclusions. There it all was in the man's mind. I knew it was there. Sometimes I proved it was there. But to draw it out was like pulling teeth. It pained him; it made me sweat. When he was asked to express himself he went all to pieces; he could not set forth anything in proper proportions. He could not adapt his expression to his audience. His reports were all lopsided and failed to hit the targets. His attempts to communicate with this world were almost as agonizing as those which require a medium. I had to act as his medium occasionally, and it was more work than the job appeared to be worth. He was all intake and no outgo.

Contrasting Types

As an example to contrast with him, there was a certain United States senator. He had a fairly good thinking apparatus. No man ever made better use of the material in his mind. He was a brilliant thinker, a brilliant conversationalist, a brilliant orator, and when he wrote he wrote brilliantly. He was never satisfied unless he was expressing himself, but he was never a happy man and certainly never a man of the first order of usefulness. He, too, had no balance between intake and outgo. He was all outgo. He read almost nothing, he seldom listened, his senses were peculiarly dull to all incoming impressions. He was not opposed to learning or absorbing. He was not a man who could be called a know-it-all. He was simply lopsided. He had doors on his mind which would not swing inward. They only swung outward.

Let us take some known examples of men who seem to me to illustrate this balance and the lack of it. Disregarding other factors in intelligence and considering this factor alone, Roosevelt was a much greater man than Lloyd George. Anyone who knew Roosevelt at close hand is familiar with his tremendous ability for intake. He had an insatiable appetite to receive. To be sure, he had a boyish enthusiasm for his own interests, which sometimes made him sweep everything along in the current of his own thoughts and conversation. But he read and read and read. If a new subject requiring his judgment came before him, he would sometimes irritate those who worked with him by his insistent, voracious hunger for facts and consultations and discussions. I remember that before he died one of his chief interests was in the agricultural problem of America; he thought the restoration of healthy conditions in this, our basic industry, was the first of our domestic issues. Nevertheless, he was irritating in his muteness about remedies; he had the doors all swung inward.

Lloyd George, under similar circumstances, would probably have turned to a secretary and said, "Collect all the facts so that I can look at them tomorrow." His doors would turn inward for a moment, but he is much more of a hit-and-run man. His adroitness, his understanding, his alert, agile, expressive mind lure him away from the intake. Sometimes intake seems to him a dull business. He cannot bear to read letters—not even those from other great European statesmen. His eagerness for expression, for rapid, constant outgo through doors swinging outward is so great that he even dislikes to write. Instinctively he would travel a night's journey to talk rather than pen a single page.

Hoover is a case of the balance falling the other way. He has a passion for the inward-swung mental doors. Not only a passion but a genius, not only a genius but almost an unparalleled genius. For expression he has no genius. When his mental doors swing outward, whether it is to make speeches or define a conclusion or a position, Hoover is no longer in his element. He can give orders, but giving orders, though it may satisfy mere administration, is often wholly inadequate for leadership.

If I were asked to assume that our national intelligence lacked balance, and then

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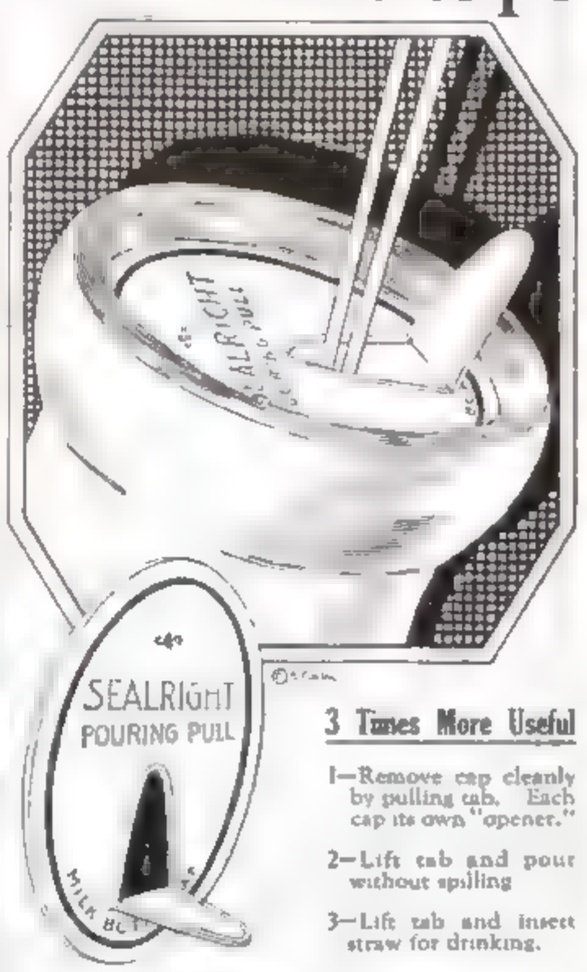

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1—Remove cap cleanly by pulling tab. Each cap its own "opener."

2—Lift tab and pour without spilling

3—Lift tab and insert straw for drinking.

The Boss likes Milk the Sealright Way

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Much more cleanly, much less bother, and *3 times more healthful*, too. Just lift the patented tab and insert a straw. This method prevents gulping and encourages slower drinking, thereby aiding digestion.

Ask your milk dealer to deliver milk to your office in bottles capped with Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps. School Officials, Restaurant Proprietors and Housewives send for complete information and Samples to show your dealer.

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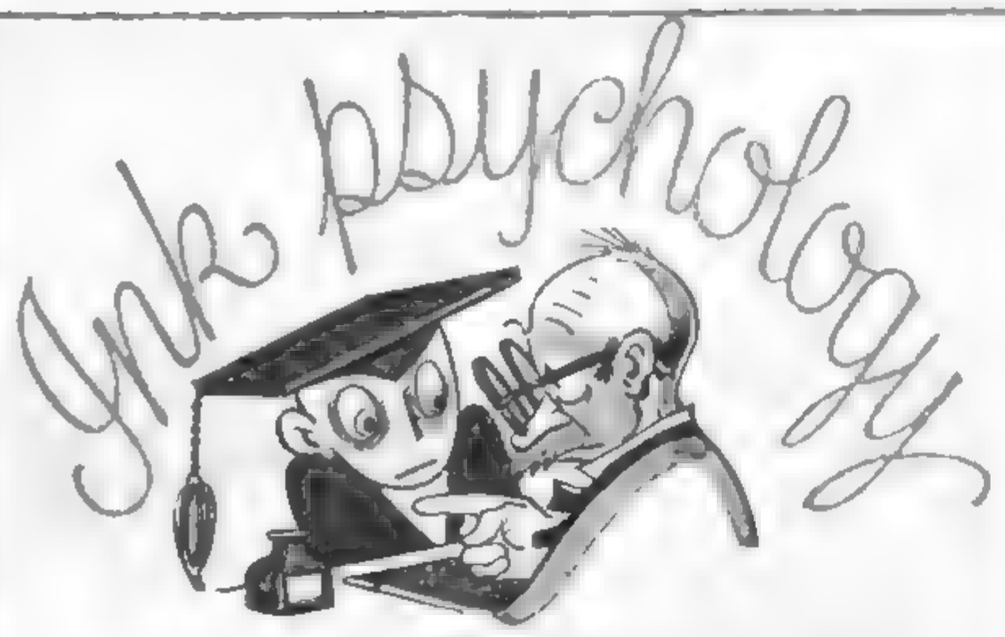
3 Times more useful



How does the clerk react when you say, "Some ink, please"?

As he reaches for the nearest bottle he wonders if he can't sell you some stationery. While he is wrapping it up he thinks that he will have mince pie for lunch. When he hands you your change he has forgotten whether it was ink that you bought, or mucilage.

But when you call for Carter's—what a difference!!

"Here," thinks the clerk, "is a man of decision. He has asked for an ink that is fault-free—an ink that won't all come up when he blots it—an ink that won't gum up his pen. He has asked for the best and he shall have it."

And about paste—call for Cico (pronounced "Syko") —the liquid paste that never dries up —that never needs water

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to state my belief, founded on a considerable observation of our leaders, as to whether we sacrificed outgo to intake or intake to outgo, I would have to answer that we tend to neglect intake. We have the exhuberance of youth, praise be! We come bubbling! It is delightful—sometimes even for the bystanders—but it ought to be recognized. We are expressive, we have enthusiasms, we are untouched by cynicism; but we ought to take account of our stock occasionally. For national intelligence, and in the demands we make of national leaders, we ought to watch our intake. We do not want to increase any notion the outside world may have that we have a surplus of ideas and a shortage of information. I recall reading a phrase in a certain man's public speech. He said, "I am going abroad to learn—not to teach." A good idea! We surely need have no fear at present of turning our doors too much inward; it would perhaps make us a little better balanced if we swung them that way more, and, as in the case of any single human being, create that happiness and element of greatness which is found in those leaders of men who are intelligent enough to have doors which swing with equal ease both ways.

If in the process of weighing intelligence you take out the minds of men who are near greatness and line them up, certain facts about them appear that have never appeared before. I have written down a list of thirty Americans who have almost achieved greatness, and suddenly it is disclosed to me that twenty of them fell short because they were specialized men. They are men of character, but I am not looking at character. I am looking for the quality of the mind—true, high intelligence—which is necessary to give us great leaders. And the specialized man is often short weight in that test.

The specialized man may not be to blame; perhaps he is the creation of the times in which we are living and of our high pressure, commercial or industrial life. We insist upon developing a great banker, a great railroad president, a great engineer, a great sales expert, and then we are foolish enough to think of them as great men. Of course, the truth is that it does not follow that these specialists can be drafted when the task is one of great political or national human leadership. It is quite possible that a man may be a great specialist and still be far, far away from being a great man.

Saved by the Gong

Nothing was more inspiring in the war than the brains and push and patriotism of the American business man—not the big fellow, but the little one. On the whole, with a few exceptions, the big fellow—treat it as a secret if you like—was a disappointment. I said not long ago to one of the wisest men who was connected with the mobilization of our big men, "But there was So-and-So, and So-and-So and So-and-So." I named three or four men whose names are familiar to the world as supermen of industry, kings of finance. My friend replied:

"They played in luck. Some of the others were fanning the air early in our war efforts; these had kept their reputation. But it so happens that, in the cases of those you name, they were at tasks which ultimately call for general sagacity. They would have been called upon sooner or later not only for their specialized intelligence, but for political and human intelligence. They would have tumbled down too. The war ended; I can tell you it was the gong which saved them!"

The specialized man comes up in a specialized field. Very often he is pushed up in an industry or even in a single corporation by progressive promotion. He often receives a vast amount of personal advertising which really belongs to the company he represents. He rides in a private car; he chats of millions and efficiency; he is the general of his little army and works hard to set an example. He lives in an atmosphere of steam yachts, buys the cabin de luxe and occasionally is seen at luncheon in the best Wall Street lunching club. He is treated like a king; he sometimes feels a little like a king and occasionally he impresses us as something of a king. He is a king. But it does not follow that he is a king of intelligence. It often does appear to those who know how necessary high-test intelligence always is to leadership, that such a man is wholly unfit for any leadership beyond that particular specialized leadership for which he and circumstance have fitted him. Occasionally I have known men of this category who have had all the quality of general high intelligence, but if you choose to line up those you know, in your own mind, you will see that the ranks even among the best advertised men, will show examples of stupidity and gross unintelligence.

The part that advertising plays in presenting us with our leaders is another misfortune of the times in which we live. Even less than a century ago a man who hoped to gain national place was obliged first to establish himself in a smaller community. Before anybody had a chance to see him through a telescope, a lot of others had examined his machinery through a microscope. But now we approach a day when it is quite possible, by shrewd management, to lift a man into prominence, power, position, without having his intelligence even pass through the laboratory of his next-door neighbor in the apartment below. You broadcast a man into greatness. You organize the moving pictures, to throw onto the screen his noble figure at work on the farm or giving money to the poor. You take advantage of the fact that this is an age which accepts, for a time, a man because he seems great through a long-distance magnifier. Of course, what we ought to do is to give the credit for the intelligence to the publicity agent.

Under the Microscope

I can think today of a member of a recent presidential cabinet, an ambassador whose name, rather than his achievements, still lingers on the public lip, a candidate for a presidential nomination who in his time probably had his name signed to more public notices than any other living man, a stock-exchange speculator who moved out of his sphere.

With this short list there are enough examples of varying degrees of intelligence which could not, in any one of the cases, be said to meet our legitimate requirement for intelligence in leadership. Men and women who are far away from these figures may look upon them with some awe. I and some of my associates have been behind the scenes with them. We had the microscope on them; the public only sights them through the field glasses. We know that So-and-So is not a doctor of anything and never knew much about laws, except to fear that laws would interfere with his promotions; but the public is, of course, impressed when a university which can manage it makes him an LL.D.

We, close at hand, know that the cabinet member, not long ago, wrote editorials which would have done discredit to a schoolboy, and indicated a bald vulgarity and incurable narrowness of mind; but the national public are a long way from this man's home-town folk, and this is the day when we read as we run.

Unseeing Critics

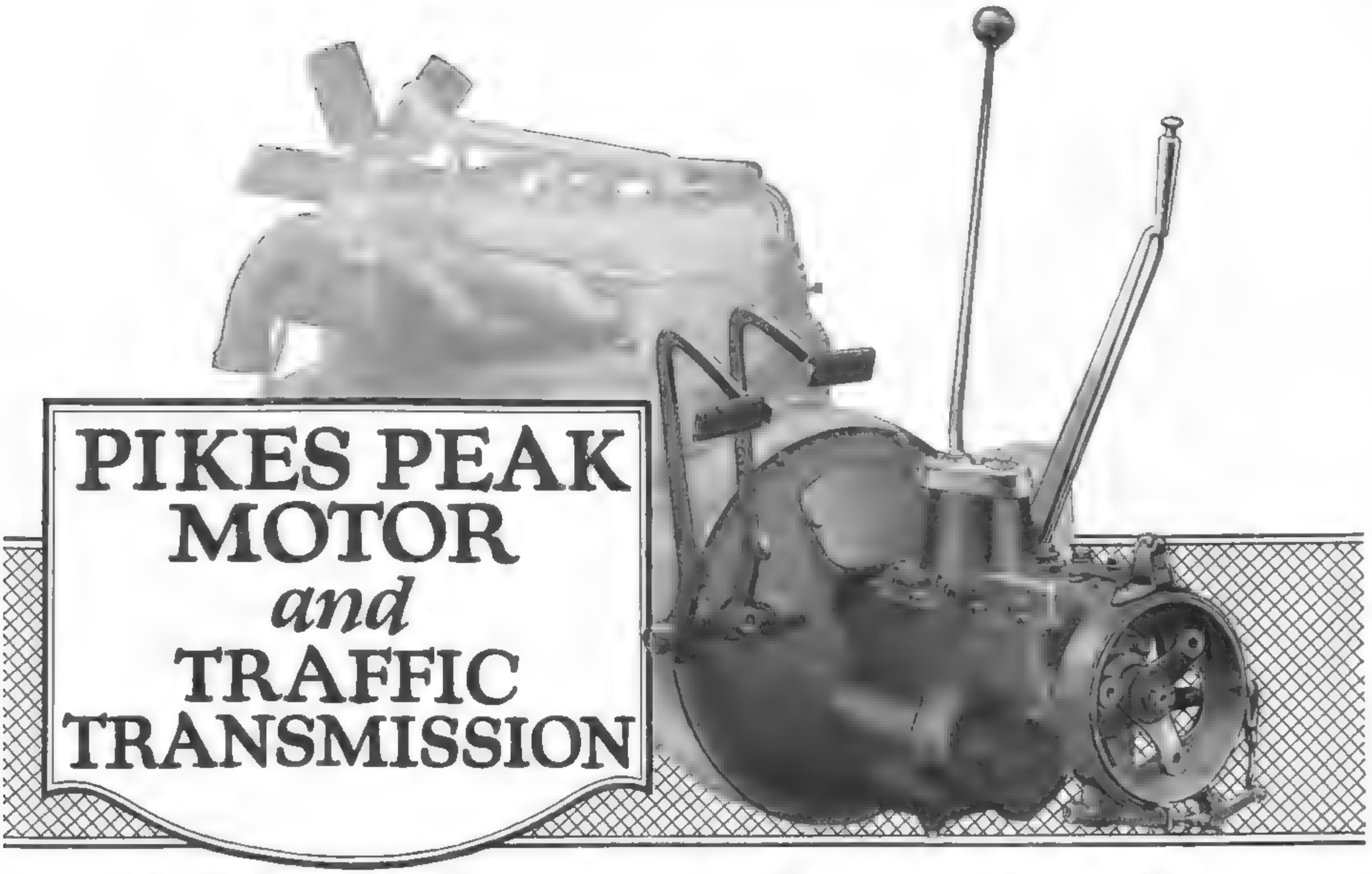
I suppose there is no immediate cure for this condition, under which—alas!—the microscope-tested man has less chance of coming to the top than the telescope-tested man; but I am sure, if we ever get back to a system of close inspection to mark the intelligence of our leaders, there is a quality of intelligence upon which we will insist.

Some persons may wish to call it a quality of character. I do not. I have looked for it, in the men I have known, too long not to know that it is the rarest and perhaps the peak stone on the monument of intelligence.

I regard it as a factor in intelligence rather than character, because it concerns the point of view of a mind, because it is the summit of enlightenment.

No man is usefully great, and happy in greatness, until he can see the world as a divinity would regard it—with detachment from self. To give two examples: Those who were close to Harding, those who were close to Roosevelt, know that the voices that said that Harding was an Ohio politician, and Roosevelt an egoist seeking new glories, belonged to men who never had seen the ease with which these men's minds, each in his own ability, rose above the clouds of their own personalities and achieved the vision of detachment. I do not say they had equal greatness, but I know that they both reached that ultimate greatness of viewpoint and intelligence.

Here's luck to you!



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KROEHLER

Davenport Bed

CHINA

(Continued from Page 9)

This didn't serve to decrease Francis Jammes' accumulating bad humor. "I said I collected china, but porcelain would be more correct. I have a rather celebrated lot of Worcester."

"Royal Worcester."

"Now there, at once, you are wrong," he was instructed; "the King gave it his patent in 1788, but it was Dr. Wall's Worcester, and after he died it was Flight's Worcester; and then, in 1793, it was Flight and Barr. But the early years were best."

"Of course," Jammes agreed.

The other, in a cold silence, gazed at him through the minute and crooked glasses. "We are an odd lot," he said with considerable tact, after a difficult moment. "And yet it may, it probably will, confuse you to learn that I happen at present to be looking for later Worcester. I have been at that for ten years." He faced Jammes with a hand on each short admirably clothed knee. "Extraordinary as it sounds, I am getting together a dessert service made at Worcester in 1816 for the Princess Charlotte. There was a dinner set as well, and it was delivered, but through some mistake the other was lost sight of. Now that I am trying to get, and it may astonish you to know I have been very nearly successful." He stopped, obviously to allow the astounding character of what he had just announced to take its just effect on Jammes. But by neither voice nor change of expression did he appear to have heard Cope Gowan.

"Well," Gowan covered the lack of any sign of interest, "as I said, in America you wouldn't be expected to understand. I'll get on—we have a list, fortunately, of the dessert service:

"Four large shells.
"Eight small shells.
"Eight round comports.
"Eight square comports.
"Four melon comports.
"Two hearts.
"Two ovals.
"Six Warwick pails.
"Four cream bowls.
"Forty-eight plates, eight inch.
"Thirty ice plates."

He repeated this list smoothly, with a palpable lingering pleasure in each of its details. "Now"—he struck a fist into the other hand—"I have all except seventeen of the ice plates, the eight square comports and seven of the small shells.

"All but those," he reiterated; and the triumph of his accomplishment, his feat of collecting, needed no support from Francis Jammes.

"I have never been to America before, and it seemed to me that there might be something to see here as well as an off chance to pick up a piece of my service. One of our family, I believe, came to America, toward the end of the eighteenth century."

"I know very little about English china," Jammes indifferently admitted.

"But I told you I was prepared for that. I'll let you have the descriptions and you'll look about for me."

Gazing over the room, Cope Gowan made a gesture toward a spice cabinet, in walnut, that Jammes had lately acquired. It was in a state of perfect preservation; there were low graceful ogee feet, a half-circular panel in the door, and—this was very unusual—panels at the sides. It had hinges swung on brass knobs that Francis Jammes had never before seen.

"Now that," Gowan remarked, "that belonged to the Georges, one or the other."

"Yes," Jammes agreed. "George Washington."

"Oh, but it was the English kings I meant," Cope Gowan instructed him. "Crude, of course; and the wood's a little wrong. A country piece."

"Pennsylvania," Jammes went imperturbably on; "1770, about."

"Really!" The Englishman rose and approached the cabinet. "The wood did seem strange. There isn't much, certainly, on your side?"

"Very little, but enough to collect."

"You surprise me," Gowan declared. "I knew there were collectors in America, from the prices agents paid at Christie's; but I fancied it was English things you bought. American—well!"

"At present," Francis Jammes said very clearly, "English furniture is worth less here than ever before; but Americana, early Americana, is doubling in value every year. I wouldn't touch anything made out of the United States."

"That is news. Yet—if you like crudity. I must say I prefer Worcester porcelain. Now, I could never see what people found in pottery. Coarse and clumsy."

Suddenly Jammes recalled Henry Diehl's opinion of china, his contempt for what he called eggshells. "I know a man fairly well who collects nothing but pottery, of a special kind," he said. "You might easy be related, from your looks. He has English blood in him too."

"Really! Then, perhaps, even if it is only pottery he's satisfied with, he might have come on some of my dessert service."

"It isn't probable. He was offered a little Sunderland, and was still cursing that night."

"Yes, of course, Sunderland. But Worcester, as late as the Royal Patent! And the Princess Charlotte's set." He spoke in a tone reserved, Jammes realized, only for Worcester, unless, as well, it might include the reigning family. "Where does he live?"

"Henry Diehl? In the country. Not far, though," he was forced to add.

"Then I'd be obliged for a note. You'd never think in what unlikely places bits of the service have turned up. I got all four of the large shells in Bombay, and the two hearts—there wasn't a chip—a fellow found for me in Mazagan. Carried out, you see."

Francis Jammes was at the point of saying that he had never given a letter of introduction in his life, and that this was no time to begin, when he was stopped by the recognition that in the present circumstance such a declaration, even for him, was an impossibility. Damn it—why didn't these people stay away! He'd have to telephone the Diehls. It would actually come to that. And what explanation could he give Henry Diehl for such an extraordinary course? Would he understand that he, Francis Jammes, had no interest at all in the meeting of the two men? Would Diehl know that he had nothing, not a thing in the world, to gain? It was very unpleasant.

"But I haven't described the china," Gowan told him. "The pattern, or perhaps it would be more correct to say design, is a modification of old Sèvres, with the scrolls formed into panels, and embossed on them the rose, the thistle and the shamrock. All symbolical, you see."

Francis Jammes did, but he made a point of absolutely ignoring the description.

"The background, strangely enough, is drab; the ground of the dinner service is a delicate gray. Very much better it is too."

"I won't come across it," Jammes asserted.

"How do you know? There was the fellow who went out to Morocco. Nothing—I give you my word, nothing—was farther from his mind than the Princess Charlotte's dessert service; and yet, there the two hearts were." Jammes wished he would go. "The man you mentioned, the potting man—the letter to him."

"Where are you staying?" This was the most ungracious of demands.

"At the Newsteads'; Clemence Newstead. That is, for a couple of days more."

"I'll telephone you." Jammes rose.

"But you haven't got the address."

"I can get it."

"Well, I dare say you can." Gowan stood too. "You'll remember the name, Clemence Newstead. I hate to bother, but I can't afford to overlook a chance. You must put up with my being something of a nuisance." He moved to the window. "The sun's gone and there's a breeze; I can see it plainly from the papers on the street." He got into the lighter of his two overcoats. "Before I'm out in it," he explained. "I have a hundred and six overcoats," Cope Gowan added.

"With you?"

"Dear me, no. How ridiculous! It would need ten trunks. Not more than eight, I should say."

When he had gone Jammes had a violent attack of coughing; it left him nearly exhausted on the bed. The bell at the door, he determined, he'd pull down. Hanging there, with its infernal clatter, people would persist in ringing it. Why they did he couldn't think; he had nothing to sell; nothing to say to them. Every time he opened the door he let in trouble. One of the Georges! Crudities. Nothing in America to collect. If he ever did come on any

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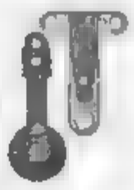

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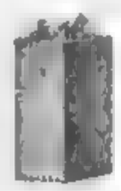
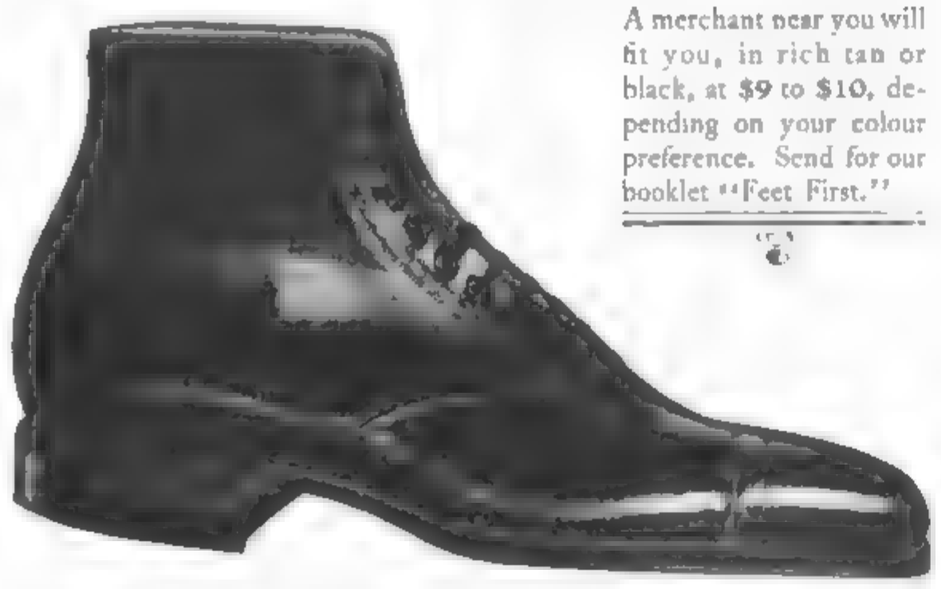


Stut-tut-tut-er



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china with symbolical blooms on a drab background no one should hear about it. In short, his temper was thoroughly disturbed.

It wasn't improved, in the afternoon, by the necessity of telephoning Henry Diehl. He had to call from a drug store on the next corner, there was no inclosure, and, with his rough throat, he could scarcely make himself understood.

"What?" Henry Diehl incredulously called into the damned instrument.

Jammes spoke as clearly and slowly as possible. An Englishman, named Gowan, wanted to see him about some Worcester porcelain. But not Royal Worcester!

"Who?" It was plain from Diehl's tone that he thought Francis Jammes suddenly demented.

There was no good saying it over a telephone, it was decided. Jammes would have to bring him out to dinner—well insured.

However, it was not until he saw Henry Diehl and Gowan together that Francis Jammes realized how much alike they were. Diehl was hospitable in his self-satisfied manner. "Jammes told me something or other over the telephone about china," he said to Cope Gowan, "and I'm glad to have you here, of course, but it was your name that struck me. My great-grandfather came to Pennsylvania from England, and he was a Gowan."

"One of my family went out to America, from Manchester, in about 1780," Gowan replied, "and a look at us ought to tell the rest." They were, they decided, related; and Henry Diehl at once conducted a ceremony with a decanter of Scotch whisky.

"Now that we understand our connection," Diehl said at dinner, referring to Cope Gowan but addressing Jammes, "what was that nonsense about Worcester?"

"Why, Mr. Gowan collects it; he's here mainly to try and fill in a set he's been a long while putting together."

"It is a dessert service made for the Princess Charlotte in 1816," Gowan proceeded. "Under the Royal Patent, then, naturally, and not as interesting as the earlier. Just something special I'm after."

"Worcester," said Diehl; "porcelain; I can't imagine it."

"Exactly what," Gowan demanded, "if I may ask—exactly what can't you imagine?"

"This ought to be better than common," Mrs. Diehl confided to Jammes.

"Anyone in the world collecting china," Diehl explained; "being interested in it," he further specified. "Caring a damn about it."

"My dear Diehl," said Gowan, "since you have been good enough to recall our relationship I don't mind saying you're an ass."

"I may be," Diehl replied, "but at least an ass is half good."

"He'll miss that," Mrs. Diehl whispered. She was mistaken.

"If you mean I'm a donkey, say so. I hate insinuations. But I'm wrong, as I told Mr. Jammes you'd be simply ignorant. You don't know, and I don't see why you should; I really don't." Diehl agreed that neither did he. "You haven't a chance to learn over here. I'd like to make it plain what Worcester is, what it means."

"There are some things you could learn—about potting," Henry Diehl suggested.

"I dare say, and making cheeses too; it doesn't interest me. The Arabs brought glazed ware to Spain in the seventh century, long before Delft and Palissy and Nuremberg. The seventh century! A porcelain with a true white body and a transparent glaze. Why, it belongs to the history of society: the Portuguese carried it back to Europe when they doubled the Cape of Good Hope."

"And found fine pottery already old."

"Pottery! Damn your pottery! You won't listen to me. Porcelain is part of the early superstitions—it was thought to detect poison. For that very reason kings ate out of it. It was the subject of endless speculation, and for a long while the formula was secret. If you had read Guido Pancirollus you'd know that, you'd remember his description: he wrote it was made of a mass of gypsum and bruised eggs and the shell of the marine locust. This was to be mixed and thickened and left buried as a legacy, for the next generation. The sons or grandsons dug it up when it was ready for use." They had, Henry Diehl thought, as well let it lie. "And then Blancourt, in The Art of Glass, what was his formula?" Gowan gazed in turn at them all. "You don't know," he asserted again. "All sorts of white shells, ground on a marble; and when they were reduced to an impalpable powder it was added to a dissolved ounce of very white gum arabic and put in a pail with a quarter as much quicklime."

"You're mixed," Diehl corrected him cheerfully; "that's a cocktail."

"Not even in America," was Gowan's successful reply.

"And their prepared linseed oil—they mixed it with onions and garlic cut small and mastic and took off the grease with a dry toast of white bread. Pottery!" He paused to drink sherry from a small fluted glass with a folded foot and a scar where it had been broken from the pontil rod. "But Doctor Wall's the important thing; and Worcester. I must ask you to remember that in 1750 Meissen was a Royal Factory with seven hundred men; the Doccia works had the Marquis Ginori at its head; Charles III was the patron of Capo-di-Monte; and St. Cloud and Vincennes were the King's. All that Wall had to meet, and better. And he did! Then what was the situation in England itself? Bow was established, Chelsea was under Sprimont, and the Derby works had been opened by Duesbury."

"Yes," said Henry Diehl, "you were right; some of that had escaped me."

"Wall was an artist too," the upholder of porcelain continued. "He painted The Return of Regulus to Carthage, and Queen Eleanor Sucking the Poison From the Arm of Edward First, and The Grecian Daughter. His canvases were highly complimented by the great Lord Lyttelton.

"As early as 1751 with Holdship, the younger, and the Reverend Chewning Blackmore, the doctor took out a lease on Warmstry House and began to make porcelain. The best artificial porcelain in the world. The best! It had a frit body, but it was never surpassed. It never crazed. And Chelsea, remember, was too thick and soft in the glaze—green patches and tears." He picked up a spoon. "My dear Mrs. Diehl, this is a handsome piece of silver, but old Worcester was so delicate, so beautifully fine, that your spoon would have been no better than—than a cricket bat. The silver had to be beaten into a paper. Delightful! That was an age. And the gilding—pure gold leaf mixed with honey; with honey and a little flux. It was only after 1780 that quicksilver was introduced for the amalgam. The surface of Worcester was so hard, so correct, that it would take the most brilliant effects—gold and cobalt and marine—pieces in that are very scarce—and true greens and enamel blue.

"And Wall was the first to use copperplate printing on china; no one can properly contradict that; Robert Hancock proves it. He came to Worcester from the Battersea Enamel Works in 1756. Why—anything else—criminal folly. His subjects can be recognized—the vignettes after Watteau and Boucher; and his colors, his purples and black. Then there's the portrait of Admiral Boscawen. The claim for Sadler is sheer rubbish. If he had been the originator in 1752, why didn't he get the patent he was applying for in 1756?"

"I don't think Henry knows that either," Mrs. Diehl confessed; "perhaps you can tell him. It's been miraculous so far."

"He knew better," said Cope Gowan. "The Worcester Works, I have reason to believe, were already experimenting with transfer in blue under the glaze."

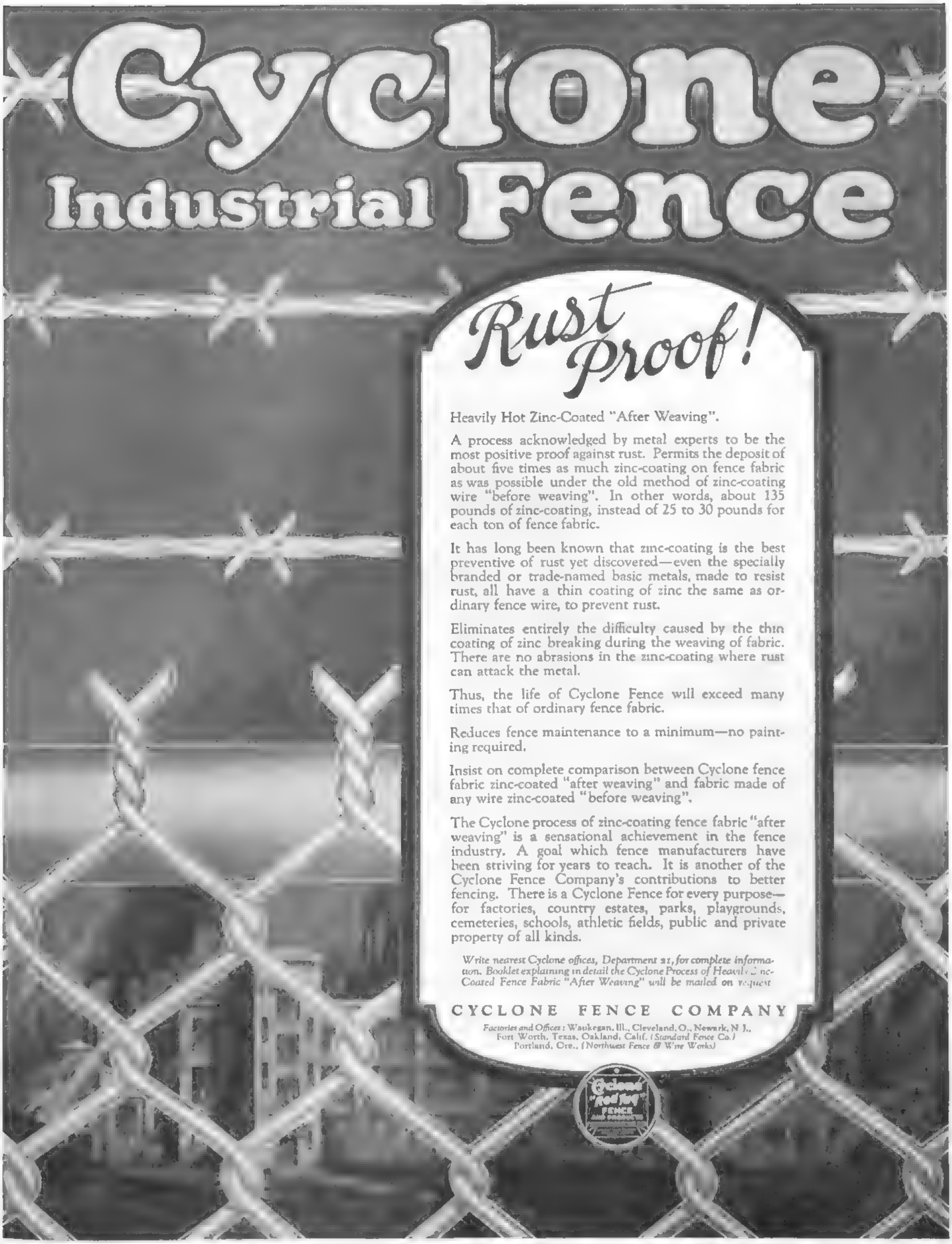
He again waited for the surprise, the incredulity, which should meet his announcement; but at the table there was silence. Mrs. Diehl's expression was one of utter rapt innocence; Francis Jammes had been inopportunely caught by the difficulties of a duck leg over which his knife hung suspended; and Henry Diehl was gazing in a gloomy speculation at his English guest.

"Doctor Wall," Cope Gowan finally spoke with dignity, "died in 1776. But before that they had given up the frit body and were contracting with Hunt in Cornwall for porcelain earth. The Holdships were bankrupt in 1761 and Bradley and William Davis became partners." He turned suddenly to Mrs. Diehl. "But you may be tired of all this?"

"I'm not," she assured him energetically.

"It runs off with me," he acknowledged. "Then there was Flight, and a London selling place, and the firm of Flight & Barr. I've said hardly anything, really. Nothing about the patterns; it was in 1770 the

(Continued on Page 133)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ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

(Continued from Page 130

Worcester china followed Chelsea designs, exotic birds and insects. Duvivier came from Chelsea. And Nelson's visit."

"Did he have his girl with him?" Diehl inquired.

"Lady Hamilton was there," Cope Gowan spoke stiffly; "and Sir William Hamilton. I haven't mentioned the workmen's private marks and the firm trademarks. You have no idea at all, none." He seemed to gather fresh energy from the inexhaustible sum of his enthusiasm. "Why, the service for The Honorable East India Company at Madras, one service, had five hundred soup plates and five hundred hot-water plates; seven hundred dinner plates and seven hundred dessert; there were as many cheese plates, and twelve turtle dishes. A hundred and fifty custard cups. Two hundred sneakers!"

He stopped and Henry Diehl leaned forward. "Do you think you could listen for a minute or two?" he demanded. "Could you? Because I'd be obliged. There's been a great deal said about I don't know what. Honey and salt-water locusts and linseed oil and the Arabs. Even the British beauties have been touched on. I don't know enough to fill one of your idiotic teacups about them, for I'm a simple man and I like simple things. Pottery, for instance. Slip ware. The Germans brought it from the Upper Rhine and the Palatinate. Very good, I don't care about that, or the Cape of Good Hope; I found it in America. Frederick Sholl came into Philadelphia on the James Goodwill in 1728, and he was the grandfather of Michael and Jacob who had a pottery in Montgomery County. That satisfies me. And the Nehs family—later they called it Naiis, then Neesz and at last Nase—reached Pennsylvania in 1731. They all potted, and a damn good thing it was. And they wrote, '*Ich bin e Pennsylvänier . . . Bei Tschinks! ich mach' schier en'ge Welt, 'S biets ke' Land der Welt.*' You won't understand that, it's Pennsylvania Dutch, and means, 'By Jinks! I am willing to wager that no land in the world beats it.'"

"Corrupt German," Gowan commented.

"No, it isn't." Diehl contradicted him flatly. "It's the Pfalz dialect with English words. But there's no good going into that. I'll take a chance instead you don't know what slip ware is, how it's done. With a quill in a cup—the color is trickled through. It's the reverse of *sgraffito*," he declared.

"*Sgraffito* is Italian." At any rate, Jammes told himself, that fact had been impressed on him.

"And everything else," said Diehl; "it's older than nations. Only a question of the engobe—whether you trace it on or scratch it through. And there were different slipping cups, too; some with a vacuum to control the flow, some with three quills. And glaze: you've never seen one if you missed the black manganiferous glaze worked with red and yellow and green and white. The oxide of copper, too; that was hard to manage on account of the streaks. But they did it. Klinker and Georg Hübener and David Spinner and—and a hundred of 'em.

"They hadn't a royal patent or French colors; a liquid red lead and verdigris for the greens, and a potter's wheel. Take their kiln ——"

"Perhaps Mr. Gowan would rather not," Mrs. Diehl suggested.

"They filled it with crocks and jars, with the plates and dishes on edge at the top to save room, and stayed up all night to fire it. The heat doubled between noon and evening; they piled on the cordwood until the next morning. A little blue flame started at the vents and grew into a roar of white fire; and the steam blowing off sounded like a locomotive. Then they sealed the kiln and let it cool for a week. That was potting!"

"It was," said Gowan; "it was, indeed. Did I tell you that the Worcester Works was in a way started to beat the Tories?"

"The simplest was red and covered with a white slip lined and filled with colors. And always the tulip. The tulip, since you're talking of the East, was brought to Augsburg by Konrad von Gesner from Constantinople in 1559. In Pennsylvania they put it on birth certificates and marriage and death papers and on choral books and samplers and tombstones. Tulips and fuchsias—the emblem of spring—eagles and doves for love, and orioles and peacocks and horses."

"Orioles and horses, fuchsias and turtledoves," Gowan repeated.

"And forget-me-nots," Diehl swept on. "They put them on cooking pots, apple-butter pots, flower pots, vinegar jugs, jars with lids, coffees and sugars and creams; liquid measures and vegetables and meat dishes; pie plates and shaving basins and toys." He glared at Cope Gowan.

"And that wasn't all they had on 'em, either—they were celebrated for their mottoes

"*Dear Father in Heaven,*
What Thou givest me I eat immediately.

"And

"*I have been riding over hill and dale*
And everywhere have found pretty girls.

"And the plate with a woman on horse addressing a Continental soldier:

"'*Thou wert to me a lovely man*
As soon as I had seen thee.'

"If you are serious," Gowan told him, "this is the most ridiculous nonsense I ever listened to. Sheer stuff!"

"Stuff!" Henry Diehl echoed. "It's the poetry of a people. Listen:

"*Early in the morning*
I fry a sausage in sour gravy"

"Childish jingles," Gowan called them. "This one, too:

"*Maidens and rose leaves*
Pass away like rainy weather

"There were Jacob Sigafoos and Jared Haring and Conrad Mumbauer from Haycock; Simon Singer, he was at Baden, and the Kintner pottery; Plumstead had Helfrich Toomey and Heinrich Stofflet, who worked in *sgraffito* as late as 1814 in Berks. On Nockamixon Swamp there were seven potteries in two miles."

"Very interesting." Gowan, at last, was reduced to a defensive politeness. "I had wondered if you could have come on any of the china, the dessert service, I wanted; but I see you haven't; you are too fond of poetry for any general—interest," was what he said, but at first it sounded remarkably as though he had intended to say "intelligence."

"I'll show you my pottery after dinner," Diehl promised him, but Mrs. Diehl interfered.

"No, he won't," she reassured Gowan. "I'll not let him. It will be difficult, but I think you can depend on me."

They left, shortly after, Jammes and Cope Gowan. Jammes said nothing, as was usual with him; but if he had wished to talk there would have been small opportunity.

"Amazing," Gowan went on, "to spend your life collecting pots. After all, that's what it comes to. When you might, even in America, get together quite a decent showing of china. Now, I can depend on you to look around for me? You must remember that the body of the service is drab. The background of the dinner service, curiously enough, is a delicate gray. You mustn't get them mixed."

"I won't," Francis Jammes promised him wearily.

"And you had better tell me what prices are demanded before you close."

"I'll have to inform you," Jammes roused himself for the effort of speech, "that I won't be the least good. I know nothing about Worcester—I couldn't tell it from crewelwork. And I am too old to learn." He sank back.

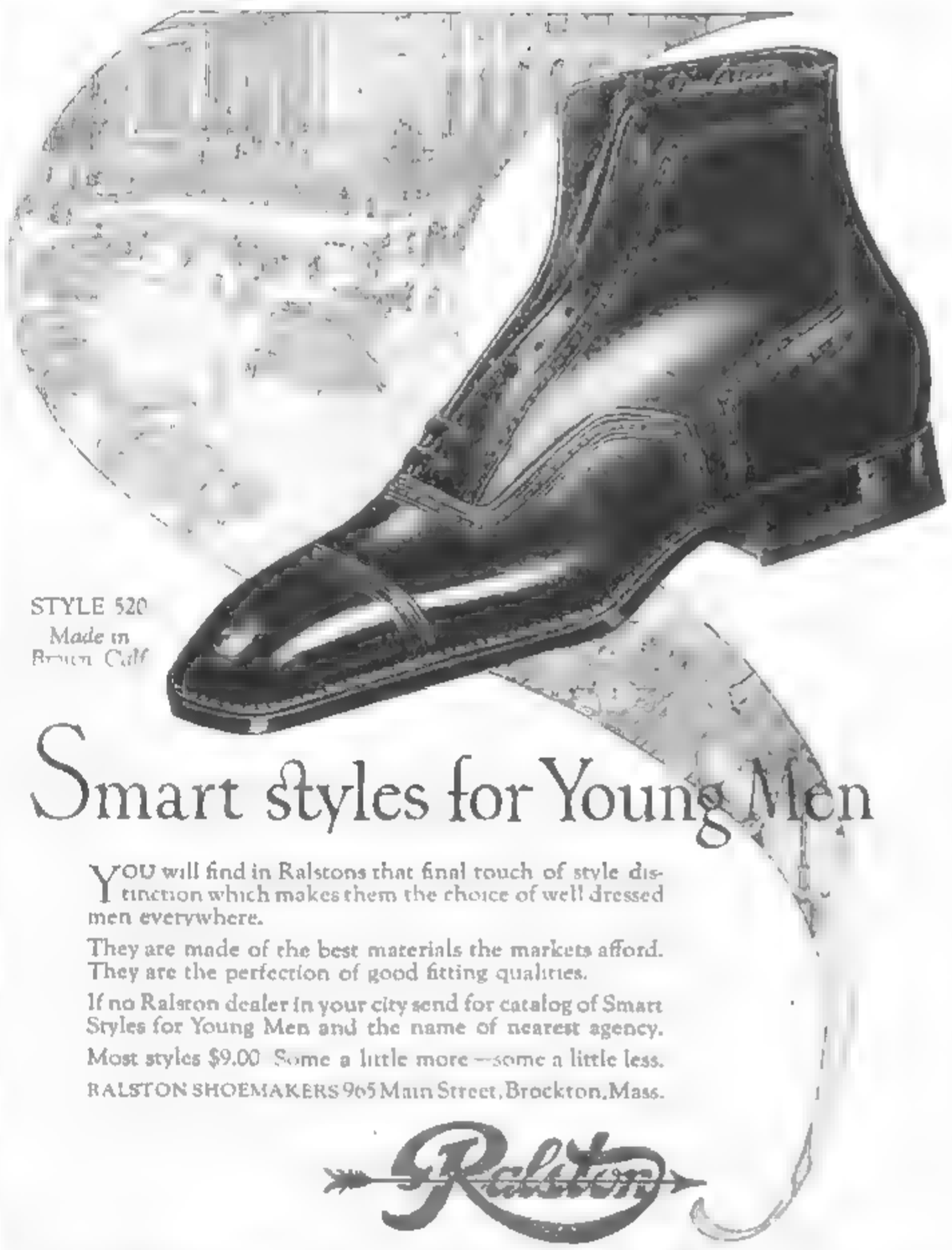
"Mrs. Diehl," Gowan commented after a long silence—"a nice woman but hard paste. Don't you agree? With anything like a chance I could interest her husband in porcelain. Do you know, Jammes, all that about slip ware had a certain charm. It had, for a fact. It was by way of being historical. And then, what you'd collect over here would naturally be different from the things we choose in England. Porcelain is a gentleman's pursuit. But I don't mean the way that sounds, do I? You understand a lot, I suppose, about the Pennsylvania Dutch potters?"

"Nothing." Jammes made his disclaimer in such a tone as to end all further questioning.

"But you'd recognize it?" Nothing, it appeared, could turn Gowan from his purposes.

"Perhaps."

The car stopped at Jammes' rooms and he left with a monosyllable that might have meant anything. The next day, it was late in the afternoon, he saw Cardell and discovered that the Englishman had already been there.



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"He's gone to Chicago," Cardell related. "That is, he went after he explained to me a century in the life of the Worcester Works. I know more about Worcester now than any other American alive. And I think I have a piece too."

With an obvious pride he exhibited a hexagonal jar with a lid, decorated in a Chinese pattern in blue and with, for trademark, a small barred screen impressed on the bottom.

"I found it after he had gone, and there's really no doubt about it. Not the earliest period, but pretty damn early—in the doctor's life."

"How much was it before you had the tidings?" Jammes asked.

"I forget," Cardell said, in a manner without conviction.

"What is it now?"

"A hundred dollars."

"Well, let me tell you this—if you send anyone to me for china I'll tell them all I know about you, including the walnut bed out of the West."

Cardell had seen Diehl too. "He wanted me to buy the Kastner pottery for him, at almost any commission; but I had to let him go; it was no good. You know what Mrs. Kastner's first question would be. And those old women, Jammes. No, it was impossible. I'm beginning to think that I'm not a dealer either."

Francis Jammes indicated the identified Worcester jar. "That'll restore your good opinion."

He was walking home when he saw, in a newly opened show window, a highboy of curly maple. It was across the street, but the legs were so good in line that he went over to study it. The wood had been scraped, the patina of age gone; the shell—no, rising sun—was authentic; yet the legs were so graceful, so visibly right, that, against his every inclination, he was forced to go inside. An individual with a nose at once prominent and flattened at the nostrils and a divided apron tied at either leg came promptly forward.

Yes, the highboy was a fine piece; the wood was so rough he had had to scrape it; certainly, all original; he had bought it from a family who had owned it ever since a hundred and fifty years ago; it had stood in the second hall. He was no fool, Francis Jammes reflected, satisfied in his inspection. It was, precisely, in the second-story hall that highboys had traditionally belonged. No fool.

"The top and carving are good, that drawer face and all the runners and backboards are new; the legs were hardly finished last week."

"Who do you think you are?" it was rudely demanded of him. "Chippendale? Hepplewhite? The highboy I didn't touch except to scrape."

"Some one of the people who know me would be your most probable customers for a maple highboy," Jammes further explained. "If they do happen to think of it, and I have a chance, they'll hear my opinion."

"But—but——" The other was plainly astounded beyond expression. Then: "You're the hell of a dealer! I'll let the association know about you."

"I'm not a dealer at all," Francis Jammes instructed him. "Where do you work—in the cellar?"

"That's as pretty a design as you'd find anywhere." A hand lovingly caressed the broad sweeping curve of the highboy's knee.

"I have never seen a better," Jammes acknowledged. "Yes, there was one man who would have been more delicate. But he's in jail—for bigamy. Isn't that a slip dish up on the shelf?"

It was, an elaborate and rare example.

It was pan-shaped; the center held, inclosed in a circle, a double flowering tulip; and of the three concentric bands one bore a name, Mathalena Raederin, ihr Schüssel, another was filled with miniature trees and doves, and the third, the inner ring, had a motto and a date, 1789. That Francis Jammes bought—Henry Diehl would want it—and he was leaving when the dealer grasped his arm, and, in a bravado of pride overcoming all prudence, invited him downstairs.

There, in a back cellar, were the tools and activities of the cabinetmaker's art; a table gate in walnut, wholly new, a corner cupboard to which a cornice was being added, a Chippendale armchair in the brazen course of construction.

"Just a few things I am repairing"

"Bringing back from the dead," Jammes corrected him. The carving, the proportions, almost the spirit, of the copies were admirable; only—only where the curve of a leg broke into the foot was there a slight uncertainty, a little flatness. Francis Jammes said nothing about this; his discovery was for himself; never, now, would he have any difficulty in identifying the period furniture of that cellar, that artificer.

Yet he realized, as well, that he would never put his instinctive threat into the service of the things to which his life was devoted. He hadn't, now, the energy, the interest in life or conviction, necessary to sustained charges and recriminations. The vitality was no longer in him. There were hundreds of skillful workmen counterfeiting the forms and integrity of the past. Well, he couldn't help it; he had been able to do very little, nothing practically. There was the great increasing demand for the antiquities of America, and the avid and incurable public ignorance with its positive fever to be deceived.

What did it matter? he asked in the dark of his room. Where he had thought to bring the past into the present, in reality he was but drugging himself with what had gone. Old chairs and years! He—and all those like him—had turned with indifference or dismay or hopelessness from what he had found life to be, from the material harshness, the rawness of new machine-made years, to what was tranquil, reassuring, charming. He had deserted the necessity of the present for the illusion—or at least the surfaces—of peace.

He sent the slip-ware plate he had bought to Henry Diehl, with, contrary to his habit, the figures of an inordinate price. Francis Jammes was coldly charging Diehl for the vast amount of talk to which he had been subjected. He got a reply, and a protest, by return, with a further note added to the letter:

> It will amuse you to know I bought that Sunderland. Something Gowan said, about silver spoons, put it in my mind. He was right—ours were like clubs with it. But I have some odd silver, as thin as the luster, and the effect isn't bad. Cornelia likes it very much.

Delicate silver and Worcester; and Lady Hamilton, Cape Trafalgar and tea and clipped hedges, and portraits of rosy ladies against sage-green curtains looped back from grave landscapes, English landscapes with aqueous gray clouds. Nelson with an arm gone and an eye dark. That, too, was a past in which his imagination might well wander. It was at once his own, Francis Jammes reminded himself, and it wasn't. His preoccupation was held this side of the sea.

It was good, he thought grimly, that he was no longer young. God knew what he might be led into collecting, with the opportunity of years and knowledge. He might end with a houseful of African juju drums. No, his connection with England had been lost in the Atlantic Ocean. He was in Cardell's store, watching the proprietor arranging pewter on the shelves of a painted dresser.

"That is as early a pair of chalices as can be had," Cardell observed, stepping back, contented.

"Did you know the Kastner pottery had been sold? The collection as a whole, and at their own price?"

Jammes indifferently admitted that he didn't.

"That isn't so much in itself, until you hear who bought it. The Englishman who's hunting the Princess Charlotte dessert service."

"Then Henry Diehl got it," Jammes replied; "when he's determined, he doesn't miss much."

"You think Gowan bought it for him?"

"Certainly. But how he arranged it—that's more difficult. When I last saw Gowan he wouldn't listen to a word about pottery. And then to be connected with a well-known collection at a prohibitive price!"

"He didn't look to me a man to throw money away. I hope Diehl will keep quiet for a little anyway. When Mrs. Kastner hears it, why—it'll be the death of her."

Even the possible catastrophe to Mrs. Kastner, any perverse fate to her pottery, didn't greatly engage Francis Jammes. Lately, he thought, he had grown almost sentimental, a trait, he felt sure, of senility. It was time that he kept some of the things he admired for himself; his lower rooms were now practically bare. What magnificent tables had gone through his hands,

(Continued on Page 136)

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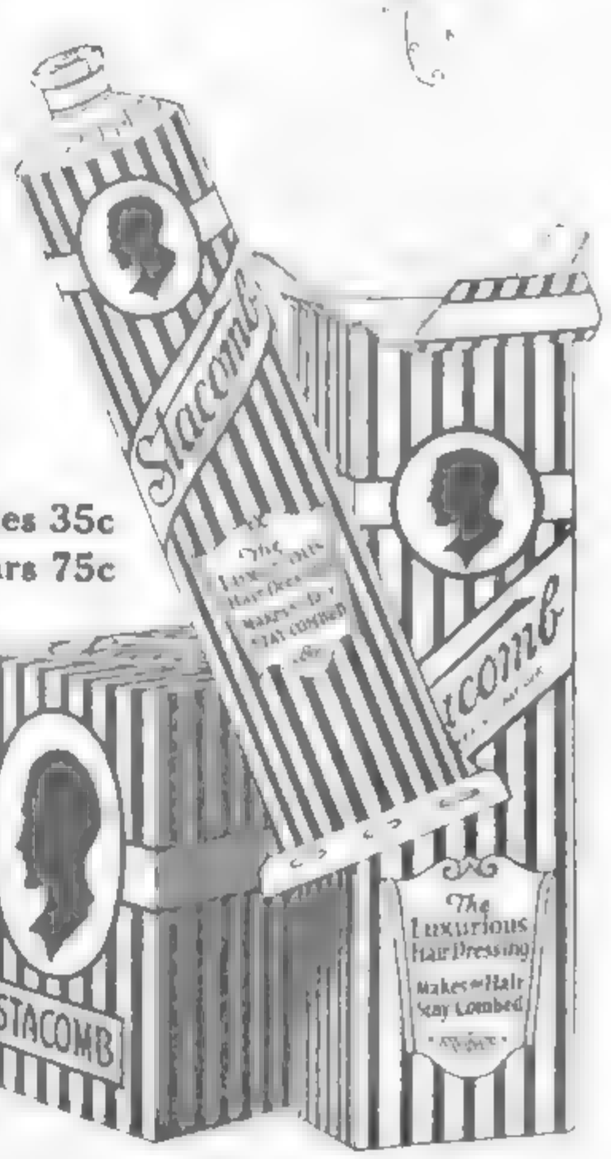

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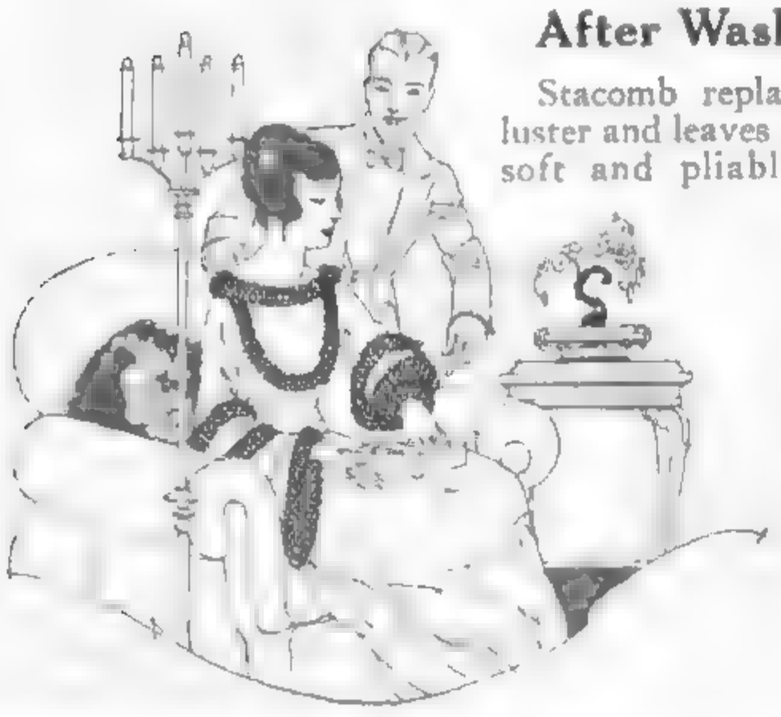

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(Continued from Page 134)

what superb mirrors, mirrors at once clear and tender, shadowy, in their reflections. What delightful woods his fingers had traced. He might have had them all, or nearly all, by charging enough—what others charged—for the things he let go.

He could have saturated himself in the only pleasures he knew or cared for. He would have been surrounded by the actual past. Yes, he had been a fool! But he would stop; in a year he'd be able to collect other examples, in walnut, always walnut. A little silver; the sparkle of glass; Stoddard, he decided, and blue.

He was on the street, walking almost at random, but in the general direction of home, when he was conscious of a taxicab drawing up beside him. A voice at once peremptory and pleasant called his name.

"I thought you had gone," he said uncertainly, still confused among his thoughts.

Not until the following week, Cope Gowan informed him.

"You bought the Kastner slip pottery." With the words pronounced Francis Jammes at once wished them unsaid. His casual remark threatened to develop into an awkward moment. In reality, Gowan's face turned a darker red.

"I ought to explain about that," he proceeded, out of the cab window. "I'm not going to collect slip ware, you understand. But it was so characteristic, and, as that fellow said, so historic, so close to the people, I thought rather well of having some in England. It will be devilish interesting there. Of course it isn't porcelain," said Cope Gowan. "Worcester is quite apart, a thing by itself. You have to admit that."

IRREGULAR AND PECULIAR

(Continued from Page 7)

moved rapidly from one position of great importance to another in, let us say, the space of eight years, he would boldly and brashly have improved everything in sight at the end of the eight years, or made such a violent effort to do so that everything not completely improved would be closed for repairs.

This is directly contrary to all recipes in all accepted political cookbooks, which hold that the old, tried ingredients are the only proper ones in political broths, stews and puddings, not to say entrées, and that change of any sort is dangerous.

And that is another reason why Pinchot causes untold distress to the old-line politicians. They call him a reformer, an uplifter, a radical and other more opprobrious epithets. Pinchot bends an attentive ear to all the epithets, smiles blandly and calmly, and proceeds to remove a little more sunshine from the politicians' lives by removing another source of graft. This may be radicalism; but if it is, then the United States Steel Corporation, the General Electric Company and all the other large, successful and efficient corporations in the United States are agents of Soviet Russia.

Pinchot gave a demonstration of his plan-developing capacity on the occasion of the coal strike last August, when talk concerning the manner in which the strike ought to be settled was almost as cheap as German marks, but when actual, workable plans as to how it could be settled were about as rare as five-legged race horses.

Pinchot settled it, which was more than anybody expected that he or anybody else could do; and by virtue of doing something that nobody expected could be done Pinchot has personally provided genial and necessary warmth for large numbers of people who would now be going around with blue noses and the snuffles if Nature had been allowed to take her course.

Settling the Coal Strike

And yet, up New England way, where conservative householders prefer to freeze rather than to use any sort of fuel other than the traditional anthracite, there is great annoyance at Pinchot because coal costs more than it did last year.

A good many of the sturdy New Englanders, forgetful of the fact that they'd probably be frozen stiff if it weren't for Pinchot, are so incensed at having to pay an extra half dollar a ton for anthracite that they lay the entire blame on the Pinchot doorstep and announce raucously that if he is ever foolish enough to run for President he won't get ten votes in New England. Pinchot, however, is so constituted, and is so satisfied that his plan for settling the coal strike was the only possible plan, that it never occurs to him to wish that he had let the sturdy New Englanders freeze to death, as the average person would wish if his efforts had met with the same reception with which Pinchot's met.

In spite of the howls and objurgations of the New England anthracite users, to say nothing of the execrations and cuss words of anthracite users of all other states that are sufficiently chilly during the winter to feel the need of anthracite, and in spite of the contemptuous nose wrinklings of the politicians, the settling of the coal strike by the Hon. Gifford Pinchot in less than two weeks' time has raised him from what might be called a near, or 2.75 per cent, candidate for the Presidency—in the minds of those who are given to discussing presidential possibilities—to at least a 5 per cent candidate. That being the case, it is best that Pinchot tell the story of the settling of the coal strike in his own words. His statement, it might be remarked in passing, is not any sort of apology or reply to attacks, but was dragged from him by a series of questions, the opening query being a demand for information as to how he became connected with the coal strike in the first place.

"I had, of course," said Pinchot, "kept in touch with the progress of the negotiations between the operators and the miners; and when a strike seemed almost inevitable I wrote to the President, making certain suggestions for his use. The President received these suggestions most graciously.

"A few days later I telephoned to the White House from Harrisburg to find out whether he contemplated taking action, and to tell him if he did not contemplate taking action himself that I wanted to try my hand at obtaining a settlement of the coal troubles."

The Governor's Parable

"The President's reply to my telephone message was to invite me to come to Washington for a conference, and at this conference he assumed that the business of settling the coal strike was in my hands as governor of Pennsylvania. In that capacity, therefore, I went ahead. Immediately on my return to Harrisburg I called in the miners and the operators and started the negotiations which resulted in a settlement.

"It was obvious from the beginning that the operators would never accept the check-off—the check-off being the deduction of mine workers' union dues from their pay checks by the mine operators—and that the miners wouldn't accept arbitration. Before any settlement was possible, therefore, both of these points had to be discarded as starting points for arguments.

"It was then necessary to decide what other terms would be fair to the public as well as to the contending parties. It was only after repeated conferences with many men in every branch of the coal industry that I reached my conclusions. From the beginning to the end of the negotiations I did not forget that the public must have coal, and that it was my business to see that the public got coal. Throughout the negotiations I constantly kept before the miners and the operators the necessity from the public's point of view that the strike should be settled. The public's interests and the public's rights were put at the head of the table and kept there."

The governor was reminded that screams of boredom were arising from various quarters because of the theory that he had merely passed along to the consumer the cost of the strike and the cost of increasing the mine workers' wages, and that he had given the coal dealers the opportunity to make greater profits by increasing the price of coal without reason.

"When I was many years younger," said Pinchot, "I happened to be walking along the banks of a canal at a moment when one man was dragging another from the water. As soon as the rescued man had regained his breath he began to upbraid his rescuer with great acrimony. It then developed that the man whose life had been saved was almost overcome with annoyance because his rescuer, in saving him, had neglected to save his straw hat.

"When danger of any sort has been passed people are pretty apt to forget what

Winter Roads turn to Velvet on Harvey RACINE Ride Rite Shock absorbing Springs

Winter roads become smooth and safe with Harvey Ride-Rites. The many thin leaves absorb the annoying jars and jolts—the rebound plate stops the dangerous recoil—the car holds the road—the occupants hold their seats.

"The Joy of Easy Riding" shows you why Harvey "Ride-Rites" give perfect riding comfort. Mailed on request.

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For ordinary replacements use Harvey "Easy-Riding" springs—the same even tempered leaves and boltless construction as Harvey shock absorbing "Ride-Rites."

Any Harvey Dealer can supply either type—guaranteed against sagging or breakage for one year.

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Clamp it on your bed or chair. Makes your reading a luxurious delight.

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Prices in U. S. A. and Canada: brass, $5; bronze, nickel or white enamel finish, $5.50. West of the Mississippi River and Canadian Rockies, and in Maritime Provinces, 25c per lamp additional.

it was that caused the danger. Now that the strike has been settled, it is very easy to forget the time when nobody expected that it would be settled, and when everybody in the anthracite-using regions was looking forward to a coalless winter.

"It is easy to assume that the strike could have been settled on any terms that I might have cared to impose. Such an assumption, however, would be utter nonsense. The question was whether the country was to get no coal at all or get coal at a slightly higher price. One or the other of these two things had to happen during the present winter. And the truth of the matter is that persons who were familiar with the situation expected no coal. The country is surely better off with coal, even though it costs a little more than it used to.

"Of course, coal ought to keep its relative place in the scale of prices. You can't expect more than that. But this country is certainly entitled to expect relief from constantly recurring threats of a shortage in an absolute necessity of life.

"Beyond all controversy, the coal industry must work its own way out of its troubles and of its own accord give the public assurance of security, or the public will take the matter in its own hands and protect its own interests, as is right and proper. That is as much my business as settling the strike in the first place. In one way or the other the country must have the assurance that this great natural resource, without which public safety and public health are imperiled, shall be always available to all who need it, at a reasonable price. I cannot predict how the problem will be worked out, whether voluntarily by the coal interests or whether forcibly by the public; but I am entirely sure that public patience has reached the breaking point and that action should and must follow."

Soldiers and Miners

"By a reasonable price for coal I mean a price that will give decent conditions of living to the miner and his family, with due regard to the fact that coal mining—especially anthracite mining—is an especially hazardous occupation; that will give a reasonable profit to the operator and the investor; that will pay fair rates for transportation; that will give fair but no more than fair returns to the dealer.

"The public is thoroughly convinced that gouging and extortion exist somewhere along the line where anthracite is concerned, and in my opinion this conviction is justified. I see no reason why we should suffer in silence much longer, and I for one do not propose to."

Amateur or cracker-box executives throughout the country were allowing in hard, fierce voices around the time of the coal strike that the proper way to handle that strike stuff, by gravy, was to call out the Federal troops and, after drilling a few neat bayonet holes through the strikers, send said troops into the mines and put them to work getting out the coal. This method of procedure leaves Pinchot cold.

"Action of a sort that makes use of troops to mine the coal would be utterly futile," said he. "Let us suppose that a strike should arise in a vast trucking business and that an attempt were to be made to break the strike by substituting for each truck driver a soldier who had never before seen a motor truck or any form of automobile. What good would be accomplished by the substitution? None at all. The soldiers couldn't run the trucks. They'd wreck them and ruin them, and the country would be worse off than it would have been with the strike on its hands. A coal strike is a similar proposition. Coal mining is not an operation that any person can engage in offhand. There are 400,000 coal miners in the state of Pennsylvania, and a miner isn't allowed to mine coal alone until he has learned the business by working as a miner's helper for two years. If you tried to run an army into the anthracite mines and take the coal out, years would have to elapse before you got any coal to count.

"There are other reasons too. Fundamentally the proposition of mining coal is one of distributing wealth, and it has never been possible to distribute such things as wages, rents, interest, profits—to distribute wealth, in other words—by means of armies. To set an army to mining coal in order to control its price would be the same as setting an army to making farmers grow more wheat or less wheat; to preventing doctors from charging high fees to wealthy patients; to making bankers charge lower rates of interest. One of the great arguments for the use of an army is that if the army were set to mining coal the union would be destroyed because it would be unable to hold out. The history of these things is that the longer the strike the stronger the union; so if history is worth anything you can't kill the union with an army.

"The coal industry must clean its own house, or submit to having its house cleaned for it by the people of the United States."

Pinchot is a tough proposition for the gentlemen whose political careers make it necessary for them to drop in on a governor every little while, whisper a few well-chosen demands or requests into his ear, and depart with the promise of a few fat jobs for their friends and constituents. A person who goes to Harrisburg for an appointment with Pinchot may have the idea that he is going to sit cozily in the Pinchovian office and chat leisurely about this, that and the other thing. Instead of that he finds himself keeping the appointment in a large dark-brown reception hall, along one side of which are ranged ten or twenty or thirty or even more gentlemen who also have engagements with the governor. At the far end of the chamber is a tall, gray, persistently amiable-looking gentleman who may be conversing in pleasant but wholly unmodulated tones with a visitor, or talking over the telephone with an equal lack of reserve concerning public contracts, speaking engagements and private matters of various sorts. This is none other than the Hon. Gifford Pinchot himself; and anybody who doesn't want to blat out his private business to the governor so that it may eagerly be absorbed by a number of other casual visitors would do well to eschew a personal talk with Pinchot and tell his story by mail. For when Pinchot has finished his telephone conversation he is very apt to stride over to the waiting line of applicants, suppliants or whatever they are, explain carelessly that his time is getting short and demand who is next in line. Having discovered, he urges the gentleman to state his name and business, while all the other applicants or suppliants gaze around the room with apparent nonchalance and disinterestedness, but with actual determination not to miss a word of the conversation. If the applicant or suppliant attempts to modulate his voice so that it cannot be heard by the others, Pinchot is apt to complain that he can't hear. The whole proceeding is most unpolitical.

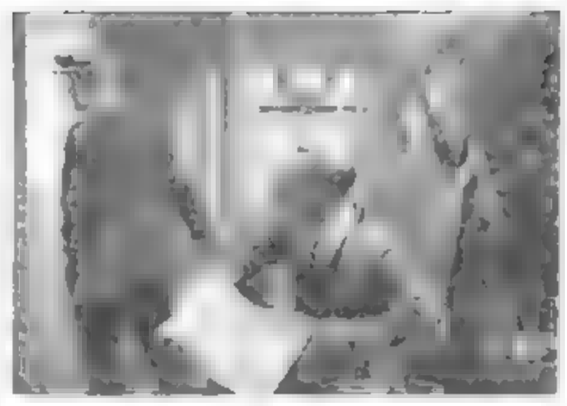
Millions in the Hole

Many other politicians and statesmen have started this scheme of pitiless publicity, but have usually allowed it to die of pernicious anæmia in a few weeks' time. Pinchot, however, has kept it up for a year and shows every sign of keeping it up as long as he holds the position of governor of Pennsylvania. In the opening ten days of his administration he disposed of more than 360 persons in this way. His secretary then stopped counting.

Having a passion for conservation, Pinchot burst into no loud huzzas when he took office and caught a glimpse of the jolly manner in which preceding administrations had been blithely going ahead and spending millions of dollars more than they had to spend, after the manner of most political organizations, which invariably proceed on the theory that if they don't spend all possible money while they are in office somebody else will spend it when they are out of office. They argue that it's going to be spent anyway, and that they might as well be the ones to spend it. Usually this argument has been perfectly sound and reasonable, but it has carried remarkably little nourishment for the taxpayer.

When Pinchot the conservationist took office he found that the state of Pennsylvania was $29,000,000 in the hole—that, in other words, the Pennsylvania legislature had appropriated $29,000,000 more than the state had to spend. The state was in the same position as a man with an income of $4000 who has taken on a year's contract for rent, food, fuel and clothes amounting to $5500.

In addition to that, Pinchot found that the state had no budget, no uniform system of accounts and no financial plan whatever. Legislatures frequently limited the expenditures which different departments were to be allowed to make, but these limitations aroused about as much enthusiastic cooperation and about as much respect as the



Break down that wall between you and your boy

That baby whose first smile was directly into your eyes, that toddler who took his first steps with his little hand gripped round your fingers, is he growing away from you?

It is natural that he should outgrow his first complete reliance on your care and love. You and his teachers are constantly urging him to think for himself. More and more he is weighing, judging, making his own conclusions. Each careless rebuff to his natural and spontaneous spirit of investigation cautions him to build a wall of reserve against ridicule. Each misunderstanding of his dreams, his schemes and his enthusiasms, builds the wall higher and thicker.

Between the ages of 10 and 20 what boys most need is association with fellows and men of strong character, who understand them and whom they understand. They need to work with them and play with them, seeing the real world as it is, meeting experiences and boy-adventures with them, learning the right way to think and the right way to act.

This is the companionship that more than a half-million boys are finding and being developed by in

THE AMERICAN BOY
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Each and every story is written to let boys face a real boy-problem and it teaches them how a regular fellow will meet and solve it. There is nothing preachy about THE AMERICAN BOY. (How boys do hate preaching!) There is nothing namby-pamby or wishy-washy about it. Its articles are instructive, boy-building, man-building, and have an instant power to suggest all that is best and healthiest to a boy.

Right now you are facing the Christmas season. What an opportunity to break down the wall that separates you and your boy. Make him a present of a year's subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY. You'll never make an investment that will pay such large dividends in increased understanding between him and you, nor one that will bring him more hours of genuine enjoyment.

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Enclosed find $2.00, for which send THE AMERICAN BOY for one year, beginning with the Christmas, 1923, number, to

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Makes the motor meter thiefproof without a key to carry. Perks up any car with its gleaming ball-end sport bars. Radiates individuality from its rich art initial. Motorists are unanimous on the stunning style and true utility of

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What a gift for Christmas! You'll want one for every autoist friend—reserve enough caps now. Featured at $6.00 where quality auto goods are carried. (Higher in Far West and Canada) The name Monogram must be in the metal. Persist—your dealer should have the original.

idle prattling of a little child might arouse in the breast of an East Side gunman. The governor had no control whatever over the expenditures, which was a state of affairs somewhat similar to allowing the head of a business to have no say in its conduct. Outside of these few things, the finances of the sovereign state of Pennsylvania were all right. At the same time the most ardent purist would have been bound to admit that the state, financially, was in a good deal of a mess.

Having taken a careful observation of this financial chaos from his commanding height of some six feet three, the Hon. Gifford Pinchot promptly became fanatical and radical and uplftish, to hear the old-line politicians tell it.

He insisted that the state go on a business basis financially and live within its income; and as is well known, such ideas verge on the Bolshevistic. That is to say, they don't when they are applied to the individual, in which case they are ordinary common sense; but when they are applied to a state or a nation the politicians who have been undisturbedly getting theirs for many years are inclined to rip out their hair and moan that the holder of the ideas is pinch-hitting for Trotzky.

So Pinchot put Pennsylvania on a budget basis, and at once issued orders that the different departments of the government should pull the state out of the hole by not spending the $29,000,000 which the state owed over and above its income. This $29,000,000 deficiency was spread over a two-year term, owing to the fact that the Pennsylvania legislature appropriates money for two-year periods. Pinchot figured it out and found that if his different departments spent one-quarter less than their appropriations the first year, and one-quarter less than their appropriations the second year, they would have saved the entire $29,000,000. So he issued orders that this be done, and he then ordered that each department, just for good luck, cut off an additional 5 per cent each year, making an additional saving of 10 per cent during the two-year period.

One of the necessary methods that had to be adopted in order to effect this saving was the reclassification of all state employes. Under the old régimes Pennsylvania political bosses and department heads had pushed many inefficient and worthless favorites and job hunters into good positions, and had often obtained increases in pay for their political appointees for no reason at all except that they wanted them to have more pay.

Equal Pay for Equal Work

"Pennsylvania," says Governor Pinchot, "is one of the greatest of employers. It should be a good employer—generous, just, farsighted in its care for those it employs. On the other hand, it should expect and demand faithful and efficient service.

"It should be so; but the state has not been a good employer, and it has not received in return the kind of service to which the people of the commonwealth are properly entitled.

"The state service has been honeycombed with that cheap brand of politics which demands that the interests of the state and its people shall be sacrificed to the interests of some small group. As a result, not only the state has suffered but the employes also. The pay schedules of the state are filled with injustice, because the principle of equal pay for equal work has never been applied.

"It is this injustice which the plan of classification is intended to correct. Certain things that have been happening to the prejudice of many of the employes of the state will happen no longer. For example, messenger service of the same general kind is being paid for at rates which may vary from $600 to $1400 a year. Classification will correct that. Mail-clerk pay varies from $780 to $2400 a year; stenographers vary from $840 to $2000; typists from $780 to $1500; computing clerks doing strictly comparable work are paid in some cases $1000, in some cases $2000 a year; general assistants in storerooms are getting from $1200 to $2000; while the range of pay for simple filing varies from $780 to $2400 a year.

"These figures do not represent differences in the kind of work; they represent injustices in pay as between persons doing the same kind of work. I repeat that one of the principal purposes of the classification is to do away with the injustice of this kind.

"Another matter of great importance for which the classification will provide is a definite plan of promotion. I believe in promoting from the ranks whenever that is possible, instead of selecting outsiders for highly paid positions."

So Pinchot reclassified all employes on the principle of equal pay for equal work. He weeded out the deadwood, chopped down the salaries of employes who had been pushed ahead of their fellows for political reasons and threw the old patronage graft out on the cold, hard bricks with a dull thud. He argues that government service ought to be like any other business, and that a person should get a job because he is better qualified to handle the job than other applicants, not because the boss of Ward Eight wants him to have it.

Pinchot claims that more havoc can be raised by one measly $2500 political job handed out as patronage than by a trunkful of bombs. The politician is bothered to death about the job, the applicants waste months of their time and more money than they can afford struggling for it; and when it is finally handed over to someone upwards of a couple of hundred people are bitterly disappointed because they didn't get it.

This is a perfectly reasonable argument, and can be applied to ambassadors and ministers of the United States as well as to employes of the state of Pennsylvania. Politicians, however, can't understand it. They say that a political organization can't be maintained unless those who work for it can be spurred on to work by promises of jobs; and they say that anyone who holds otherwise is a dangerous radical, a sanctimonious uplifter, and so on. Pinchot, in his refined and amiable way, says that their arguments are bunk, not to say piffle. One's estimate of the value of their respective arguments necessarily depends on whether one is a politician or an ordinary taxpayer.

Pointed Questions

When the reclassification had been made all state employes, old as well as new, were politely requested to sign a paper giving various bits of information concerning their education, training, and so on. The last items on this paper were two rather pertinent questions, to wit:

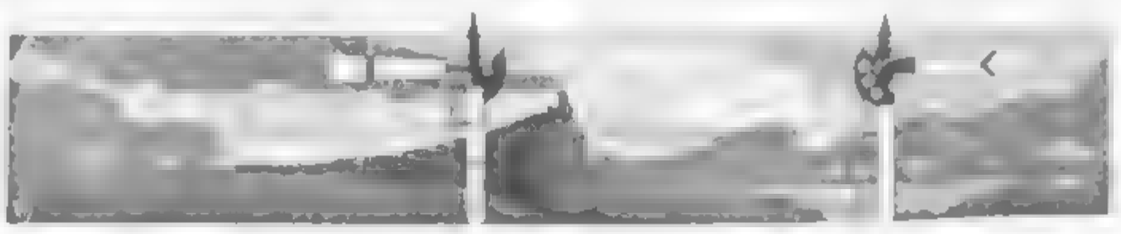
Will you, on your word of honor, throughout your term of office, support, defend and personally obey the Constitution of the United States, including the Eighteenth Amendment and the national and state laws enacted to carry that amendment into effect?

Are you in full accord with and will you loyally support the enforcement policies of this administration?

Persons who didn't care to answer these questions didn't have to, of course; but so far as is known, anybody who failed to answer them with an unqualified yes was permitted to devote his talents to some service other than that of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania. If these two questions were handed to all Federal officeholders in Washington, and if all those who refused to answer yes were detached from their positions on the following day, there would either be some frightful prevaricators in high positions or the Government would break down with a deafening crash.

Having laid out the budget for the two-year period, and having reclassified all government employes, and having got the purchase of supplies on an open competitive basis upon standard specifications for the first time in the history of the commonwealth, Pinchot and his assistants allotted the expenses for every department for a year in advance. Not only must each department run itself for 25 per cent less than its appropriations for two years in succession but it must cut its expenses an

(Continued on Page 141)



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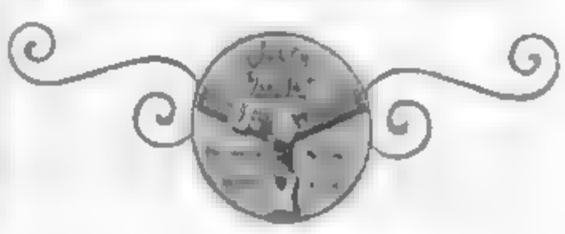

$1000.00
INSURANCE AGAINST CHECK RAISERS

—your checks thus *triply* safeguarded

Every 3½ Minutes Someone Loses by Check Fraud

Crooks who alter checks are more dangerous than safe crackers, says Wm. J. Burns

Losses by check fraud occur somewhere in the United States once every three and a half minutes, according to an official of the American Bankers' Association. Seventeen times every hour some depositor or some bank loses money through this form of crime.

In 1922 it is estimated that check frauds cost this country more than fifty million dollars. One authority places it as between fifty million and one hundred fifty million.

Their methods are too numerous to be described and cataloged—running from alteration of checks they manage to secure legitimately, to theft of mail, bribing of employes.

The famous detective, William J. Burns, has said many times that raised checks and drafts are more dangerous to the financial peace of organized society than the nitroglycerine—"soup"—of the professional safe cracker.

Trust your bank—
Pay by Check—
but heed these cautions:

The safest way to handle money is to check—through a bank. It is the convenient, efficient way. You always have a receipt; always have a clear record of money expended. But take these precautions:

Write checks carefully, with pen, typewriter or machine—never with pencil

Start writing exactly at left-hand margin of lines, fill all spaces, write figures and words of amount-lines close together.

Never issue checks on which erasures have been necessary. Destroy all checks marred in making

Never sign blank checks.

Don't issue checks to unvouched-for strangers

Be careful where and how you sign your banking signature.

Never make out checks to "cash" or "bearer." Use names.

In depositing checks, always endorse them: "For Deposit Only."

Use SUPER-SAFETY INSURED CHECKS—triply safeguarded against alteration. Thousands of banks supply them.

Every man and every woman who has a "checking account" should fully understand the significance of this:

Positive protection against check raisers is now offered, free, by thousands of banks.

Against the uncanny skill and cunning of these dangerous crooks many methods have failed. Now, at a single stroke, you are protected against loss through raised checks, and the check crook thwarted in his attempt.

In a sheet of paper

By this method the safety of your check does not depend upon mechanical devices, or "patented ink."

The positive, *triple* safeguard is incorporated in the fine, crisp checks you use!

It is far more than the fact that they are made of the *safest* check paper in the world—although there, alone, any of the usual altering methods is instantly exposed.

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When your bank supplies you with Super-Safety INSURED Checks you automatically, without charge, become beneficiary of a $1,000 insurance policy.

This insurance is carried with the famous HARTFORD ACCIDENT & INDEMNITY CO.—one of America's strongest, "old line" companies. In 112 years it has never failed of prompt payment on any just claim; today has no "unpaid claims." Possesses over $17,000,000 in assets.

"Protected by Burns"

When you make out and sign a Super-Safety INSURED Check—a third great safeguard *warns* away the check raiser.

That is the fact that your check is fully protected by the world's most powerful detective organization—the William J. Burns International Detective Agency, Inc. Each check carries this printed statement.

To the crook it is a deadly serious warning. It means that any attempt to alter your check will bring down upon him the full force of a world-wide power, relentless in pursuit and prosecution. And you pay nothing for this final element of check protection.

Your check is safe

The paper resists attempts at alteration—or at once exposes them. The crook—amateur or "master"—is warned off. Finally you are *insured* against loss, or financial embarrassment.

And, without extra cost, your bank can supply you with these *positively* protected checks—in place of unsafe checks.

Ask your banker about it—today.

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From his vast experience Detective Burns has written an unusually interesting book of true stories. We have had the book privately printed. You can have a copy, free, by mailing the coupon.

Besides offering a very entertaining half-hour's reading, it gives much valuable information on this important subject.

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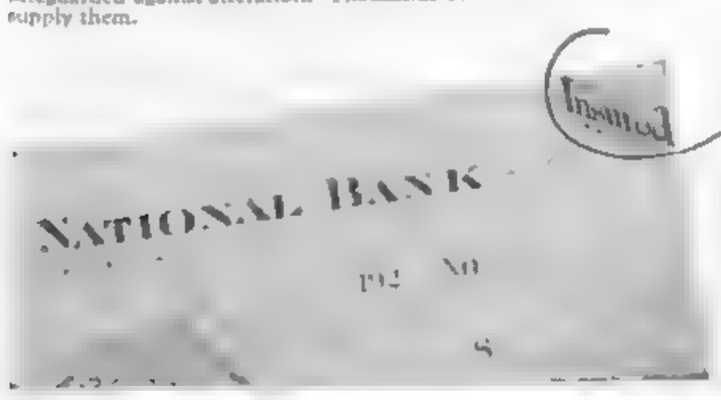

This mark in the corner of your check means that it is triply, *positively* safeguarded against alteration.

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Mail coupon to The Bankers Supply Co., 5950 South State Street, Chicago, for FREE copy of William J. Burns' book: "Stories of Check Raisers—and How to Protect Yourself." 21

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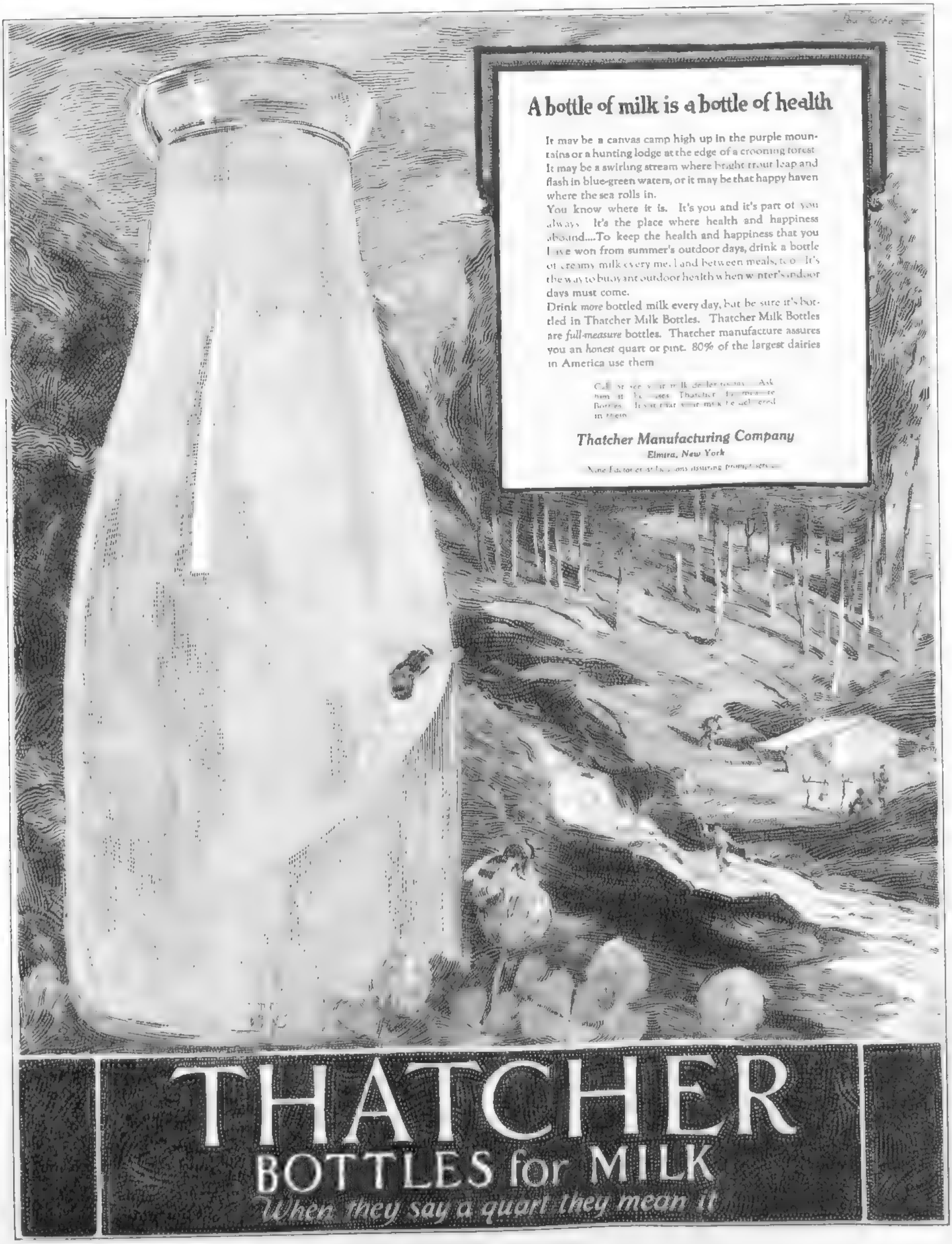


A bottle of milk is a bottle of health

It may be a canvas camp high up in the purple mountains or a hunting lodge at the edge of a crooning forest. It may be a swirling stream where bright trout leap and flash in blue-green waters, or it may be that happy haven where the sea rolls in.

You know where it is. It's you and it's part of you always. It's the place where health and happiness abound....To keep the health and happiness that you have won from summer's outdoor days, drink a bottle of creamy milk every meal and between meals, too. It's the way to buoyant outdoor health when winter's indoor days must come.

Drink *more* bottled milk every day, but be sure it's bottled in Thatcher Milk Bottles. Thatcher Milk Bottles are *full-measure* bottles. Thatcher manufacture assures you an honest quart or pint. 80% of the largest dairies in America use them.

Call or see your milk dealer today. Ask him if he uses Thatcher Individual Milk Bottles. It is your right to get milk in sealed bottles.

Thatcher Manufacturing Company
Elmira, New York

Nine factories at your service assuring prompt service

THATCHER
BOTTLES for MILK
When they say a quart they mean it

Compact or Loose Powder?

Compacts contain from 1/10 to 1/4 as much face powder as a box of loose powder contains.

We make both kinds but we do not emphasize compacts because we realize they are very expensive. The extra cost of making and packing compacts compels the manufacturer to charge *just as much* for compacts as he charges for a greater quantity of loose powder.

The question is solely this – When you buy face powder do you *get* face powder or an elaborate metal box, a mirror and a puff each time? Instead of paying for these things every time you buy a little dab of powder, why not buy a simple vanity case and fill it from time to time with

Henry Tetlow's Famous

Swan Down

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Face Powder

The best and most economical face powder that can be made. A box of Swan Down face powder contains 4 times as much powder as a box of Swan Down compact—the price of each is 25 cents, take your choice. Six shades of Swan Down from which to select. At toilet goods counters everywhere.

HENRY TETLOW CO.
Makers of Purewellow Powder
Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued from Page 138)

additional 5 per cent each year in order to provide a margin for unexpected trouble.

Each department—Fish Commission, Health, Justice, Labor and Industry, Military Affairs, State Armory Board, Department of Mines, State Police, Public Service Commission and all the rest of them—has what is known as a sailing chart for each of its expenditures. On this sailing chart appear its last year's expenditures month by month for, let us say, telephone calls, plotted in zigzag lines. This year its expenditures for the same thing must be lower than last year to save the amount of money that Pinchot says must be saved in that department. The same sort of sailing charts are used in each department for traveling expenses, wages and everything else; so that a glance at these charts shows exactly how much each department is cutting its expenses at all times. The department chief whose department is failing to save as it should is hauled on the Pinchovian carpet and given a few very unpleasant moments, following which there is immediate and effective saving.

One interesting feature of the charts is the record of expenses made in each department just before Pinchot was nominated. Expenses doubled and tripled for telephone calls and such-like matters, showing that there was considerable political activity at the state's expense, all of it being of an anti-Pinchovian nature.

In this connection the following news dispatch from Harrisburg, dated October thirteenth, is not without interest:

"Boring from within will not be tolerated, Governor Pinchot declared today in a statement which reiterated his stand that all state employes must be efficient and loyal to the aims of the administration. Governor Pinchot declared that 'Since most of the employes in the service when this administration began were appointed for political reasons by politicians wholly out of sympathy with our present aims, I want it clearly understood that political activity in opposition to the success of this administration will be followed by immediate dismissal.'

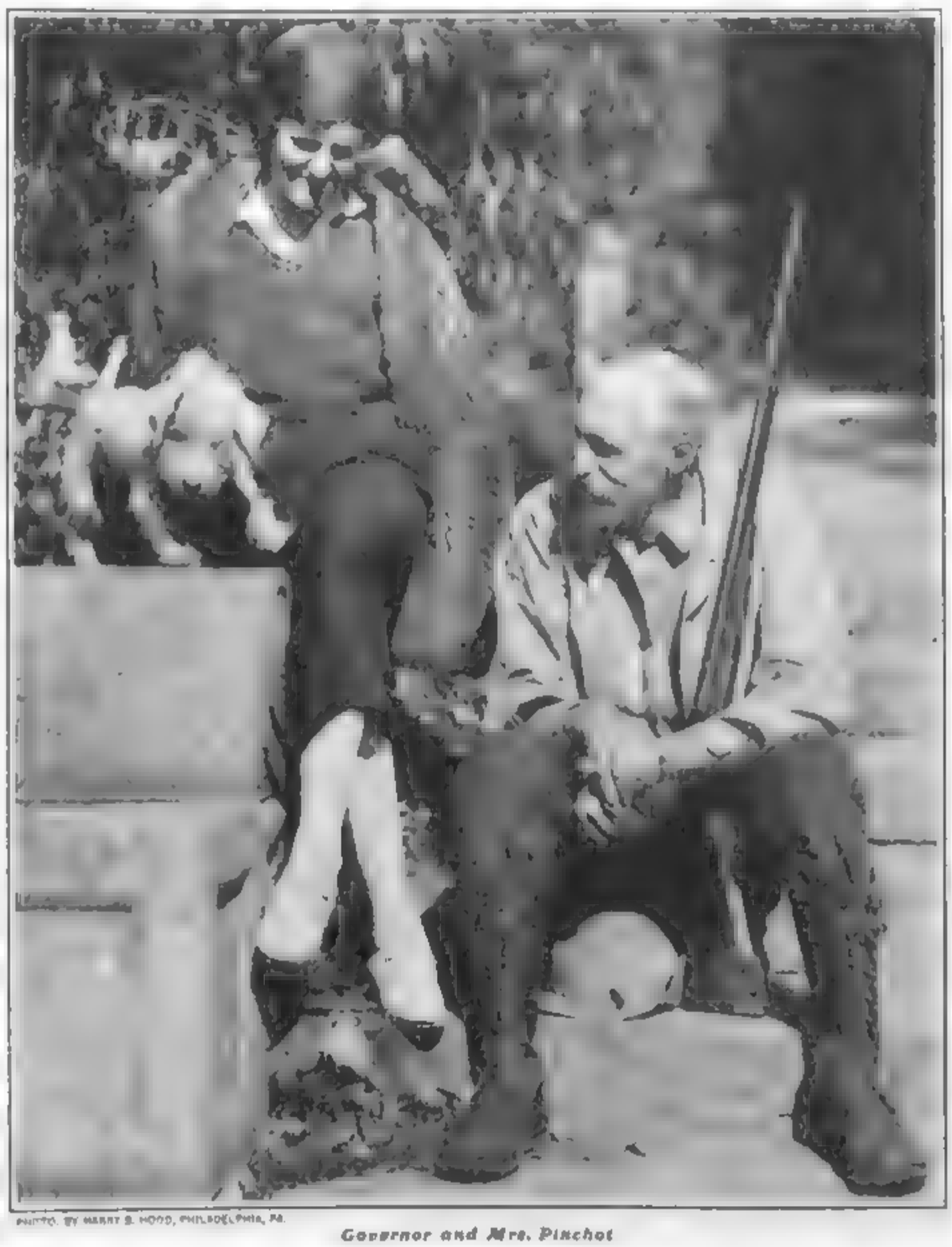
"The governor said that while employes had the right to support any persons they desired at an election, the people paid them to work and not electioneer, and that the custom of using state employes as 'political light horsemen to campaign for favored individuals is morally wrong and politically indefensible, and if practiced will lead to immediate dismissal."

Whenever Pinchot kicks the politicians he instinctively looks for another tender spot in which to deliver his next kick, and as soon as he finds it he kicks again. In political circles his kicks inspire more fear than those of Ted Coy or Charley Barrett ever did in football circles.

As a result of all this, the various departments of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania have not only kept their expenditures down where Pinchot wanted them kept but have even lopped an additional 5 per cent off them. By January of next year, according to the financial sharps of the Pinchot administration, the commonwealth of Pennsylvania will be out of debt and paying cash for everything for the first time since Matt Quay's régime—and Mussolini, the widely advertised financial savior of Italy, can't show any better results than that.

The Hon. Gifford Pinchot, with his order closing up 1300 Philadelphia saloons, and his reclassification, and his budget, and his bad habit of giving out for publication the names of politicians who fail to support him as they promised to do when they were running for office, and his disregard for political patronage, and his queer dislike for throwing away the taxpayers' money, and his willingness to shoulder the responsibility for settling the coal strike, and his ability to settle it when nobody else had any idea how to do it, and his utter carelessness and lack of restraint about stepping on politicians' toes and kicking them in tender spots, are not at all popular in political circles.

But those in nonpolitical circles who know anything about Pinchot keep mentioning him in connection with the White House. They don't specify when, but they keep mentioning. And after all, there is no harm in mentioning people for the Presidency, and you'll hear worse men than Pinchot mentioned every fifteen minutes for the next six months if you happen to be in mentioning circles.



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THE LANTERN ON THE PLOW

Continued from Page 5

A mere wisp of a thing. Ah, he had it now—the smoky gleam within her eyes! It was like the dark red fire in the depths of an alexandrine; rare gem, once seen, never forgotten.

The children were running, leaping the corn hills. The girl let go the boy's hand. Had he been right in thinking her a mere wisp? What carried her? What lifted her, stride for stride, with the boy? The wind? Her spirit? Well, anything but muscle. While he watched the children Warner Sherborne looked wistfully at the idle horses and cultivator; but when his leisurely visitor finally arose he motioned to the farmer to follow him. Judge Alder was not to be hurried in a decision, nor would he accept a dismissal, however mute and pleading. On the way to the road where he had left his rig he paused for a moment and then turned aside for a closer inspection of the old house.

Walking around it slowly, he now perceived that the section containing the kitchen was half a story lower than the rest of the structure, and that within the high gable thus formed was placed a blackish gray stone which bore the inscription "1727." He read the eroded figures absently, and was about to move on when he was arrested by the sharp contrast between the stone upon which the date was graven and the rest of the iron-red wall.

"Was all the rock for the house quarried from the farm?" he asked presently.

"All on it," replied Sherborne.

"How do you know?"

"For one thing, the old folks told me; and for another, I know the spot it come from."

"What about that gray stone," persisted the judge—"the one with the date written on it?"

"It was the last stun they took out," asserted the man, with a quick gesture toward a distant elevation which marked the verge of the escarpment of the farm.

"Bring me a ladder," said Judge Alder, coming to a sudden decision. "I want to climb on the kitchen roof."

A few minutes later he had clambered on hands and knees over the sagging shingles to the ridgepole and was subjecting the stone which had aroused his curiosity to a minute inspection. All his life he had dabbled in mineralogy, but he scarcely needed to draw on the knowledge so acquired to determine that the object of his study was a block of cement rock, the raw material from which cement is most easily recovered. It was badly weather-worn and the date would have disappeared long since had not the figures been cut large and deep. One corner was split so that with little effort he could pry off a triangular fragment, which he slipped into his pocket. He climbed down, dusted his hands and trousers and stood waiting for the inevitable question; but it did not come.

Warner Sherborne stood courteously beside him, dignified by silence. The judge was puzzled and then touched. He began to realize that he had been accepted once for all as a friend. He started to speak, changed his mind and crossed the road to where Gypsy stood with ears pricked and head turned toward him. Sherborne helped strip the blanket from her and undid the hitching rope. The judge gathered up the reins and threw up one hand in farewell as the mare made a smart turn and broke immediately into a furious trot. The farmer stood watching the disappearing buggy. He seemed to have forgotten for an instant his own idle horses; but suddenly he turned and hurried back to the field where team and cultivator awaited him.

IV

GYPSY was in a hurry to get home, and so was the judge. He wanted to think, and to him there was no place for it like the friendly room where he had acquired the habit of thought. As he swung into the highway he was visualizing his littered flat-topped desk and the worn swivel chair which could turn him toward the sun-bathed garden, the scraps of ore and curious rock which formed his amateur mineral collection, or toward restful shadows backed by shelf upon shelf of musty books. The next instant he had his eyes, hands and ears full of something else. The sound of a staccato throb reached him from down the road, and simultaneously Gypsy was on her hind legs, quivering, ducking her raised head to right and left in a frenzy of terror, pawing wildly at the air with her forefeet.

"Hi!" yelled the judge, rising to balance himself against the dashboard. "Stop that engine, you scatterbrained road hog!"

His words were unheard, but the sight of the frightened mare had been enough for the motorist. He steered the little one-lunged car he was driving well to the side of the highway and throttled down his engine. Nothing but the shafts kept Gypsy from coming over backward. The judge leaned out, put one hand on her back and pushed. She was so delicately balanced that she actually toppled forward, and, once she felt the grip of the ground, shot down the road at a twenty-mile clip. This was something more to her master's taste. He braced his heels, wrapped the reins on his forearms and gave her his weight in a pull that lifted her head from between her knees.

All went well until she came abreast of the motor, which chose that instant to give a last dying gasp. The mare swerved so sharply from the terrifying sound that a shaft snapped under the strain. Swearing under his breath, talking to her softly between expletives, but mostly applying all his strength and skill in the conquering of rebellious horseflesh, the judge swung her into the soft loam at the side of the road, brought her to a stop, leaped out and ran to her head. She was quivering as with an ague and asking him one question after another out of wide, outraged eyes. It was as though she shouted, "Now tell me, judge, what the devil was that?"

In the automobile was a big sandy-haired man and a sandy-haired boy, the exact replica in miniature of his father. The man leaped out and went to Judge Alder's assistance. Together, but in a silence—ominous on the part of the judge, at least—they unharnessed the mare, tied her to a fence post with the strong hitching rope and then turned to face each other. The habitual healthy pink of the judge's cheeks had turned to a deep red. His neck looked swollen, as if it were choked full of words his long training in self-control was scarcely able to keep from pouring out in an overwhelming torrent.

"Tryer," he asked finally through white lips, "has it ever occurred to you that women and children have been driving around these roads since before your grandmother was born?"

"Aw, come now, judge," said Tryer Mattis with a propitiating smile, "I ain't no murderer. You didn't read my notice in the paper, did you, telling which way I was going today?"

"Notice in the paper!" exclaimed the judge under his breath. "I can't pretend not to know the law," he continued in a louder tone. "I know, of course, that you don't even have to give notice of your intention to hog the entire highway for the benefit of your rattletybang contraption. But the day will come ——"

"No it won't," broke in Mattis, who, for all his deprecating manner, took browbeating from no man. "The day was when the law said a horseless vehicle had to have a man walk in front of it with a red flag, but it won't never come again, Bill. No, sir; just the other way round. You and me will live to see the day when the law will make all the rattletrap buggies that's left hang a red light to keep automobiles from running over them."

The discussion as to how to pronounce automobile was at its height, and Tryer happened to be of the persuasion that stressed the third syllable with great emphasis. The judge turned from him to stare at Gypsy, so vibrant, so full of a number of things besides power—life, willfulness, affection. He stared also at his smart red-wheeled hickory buggy with its broken shaft, and as he looked, his impetuous indignation faded away and left him thoughtful, almost sad.

"I wonder," he murmured.

"Sure," said Mattis, his face brightening. "You and me will live to count a hundred automobiles for every horse and rig."

"Hardly that," said the judge with a shrug of dismissal of the subject.

Mattis was famous for his exaggerations. It was from a species of inborn exaggeration that he had got his nickname of Tryer. Years ago it had been I-Can-Try Mattis; but folks had found that too long, and shortened it to Tryer Mattis. Man and

Continued on Page 144

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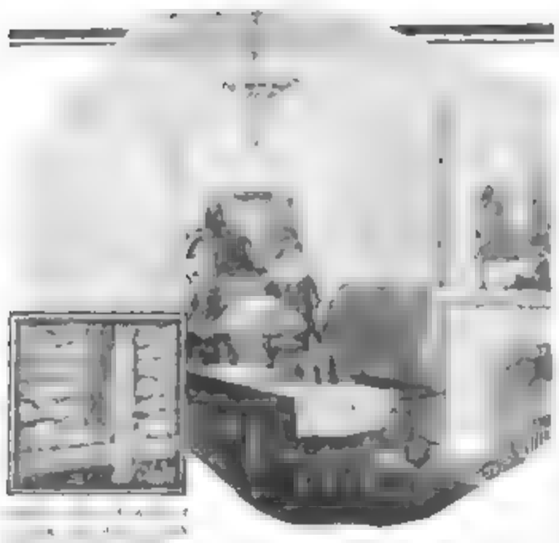

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Continued from Page 142

boy, Judge Alder could not remember the day when Mattis' voice, drawling "Well, I can try," had not been a familiar and maddening sound. He turned to give his attention to the broken shaft.

"Can you lend me a hand with this?" he asked perfunctorily.

"Well, I can try," replied Mattis promptly. "Wait a minute and leave it to me. I'll show you."

He went off toward the motor car, where his son was already holding out a roll of stout copper wire in one hand and a hank of clothesline in the other. Mattis was a big man, and full of a restless energy. He was always in a sort of suspended hurry, as if he waged eternal war with the present. Watching the thrust of his stride, the judge reflected that this exuberant contractor was overdrawn at three banks. He had a way with banks and women.

At that tag end to his thought the color mounted again in the judge's cheeks and his lungs swelled to a sharp intake of breath. He was reflecting without bitterness that he would have been twenty years a married man if it had not been for Tryer's way with women. A vision of Elizabeth Banning as she had been on the occasion when last he had talked with her arose before his eyes. They had been betrothed for three years while he struggled to establish a law practice, and then like a bolt from the blue had come the news of her marriage to Mattis. No word from her, no breaking of the engagement; just a swift sentence from a friend and playmate of his boyhood: "Say, Bill, Betty Banning was married to Tryer Mattis yesterday afternoon."

He had taken a rig from the livery stable, driven furiously to Mattis' new house, leaped from the buggy and thrown open the front door without knocking. Strangely enough, and in contradiction to the usage of the countryside, Tryer and his bride were sitting in the parlor, one on each side of the central round table. Never would the judge forget Elizabeth's expression as she looked up and saw him. Her face was like an empty pitcher, as if someone had poured all the life out of her features. Her lips had trembled violently as she cried out no more than his name in a choked voice, "Will!"

"Why did you do it?" he demanded, paying no heed to Mattis. "Just tell me that one thing! Why?"

She dropped her head and murmured almost inaudibly, "I don't know."

Mattis, shock-headed, blue-eyed, large in frame, had been sitting with his hands in his pockets and his legs extended. He neither moved nor spoke, but a smile gleamed in his eyes, passed down to his lips and began to spread slowly over his face. It was a maddening smile, and, seeing it, the judge—young Bill Alder then—had taken a stride forward, then stopped suddenly, stunned by the strangeness of the answer Elizabeth had given him.

"Bill," Tryer had remarked coolly, "I see you got your fists all balled, and if you really want to hit me I'll get up. That way Betty will have a chance to find out if she married the better man."

He made no move to rise, however; and after staring at him blankly for a moment, the judge had turned and gone as abruptly as he had come. So short had been the interview that the livery horse was still blown from the fast trip out and was allowed to jog-trot all the way home, not from pity but because the young lawyer was so dazed from collision with that sphinx which dwells in every woman, often hidden even from herself. He had put a question which was to wait twenty years, and over, for an answer.

As far as love in the sense of heartache was concerned, the judge had long since recovered from the loss of Elizabeth Banning. The wife of Tryer Mattis became genuinely uninteresting to the judge, bore children, grew slatternly and had recently died, without trespassing on his imagination. Like many another man, once the pangs of passion and outraged pride had passed, he did not regret her individually so much as that for which she might have stood. Even so, she was and would ever remain the most important single event in his life; but only as an inanimate rock which turns the course of a stream is important. Everything he was he owed to the fact that she had chosen to marry Mattis rather than himself.

There was no sentimental old maid or matron throughout the length and breadth of the three counties who did not ascribe the two decades of his celibacy to an undying devotion to the blighted romance of his youth, and worship him accordingly. As a matter of cold truth, however, the judge's single estate was due to the fact that he had rebounded from the collision with the inexplicable in Elizabeth Banning to a position of safety and equilibrium well outside the range of every and any woman within his experience. Thenceforth he had become an observer, and nothing could be more dispassionate than his attitude toward femininity in the mass.

As a consequence, the dislike which he felt toward Mattis had grown to have little to do with the person of Elizabeth. Except for the feeling of outraged pride, he would have felt exactly as he did toward Tryer if Elizabeth Banning had never lived, for the two men were congenitally combative and antipathetic. However, neither despised the other. They called each other by their first names, and though holding consistently to a personal aloofness, they were not awkward in their occasional contacts.

Tryer had a way with women, reflected the judge; but it was nothing to the way he had with banks. Those were the days of overdrafts and entries in red ink on the wrong side of the ledger, and it was a matter of common knowledge that at least at two institutions, separated by the length of the three counties, Mattis was in so deep that his indebtedness actually became an asset to himself. The banks dared not let him fail, and he knew it. They were obliged to feed him more whenever his multifarious enterprises grew hungry. Take the Cedarton cement plant; certainly out of Tryer's legitimate —— The judge's thoughts stopped as suddenly as if they had run into a wall. He put a hand in his pocket and felt of the fragment of stone he had taken from the Sherborne house.

V

IN THE meantime Tryer had returned, bringing the roll of copper wire, and was making an expert job of wrapping the broken shaft.

"I don't give them this often," he said loudly, in the tone of one who makes excuses for himself. "Costs too much. Even clothesline you can't get for nothing. And take that notice in the papers. Do you think I don't have to pay for that?"

"Why do you bother?" asked the judge. "However we may feel about having our horses scared out of a year's growth, we know you are within your rights."

"Oh, well," answered Mattis good-naturedly as he put the finishing touches on the splice; "I was tired of having folks send around to know if I was going out with the automobile, and which way, so as they could give me a miss. There you are, judge. All we got to do now is to hitch her up."

"Thanks, Tryer," said Judge Alder. "By the way, do you mind telling me what the Cedarton plant cost you?"

Mattis straightened, surprised at the question, and his eyes began to narrow.

"The Cedarton plant? Why, no; I don't mind. I don't mind telling anything. That is, I wouldn't mind telling you, judge. Why?"

The judge smiled.

"Oh, well, keep it to yourself, Tryer. People have been wondering why you bought it. They say it's turning into a junk pile. What would you take for it in cash, just as it stands? Would you cut your losses at 10 per cent of what it cost you?"

Mattis' eyes contracted to two pin points of blue light.

"The Cedarton plant never stood me for a loss," he said, "and it never will. When I get ready it will pay for itself twice over. That's why it ain't for sale." His tone changed. "Judge, I seen where you turned onto the pike. You know something. Spit it out and trust me for a fair answer."

"Tryer," replied the judge, still smiling, "you know something you do, indeed! I believe you know the same thing I do."

He turned and began hitching the mare preparatory to a start. Mattis followed and helped him mechanically. His thoughts were not on what he was doing; they were very busy elsewhere. When the judge actually put his foot on the step Tryer laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Did you find out," he asked, "that that dumb fool Sherborne won't talk prices—won't even listen? But I'll get him yet. I'll have him fined and jailed on one count and another until his scarecrow

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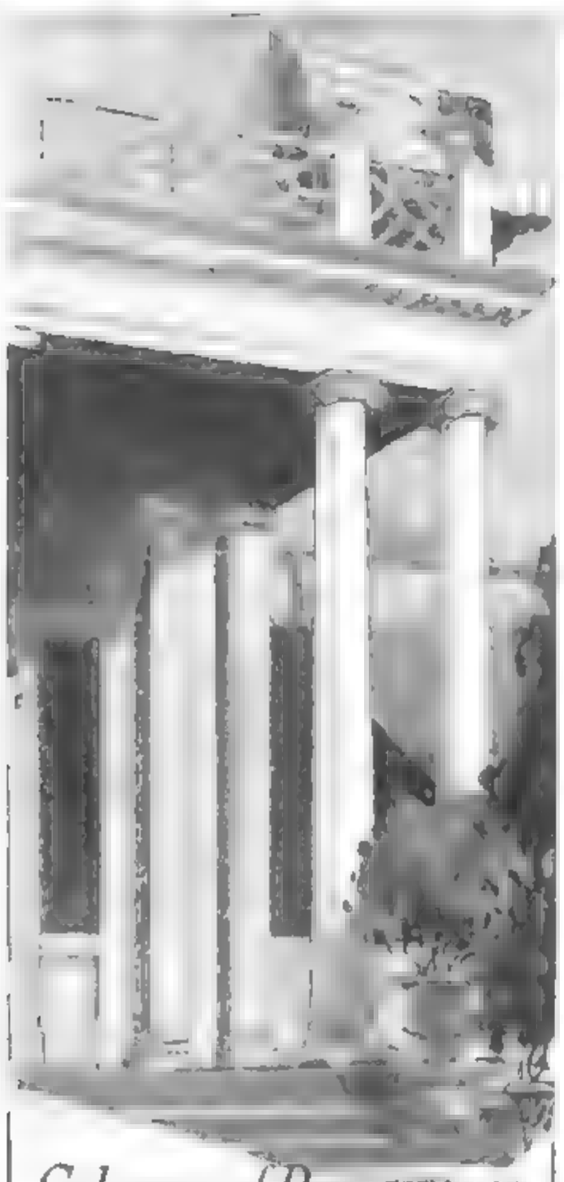

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Fuller

of a farm leaks out of his wife's eyes. Rattling Run Fields—what a name for a farm anyway! Why, it's a hundred years since all the other folks around here quit calling their holdings fields! It isn't as if I hadn't been willing to play and to pay fair. No mortgage, confound him! There ain't even a mortgage!"

The judge whirled.

"If you make one more move of that kind against Sherborne you'll have me on your back, at your throat, over you and under you. We'll find out, once for all, which is the bigger man."

"Judge," protested Mattis, "I wasn't trying to rile you. What I said just bust out of me. When you've had a thing like that cooped up in you for a mortal age and then find that someone else has bumped into it before you could close—why, you're not yourself, that's all."

The judge freed himself and climbed into the buggy. Restraining the mare, he leaned over for a parting word.

"The trouble with you, Tryer, is that you only know one way to try. If you want to do business come to my house tonight at nine and I'll show you how."

On the very next morning Judge Alder was making his second trip to Rattling Run Fields. In his pocket he carried a certified check for a considerable sum of money and a document of far greater importance. He frowned as he went over in his mind, step by step, his long tussle with Tryer Mattis, who, having read the lease which would empower him to exploit the cement rock on the Sherborne farm, described it as a legal straitjacket. The original draft had placed the term for ten years, called for a flat annuity of three thousand dollars, and stipulated a fixed royalty of two cents on every barrel of cement produced.

There were certain safeguarding clauses which justified Tryer's descriptive phrase, and the judge had smiled with appreciation, not so much for the shrewd perception displayed by Mattis as for the power of expression which could cram everything there was to say in the way of criticism of a lengthy and important agreement into two words. Tryer had a mind like a set steel trap—always wide open, that its jaws might close with a swifter snap. What made the judge frown was wonder as to why the contractor had refused point-blank to don the straitjacket for ten years, but had readily accepted it for fifteen. So painstakingly had he drafted the document that he could recite it from end to end. He did so now, decided once for all that it was without a flaw, and promptly dismissed care from his brow.

He was happy—extraordinarily happy. Never had man a better right to feel like Santa Claus than himself on this excursion. But soon he was frowning again, confronted by an absorbing speculation. What was going to happen to those children, Drake and Io? He remembered them as he had seen them in court and again when they had been called from their work in the field, soiled and yet uncoarsened. What was he bringing them? And the woman with the strange shrinking in her eyes—what was he bringing her? As for the man——

When he thought of Warner Sherborne the judge was conscious of a break in the course of his thoughts, a sort of mental gasp. What was going to happen to this strange, silent product of the soil, this farmer who did not know how to quit, this half-animate man who dared to measure himself against Nature and the farm he hated? How would he take the news that out of its entrails was to be torn a weapon which would give him at a single stroke the victory in a lifelong combat?

The judge slowed down the mare. He was a bit frightened, and took time to ask himself if he was anything more than a meddler. Had he been rushed off his feet in the last twenty-four hours—carried along at a pace wholly foreign to his nature and to his years of training in deliberation? If so, whatever power had performed the miracle now dragged him on relentlessly. Arrived at the field he summoned Sherborne and, with a jerk of the head toward the house, led the way back in silence and entered the kitchen. He sat down at a much scoured deal table and motioned to the farmer to seat himself opposite.

"Warner," he began, "do you trust me?"

"Yes," said Sherborne, a slow fire lighting in his eyes.

"You feel that there is nothing on earth that would lead me to deceive you?"

"Yes," replied the farmer without hesitation or curiosity.

The judge took from his pocket the check and the lease.

"There is something on this farm," he continued, "which is as legitimate a product as potatoes or hay or milk. You can sell it for money without selling your land. It is a deposit of cement rock. I haven't had an opportunity to find out how extensive it is, or how valuable; but evidently someone else has had the chance, and taken it. Here is a check made out to you for three thousand dollars, and here is a lease by which you engage to permit cement to be made from the materials on your place for a period of fifteen years. On each barrel produced you will receive two cents, in addition to the flat annual rental of three thousand dollars. Trust what I'm telling you. Sign the paper and you will never have to work again."

For a long moment Warner seemed not to have heard; at least, the fact of sudden wealth appeared not to have moved him. But as his brain, steady for all its agonized diffidence in expression, began to seize doggedly on one implication after another, his face grew more and more set and his gaze increasingly staring and vacant. Two spots of color began to show vividly on the points of his cheek bones. Finally he turned upon the judge strange eyes, suffused with a suppressed glow, faintly, almost imperceptibly ardent.

"I got no call to work?" he murmured.

"No more than you want to," replied the judge cautiously.

A weird spasm passed across Warner's face, more of a contortion than a smile. He arose, fetched pen and ink, signed the lease laboriously, his knuckles showing white, so tightly did he hold the pen, and handed the document to the judge.

VI

UP TO the event of his pitiful attempt at a smile Warner Sherborne's mind might have been likened to a fog—deep, broad, translucent, yet impenetrable except through immersion. But now it had become suddenly concreted. To find a symbol one would have to fall back on some such simple, efficient implement as a plowshare or an ax. His mind now knew what it wanted. It walked alone. It cleaved its way forward along a single groove to a single end.

Words dropped from his lips in slow but methodical sequence, and when he had finished speaking the judge found himself formulating the last will and testament of one Warner Sherborne, who bequeathed the products of the property known as Rattling Run Fields in equal parts to his wife and two children, the title to the land to rest in the boy. It was further provided that Judge Alder should be sole executor and trustee. When the document was completed the farmer took the paper upon which his wishes had been set out in legal phraseology and toiled through it, checking off each line with his soiled thumbs.

"That's it, jedge," he said finally.

An hour later he went to bed, never again to arise. At the end of ten days Judge Alder got the doctor to run out as a matter of form.

"I know what's the matter with him, doc. It's just as well, though, you should see him. Besides, I want you to witness his signature on a paper or two."

After a thorough examination the doctor turned from the bed with something of the same exasperation the judge had shown on his first contact with the man who plowed by lantern light.

"Well," he said privately to the judge, "if you know what's the matter with him you know more than I do. Physically, there's nothing wrong—but he'll be dead inside of a week."

"Exactly," replied the judge. "Resting himself to death and glad of it. Medically, you can't admit the diagnosis; but you've seen it done before—more than once."

Without committing himself the doctor went on to patients more amenable to treatment; but the judge stayed. Had he had time to think of surface matters during these days he would have been amazed at the number and frequency of the hours he found it possible to devote to the affairs of Rattling Run Fields and its inmates. But such trivialities as the passing hour and its occupations did not even enter into his thoughts. Without knowing it he had stopped thinking except as a minor accompaniment to a tremendous innovation. He had begun to live. Strangely enough, he did not make the discovery in regard to himself at that time. To him it seemed that

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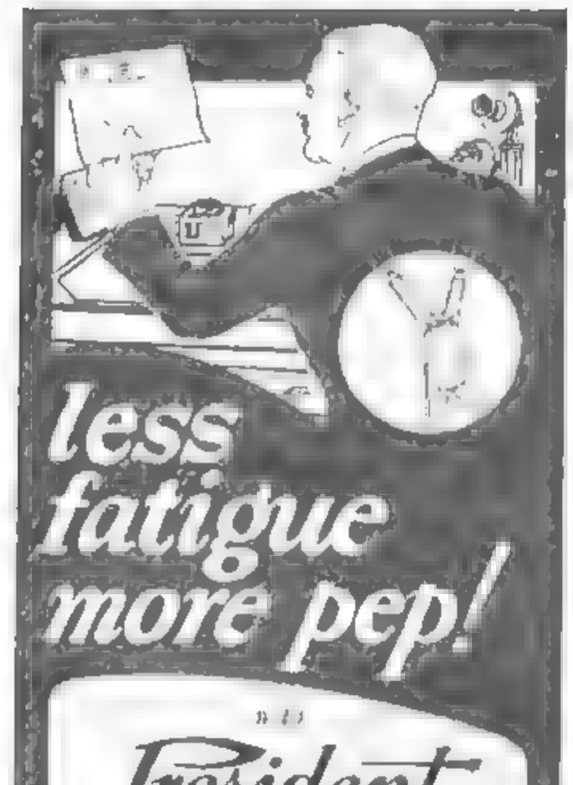

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it was those about him who had begun to live.

This family, which only by flashes had escaped remaining a pale, composite blotch against a sinister background, now stepped forth. It was as though the figures in a faded tapestry had suddenly come forward into life. How had it happened? The judge did not know. Here is the scene: He himself sitting in a stout chair of bent hickory at the pivotal center of the spacious kitchen. Across the two windows at the back, Warner Sherborne, lying on the bed which the judge, with the doctor's assistance, had carried from a cheerless bedroom. The children in new store clothes, clean, starchy, odorous with soap, very quiet. Startled, they looked—startled into happiness. Like butterflies just born, with moist, untried and shining wings.

How gently they moved! And yet was it not written that soon mischief would dawn in their eyes and the itch of energy creep into their legs? Would they smile, laugh, talk and leap? Would Drake shout for the love of noise and Io call out, full-throated as the treble of a bobolink, her gasping "No, Drake! No!"—the only words the judge had yet heard her speak? Extraordinary children! Was he going to see something happen? The uncurling of petal, leaf and bloom? Had he stumbled at forty-six into the mysteries of the garden of the soul?

There is nothing lovelier in its assumed shyness or more delicate in its touch upon the heartstrings than the budding friendship of children for a grown man. Here is the gossamer of all human emotions, lighter than air and as silently gay as thistledown on a playful breeze. This all but imperceptible web the judge felt settling down upon him, binding his strength to the chair upon which he sat with Lilliputian threads, each laid with amazing deliberation.

What troubled him was not that he could not move at will, but that he could not wish to move. Long before he had any circumstantial evidence, valid in court, he perceived that these children knew and accepted him for their friend. The boy was the first to make an open advance. He approached, touched the judge, leaned for an instant against his knee.

"Drake was the first all-round Englishman," he said, his whole thin face twitching to an unaccustomed smile. "He went around the world."

The judge was dazed. Before he could realize that he was receiving the answer to the question he had put many days before, the boy was gone. But his smile remained, for it was such a smile as can die from a face but never from the eyes which have seen it.

"No, Drake! No!"

It was Io's treble voice, cutting across the placid silence of the room. The judge felt like jumping out of his skin, but he never moved so much as an eyelid. He knew that he must not move. Io drew near, not evenly, but by little advances and poised withdrawals. It was as if two impulses were at war within her tiny body—the instinct of reserve against the urge never to be left behind. At last she stood before him, the hem of her fresh cotton frock caught up between nervous hands. Her dark eyes were very wide open, challenging, yet ready to run.

"Some folks say," she whispered breathlessly, "that Io was a heifer, a milk-white heifer; and some she was the baby moon."

She also fled. If the judge had felt bound before, he was now imprisoned. His eyes were fixed like agates in his head. His lungs filled up with air and forgot to let it go. His blood bulged in his veins as if it had stopped flowing. Extraordinary elf! Amazing words! Mystery heaped on enigma! Io! Io, the crescent moon, wandering in the starry heavens, watched over by Argus of the hundred eyes. And—Io in the kitchen of a buried Jersey farm! Into what pool of oblivion had his meddling dropped him? Was there no one to drag him out, wake him and set him free?

"Now, children, don't bother the judge."

Immediately his eyes were released. He turned them and perceived the woman, Eunice Sherborne, to whom in his blindness he had ascribed no more volition than to a bit of useful harness. What miracle had happened while his senses slept? None. Was it that she had discarded her sunbonnet, washed her hair and put on a flimsy dress of an ancient pattern? Quite evidently that frock was a resurrection, for no leg-of-mutton sleeves outraged the lines of her slim shoulders. Was it that she was unmanacled, freed to the content of legitimate household cares? It was none of these things. It was her eyes, calm, unafraid. Her placid gaze enveloped him casually, accepted him, ingulfed him! It was as though someone, unseen and unfelt, had wrapped him in a soft shawl.

He swallowed hard and cautiously let go a long breath. More entanglement. Here was something else entrapping him, something less elusive than the friendliness of children, but with which his strong hands and highly specialized mind lacked the experience to grapple. He turned his eyes warily toward the bed, appealing mutely for aid from one of his kind—and the help came. The sight of the still face upon the pillow, almost translucent in its emaciation, lifted him swiftly up and away from thoughts of himself, for most astounding of all was the flowering which had come to Warner Sherborne.

The gaunt man was alive; nearer death, yet more alive than ever before. He had deliberately come out of the dross of himself into the spirit. It was not that he had passed from poverty to ease or from labor into rest. It was something bigger than that—much bigger. He had traversed a lonely waste, a wilderness, a parched desert, and found a friend. At the end of an arid and monotonous existence, loneliness had come upon the tenderly resolute plant of friendship and was holding its breath at the miracle. Trust and understanding were the pillars of his awakened mind.

In these misty regions the judge had not only become the stable pivot of his fellow creature's universe, but without words was made to know it. What mattered even the outcome of the Herculean struggle, a frail body the battleground, between tradition and the bulldog grip of a sullen soil? They two were no longer judge and farmer, tossed by chance into collision; they were friends, deeply, inexplicably indebted to each other. Why? Because each had delivered and assumed a burden. Strange reason, but the taproot of all human devotion. The judge had given and Sherborne had received allegiance, stripped forever of distrust. The farmer had sloughed a load sustained to the superhuman limit; but what was it the judge had received? A burden? He didn't know; he was only beginning to find out.

Profoundly moved by his own partial perception, he leaned toward the bed and tried to speak. To his amazement he, in his turn, had become inarticulate. It was Sherborne who spoke, his voice coming from far away, faint yet clear.

"A grown oak can't be moved and live."

For a moment no one stirred. His words, the first he had spoken in many days, fell one by one into the silence of the room, sank and were drowned. But the voice had stilled the restlessness of the children and drawn them toward a fixed point, a refuge. Seemingly by a common impulse, they moved toward Judge Alder. Io leaned against his shoulder; Drake climbed confidently to sit upon his knee. The shyness which lately had been theirs now took possession of the judge, and he learned with an inward start that it was the bold shyness of the sprouting leaf.

What tingling sensations were these? What the mischief had happened to him—was still happening? Had children never touched him before? On an impulse of bravado he passed his arms around boy and girl and drew them close, so close that his heart heard a double echo. He was appalled by the choking in his throat which the pressure of their warm bodies had induced. If before he had been snared, entrapped, imprisoned, now he was totally lost.

Sherborne raised himself by a spasmodic effort on one elbow and called, "Come here, son."

Drake clambered from the judge's knee and approached his father fearlessly. Facing each other, the two seemed gradually to merge and become one. Each was ageless, each belonged equally within the scope of generations, each knew what no man learns singly or alone. The voice spoke again, but with a rasping yet resonant intonation, as if the dying man, on the verge of translation, were expelling by a deliberate effort the last breath of life from the swept cavern of his body.

"He'p the jedge look after sis and momma, son. The land's yourn. You ain't got no call to sell it."

He fell back upon the pillow, lifeless.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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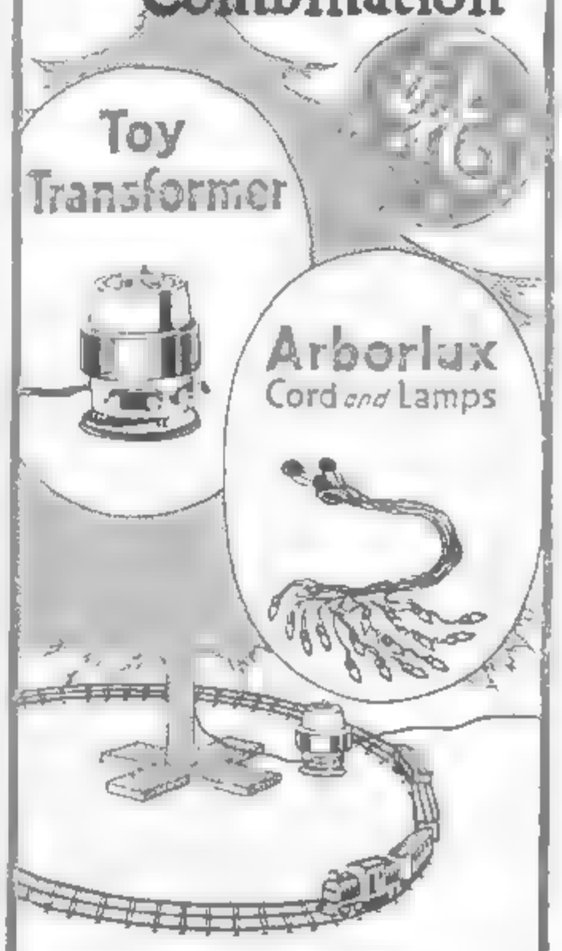

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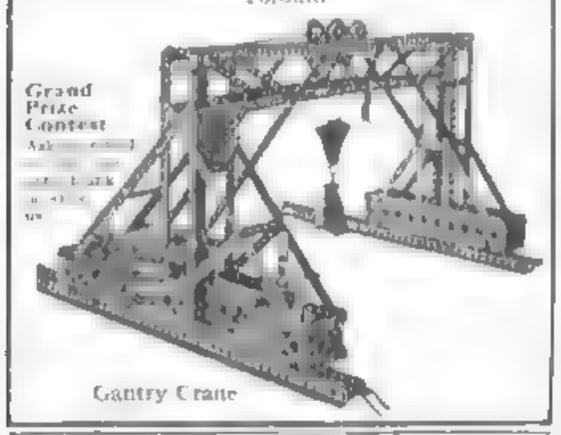

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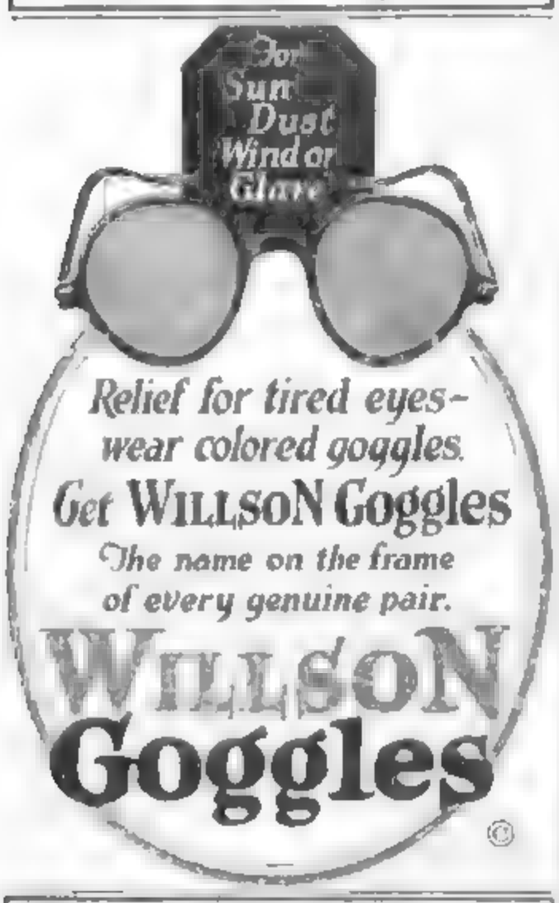

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INSTRUMENTS OF DARKNESS

(Continued from Page 30

She felt that her husband must know of this; or at least she must have the comfort of his presence. He must come to her—he must! She telephoned the office and heard from Seyton that he had gone out of town.

She guessed where he had gone—to Azra. He did nothing nowadays without consultation with the clairvoyant. Lila flung herself face downward on her unmade bed. She was utterly alone. No young and beautiful rival could have taken away her husband as completely as Azra had taken him. He lived in another world.

Azra had become a very great personality. She had always held the belief that the dealer in magic should be like a Greek oracle, not as accessible, but as inaccessible as possible; that the shrine should be approached with difficulty and delay. The tremendous publicity that had come to her after her prophecies to Bethson made it possible for her to erect barriers. She bought a large tract of rocky waste land in Northern New Jersey. There was a natural cavern in it of some size, and here she received her votaries. They came literally in hundreds—camping sometimes for days in tents set up just outside the gates of her wild domain.

People came from all over the country to consult her. Marvelous tales were current of her supernatural powers. She saw people one at a time and only on moonlight nights. They were obliged to walk the long mile from the entrance of her land to the mouth of the cave alone—with the knowledge that in all the great inclosure there were only Azra and her two attendants and the visitor.

Even the great Mr. Bethson was kept waiting—and he did wait—breaking his appointments in New York, night after night, humbly waiting for Azra's convenience.

At last one night toward the end of July, when the moon was full, she gave him an appointment. The high wooden gates shut behind him, and he walked across the rough rock-strewn moor toward the little wooded hill on the side of which was Azra's cave. He had long since passed beyond the crystal-gazing phase. Now under Azra's directions he himself saw visions, which rarely needed any interpretation of hers. In the cave a pale fire was smoldering. He sat down before it, while Azra and her attendants stood crooning and chanting above it.

He lost all sense of time as he sat there with his chin in his hands, gazing at the streamers of smoke. The moon, he afterward remembered, was getting low, when the floating gray smoke began to take the shape of an enormous head, a head larger than his whole body, and out of the unseen mouth he heard a voice warning him to beware of Duffield. He smiled to himself. He needed no warning on that subject; that was already being thoroughly well attended to.

Then, before he could question it, the head faded, and in its place he saw the figure of a small child, who in a high piping treble voice bade him be fearless, for no earth-born man would ever do him harm. The words flooded him with joy, bringing to him an absolute belief in his own invincibility. He had, then, nothing to fear from Duffield or anyone else. Unless a woman? Was that what was meant?

The figure of the child was disappearing or, rather, was breaking up into lighter streamers of smoke, and a new form was rising—another pale child, piping to him again of courage and success: "Fear nothing, fear nothing," the shrill little voice kept repeating, "for until the moon falls into the forest you shall prosper."

The visions came faster and faster now; music, too, seemed to ring in his ears; again the spirit of Banks seemed to stand before him, but this time smiling in triumph. He flung himself on the ground, groaning and covering his eyes.

In the dawn of the summer morning he came to. He looked about him. Azra was sitting gazing at the fire, and did not turn her head. The two attendants had vanished. He felt stiff, all his skin was sensitive, the light hurt his eyes, pale as it was, and yet with it all he was so penetrated with a joyful confidence in himself and his future that he walked on air. The moon was setting behind the hill, setting but not falling—the eternal moon. Now indeed he had cast out fear forever. No earth-born man could ever do him harm.

When he got back to his office he found as usual a number of people waiting to see him—all those whom even the competent Seyton had not been able to put off or had not judged it desirable to evade. Duffield's lawyer—the greatest figure at the American bar. Bethson for his case had been obliged to employ an unknown attorney who would do his bidding, but Duffield could take his choice of the most honorable names. Yet it was a good sign, Bethson thought, that they should already be coming to him. They were frightened—and they had reason to be.

He went straight to his private office. Seyton told him that Mrs. Bethson had telephoned from the castle, wanting very much to speak to him as soon as he came in. He nodded but gave no orders to call the castle. There was a doctor here, too, Seyton said, who had been waiting for hours. Bethson looked up.

"A doctor?" he said.

"Mrs. Bethson's doctor, I think, sir. He is anxious about Mrs. Bethson, he told me."

The young man was allowed to come in. He entered with a strange sense of fear. He had been shaken by his experiences of the previous night. Wakened by the repeated low knocking of the frightened maid, he had stood in the great black empty hall and had watched Lila Bethson come slowly down the great staircase. Never in all his life had he seen such mental agony depicted on any face as on hers—and the horror of that terrible counting — nine — ten — eleven—and then the whispered word "death."

From all the whispered talk that he had heard, not only at the castle but in the world, he had expected to see in Bethson a criminal, a monster, a Nero. Instead he found himself facing a slim pale man, not much older than himself, with a delicate long profile and eyes too wide opened, that stared beyond the visitor at empty space.

"I came to speak to you about Mrs. Bethson," he began.

"How does she seem?"

As the doctor opened his mouth to answer, the telephone on Bethson's desk tinkled. It was a private wire and rang only for those whom Seyton, in the outer office, allowed to come through. Bethson took down the receiver.

"Yes, put Mr. Cawdor on."

There was a delay in fulfilling this order, and the doctor went on, with a hurried sense that the time allotted to him was short. "Her trouble is mental, Mr. Bethson. She must have peace of mind."

He spoke earnestly, and was surprised and shocked at Bethson's short laugh. At first he thought this must have been occasioned by something that came over the wire, but the next instant he saw his mistake as Bethson answered, "Peace? Yes, by all means, doctor, give her that if you can. Or is it possible that even your skill is not equal to that?"

The young man, indifferent to being made fun of, replied, "For that we must have the full coöperation of the patient. I did not find Mrs. Bethson at all eager to cooperate."

"Coöperate!" cried Bethson. "Oh, I'm sick of doctors! What you mean is that we must all cure ourselves. I'm a better doctor than you are. I am doing what I can to give her peace, security." The young doctor thought for an instant that he was conversing with a madman—such eyes! Then a sound came over the wire, and Bethson's whole manner changed. "Ah, Cawdor, is that you? No—no—no. My answer is just what it was yesterday." He smiled, and hung up the receiver. "More peace for Mrs. Bethson—another man beaten into asking a compromise, doctor."

The young man went away with a strange sensation of never having been heard, of never having really engaged the attention of this great financier on a question so unimportant as the life or death of his wife.

Several weeks elapsed before Bethson went back to the castle. His life was now upon an utterly new basis. He had lost the confidence, almost the acquaintance of all honest men, but he was none the worse off for that. He understood now how to control and govern them—all, every one of them. You could rule anyone if you yourself were without fear. He laughed at thinking how it was that he had discovered the secret of power. If he had not committed a crime he would never have known it.

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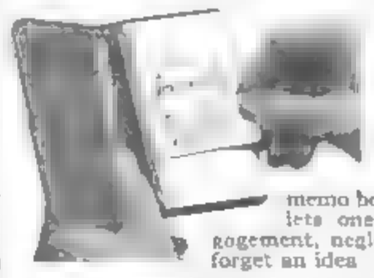

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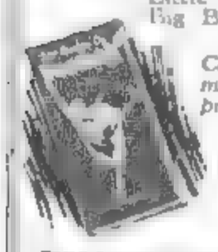

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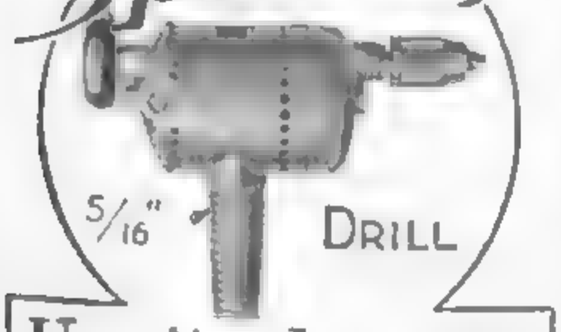

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He arrived at the castle late in the afternoon, and was surprised that Lila was not in the hall to meet him. Certainly Seyton had telephoned her that he was coming.

"Where is Mrs. Bethson?" he asked Warder angrily.

"In her room, sir. The nurse said you might go up if you wished, sir."

The nurse! Yes, he believed Seyton had said something to him about a nurse. It had made no impression. He felt a sense of annoyance, almost of disgust that Lila should be in a state to need a nurse.

He went to her room, and saw what seemed to him an utter stranger stretched upon his wife's bed. Could that face like a little ivory skull be Lila's? Those sharp black eyes like pieces of coal? The queer thin body? He stood at the foot of the bed, staring at her. She did not speak or move. Perhaps she was too weak, but she looked at him with those alien eyes, and two tears rose slowly in them and flowed down to the pillow on either side of her face.

The nurse hurried him out of the room. Mrs. Bethson was so weak; perhaps tomorrow if she were stronger —

He knew she would never be stronger, and yet before he had reached the foot of the stairs his mind had left her and was back at his own problem, his own power—the destruction of Duffield. How much better than to kill Duffield it would be to brand him to the world as a dishonest attorney—a man who had robbed Duncan, his benefactor. Who would then pay any attention to any charge Duffield might make against him? Against him there was no proof—no proof at all. Let them suspect what they would—the world could not hate him more than it did already. Let them hate him. Hatred fed something within him that gave him strength.

The next day again Lila was too weak to speak to him, but the nurses told him she grew restless and tearful if he left the castle. He consented to stay. The tower room made an excellent office.

Duffield's lawyer called up again, wishing to see him. No, Bethson refused. He would see Duffield himself—not his lawyer. There was a consultation at the other end of the wire. When would he see him? Bethson named nine o'clock the next morning. No, not later; that was his only spare time. It was true he wished to get the interview over before the stock market opened, for he was expecting a decision from the court as to the voting of the trusteed stock, and he knew a final battle for control would follow this. But also he was glad to make Duffield come to him inconveniently early like this—as a suppliant.

This telephone conversation had taken place about ten o'clock one evening. He leaned back in the same long low chair that his uncle had sat in. He contemplated his coming interview with Duffield—not thinking out what he would say, but assuring the control of his inner mood—repeating to himself until the knowledge would emanate from him, that he was secure—no earth-born man could ever harm him; no, not until the moon fell into a forest. The prophecy had taken on a promise as authoritative to him as holy writ to a mystic.

He had sat thus immovable for two hours or more when suddenly a wild scream sounded from the body of the castle, as piercing and eerie as the hoot of the owl on the night of Duncan's murder. Then that sound had made his hair stir with fright. Now his pulse did not miss a beat. He opened the door of his tower room, and found himself face to face with one of the trained nurses hurrying to call him.

"Oh, Mr. Bethson," she said, "I'm so sorry to be obliged to tell you—but Mrs. Bethson has just died."

He looked down at her a second in silence. Then he turned back to his room and shut the door behind him. His predominating emotion was surprise at the untimeliness of natural death. A woman of Lila's greatness of spirit should have died at some great and significant moment; she should not have sickened and failed while the fight was still on. How pointless! Life seemed to him utterly without design; there was no pattern, no plan, as optimists were continually telling you there was. It was all an ugly accident—an idiotic sequence of horror.

Well, he was not planless. Once again his mind went back to his coming interview. He would break Duffield then, once and for all. He himself was unbreakable, without fear.

He sat there all night. Once the nurse came back to ask him questions about his wife's body, but he sent her away without an answer. Early in the morning Warder came with the pretense of asking him where he would have his breakfast. He gave orders that Duffield was to be brought to him at once, on his arrival, and that he was not to be disturbed otherwise.

Punctually at nine Warder knocked on the door of the tower room to say Mr. Duffield had come.

"I told you to bring him here at once," said Bethson, and then saw why Warder had come first himself. He had a telegram on a silver tray.

Bethson opened it absently, listening to the steps of Duffield approaching across the stone floor of the great hall. It was from Seyton; he glanced, as he always did, first at the signature. Then he read the message. It said: "Moon has fallen into Beechwood."

His heart stopped beating; a wave of fear like physical nausea swept over him. "Warder!" he yelled. The man came running back, with a white frightened face. Bethson controlled his voice. "Get this telegram repeated, at once. There's some mistake about it. It's wrong. It must be wrong. The moon cannot have fallen into a forest."

"No; no, indeed, sir," the butler said soothingly, and took the yellow sheet.

Looking down, Bethson saw that his hand was shaking. This was no prelude to the interview before him. The moon? Seyton did sometimes call the Luna Mine that. He had never thought of it before in connection with Azra's prophecy.

Duffield was in the room now, looking at him. His eyes were not the eyes of a beaten man. But then, he was clever—used to wearing a mask. How calm the fellow was! But then, he did not know about the moon having fallen into a wood.

"Bethson," said his visitor, folding his arms, "what a damned scoundrel you are!"

The fight was on now, and Bethson felt himself grow calmer again, though he was listening for Warder's return to explain the message. Either it was a mistake or a trick; someone had found out that those were the only words in all the world that could shake his courage. It could not be a mere coincidence.

He smiled his crooked smile. "Have you come all this way at this hour in order to tell me that, Duffield?" he said.

"No, I haven't come to talk," answered his visitor.

At that moment Warder's discreet knock was heard; he entered.

"Well?" said Bethson. He braced himself.

"No mistake, sir. The message wasn't very clear, but that's the best they could make of it. The moon has fallen into some sort of wood, sir."

There was a pause. Bethson sank into a chair, and dropped his clenched fist twice on his knee. "You may go, Warder," he said. He glanced about the room as if he would like to go himself.

He heard Duffield's voice.

"I don't suppose you need an interpreter to tell you what that means, Bethson. Cawdor has got hold of that trusteed stock. The Beechwood is taking over the Luna."

Bethson passed his hand rapidly over his face.

"Look here, Duffield," he said gently, "go away, will you? You and I have some accounts to settle, but I won't be responsible for what I may do if you bother me today about your own affairs. I have other things to think of."

"What you may do to me?" said Duffield. "What could you do to me? You're done for. We've held off on account of Lila, but now that she's dead, poor soul, now that she has killed herself —"

"Lila killed herself?" It seemed to sink him still deeper that he should hear this from another.

"Yes," Duffield answered. "Didn't they tell you? She took an overdose when the nurse was out of the room. I held off a little on her account. Your uncle loved her; she saw it all coming. We've got you now."

Bethson felt the armor that surrounded him was broken. He cared terribly now that his poor Lila had committed suicide. He made an effort now to regain his serenity.

"Duffield," he said, "nothing can touch me."

"Oh, yes, it can! Your bravo has confessed. We caught him in a bootlegging battle—and he gave you up—among others. The law has caught you at last, Bethson. Why, look at you—you're trembling with fear!"

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Bethson looked down at his body; it was shaking. He looked up with an astonished stare. "It can't be fear," he said. "I have found the way of getting rid of fear. Azra promised me—no man born on this earth can harm me."

Duffield gave what was for him very unusual—a short laugh. "Indeed," he said. "Well, you may be interested to know, then, that I was born at sea."

He himself was unprepared for the effect of these words. Bethson gave a strange moaning cry, more like a dog than a man.

"Curse you for saying that," he said. He sank down at his desk and covered his face with his hands.

"There isn't anything for you to do but to give up," said Duffield, still with his nasal impersonality of tone. "The police will be here any moment, you know."

So definite a threat seemed for an instant to restore Bethson's courage. "I'll fight every inch of the way," he said. "Magic or no magic."

Duffield was leaning against the door. "It will be an interesting trial," he said. "I don't suppose there is one human creature whom you could get to testify for you. Think how your former associates will flock to stare at you on the stand. And the papers—the headlines! Duncan's Slayer in Death House—and the accounts of your last moments. If I were revengeful I should ask nothing better than that you should fight it out."

Bethson looked round him cautiously, quietly, as an animal looks before it darts to escape. Duffield saw it.

"What would you give me, Bethson," he said, and he sounded even quieter than before—"what would you give me for a loaded revolver?"

"Have you one? Give it to me. Half my fortune—if you want it."

"Floyd's money, as you might say; but I'll give it to you for nothing, on one condition—that you don't use it until I am in the presence of witnesses."

Bethson nodded his acceptance of this, of any conditions; and Duffield in the most matter-of-fact manner took the revolver from his coat pocket and laid it on a chair. Then he left the room, shutting the door carefully behind him.

Near the door Warder was waiting with his hat—a coarse Panama straw of unfashionable shape.

Duffield held out his hand for it. His hand was perfectly steady. Warder was not so untroubled.

"May I speak to you, sir?" he said. "I really don't know what I should do. No arrangements have been made for Mrs. Bethson's funeral, nor even a notice of her death put properly in the papers. It's quite outside the range of my experience. And the young gentleman, sir—it is certainly no house for him to remain in."

"The young gentleman?" said Duffield.

Warder moved his hand across the hall, and looking through one of the long windows on the terrace Duffield saw Banks' boy triumphantly astride a stone lion. He was urging it on, gripping it with his knees, waving his hand as if leading a charge or winning a tournament or perhaps merely moving forward among his devoted adherents to some great ceremonial. The morning sunlight shone brightly on his rounded young profile and short blond hair.

The sight of so much youth and gayety affected both men exactly the same way. They looked at each other and smiled, each with a shake of the head.

As they looked a single shot sounded from the lower room.

Warder with a cry started at once for the tower door, but Duffield paused, still looking out at the boy, who had changed his pose and was now bending with one hand on his knee and one on his hip to hear some plea directed to him from below.

Duffield's heart was penetrated with a sudden joy. The boy was good material, and noble, like his father—an heir such as Duncan himself might have loved.

(THE END)

Editor's Note—Instruments of Darkness is in the nature of an experiment. Shakspere borrowed the plots for many of his plays from the legends of earlier days and other lands. Could the same stories again be advanced a few centuries and told in a present-day setting with only such changes as the adaptation to modern conditions would entail? Whether Macbeth, played out in a Long Island setting and adapted as faithfully as conditions today permit, is still real and convincing, is for the reader to decide

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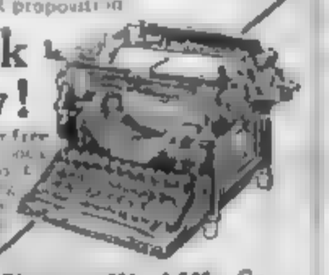

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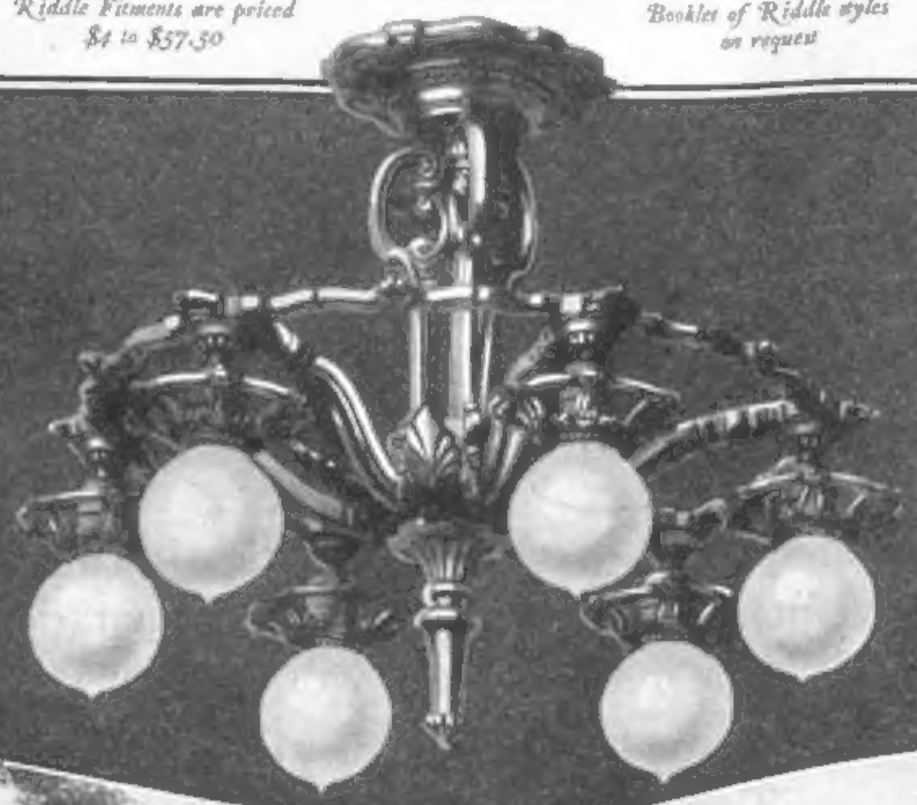

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